Dorothy Ross Sterron -

1914

The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME IV

First Edition

THE LAST TOKEN

GREECE AND ROME

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME IV

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1914

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THE FIRST EDITION OF THE WORLD'S STORY

IS LIMITED TO SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY

NUMBERED COPIES, OF WHICH THIS IS

NO. 694

NOTE

ALL rights in material used in this volume are reserved by the holders of the copyright. The publishers and others named in the subjoined list are the proprietors, either in their own right or as agents for the authors, of the selections taken by their permission from the works enumerated, of which the ownership is hereby acknowledged. The editor takes this opportunity to thank both authors and publishers for the ready generosity with which they have given permission to include these selections in "The World's Story."

"Tales of Ancient Greece," by G. W. Cox: published by Longmans, Green & Company, New York and London.

"Excursions in Greece," by Charles Diehl: published by H. Grevel & Company, London.

"Plutarch's Lives," corrected and translated by A. H. Clough: published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Cæsar: A Sketch," by James Anthony Froude: published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Tragedy of the Cæsars," by Sabine Baring-Gould: published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Quo Vadis," by Henryk Sienkiewicz: published in the United States by Little, Brown & Company, Boston; in Great Britain by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London.

"The Lemnian," by John Buchan; from the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, January, 1911.

NOTE

"The Roman Roads," by J. R. S. Sterrett; from *The Nation*, New York, September 14, 1899.

Illustrations — "In the Time of Nero," and "Ave Cæsar," by E. Forti. Used, by permission of Fishel, Adler & Schwartz, New York.

CONTENTS

GREECE

I. STORIES FROM GREEK LITERATURE

THE STORY OF ŒDIPUS . . . . . *Sophocles* 3
From "Tales of Ancient Greece." Retold by Rev. G. W. Cox.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA . . . . . *Euripides* 15
From "Iphigenia in Tauris"; translated by Rev. R. Potter.

PRINCESS NAUSICAÄ AND THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR . . *Homer* 23

THE MEETING BETWEEN ODYSSEUS AND HIS FATHER . *Homer* 34
From "The Odyssey"; translated by George Herbert Palmer.

II. LIFE IN EARLY GREECE

HOW THE SPARTAN BOYS WERE TRAINED . . . . *Plutarch* 41
From "Plutarch's Lives"; translated by A. H. Clough.

SOLON, WHO MADE LAWS FOR THE ATHENIANS *Eva March Tappan* 55
From "Old World Hero Stories."

AT THE OLYMPIAN GAMES . . . . . *Charles Diehl* 62
From "Excursions in Greece."

THE CHARIOT RACE . . . . . *Sophocles* 73
From "Electra"; translated by Thomas Francklin.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN . . . . . *John Keats* 75

III. WAR WITH PERSIA

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON . . . . . *E. S. Creasy* 79
From "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

THE LEMNIAN; A STORY OF THERMOPYLÆ . . *John Buchan* 90

HOW THEMISTOCLES BROUGHT ABOUT THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS *Plutarch* 112
From "Plutarch's Lives"; corrected and translated by A. H. Clough.

IV. THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS

PERICLES AND HIS AGE . . . . . *Eva March Tappan* 123
From "Old World Hero Stories."

CONTENTS

In the Temple of Aphrodite . . . . . *Ernst Eckstein* 129
From "Aphrodite, a Romance of Ancient Hellas."
The Bout between the Poets . . . . . *Aristophanes* 145
From "The Frogs"; translated by Gilbert Murray.
The Siege of Platæa . . . . . *Thucydides* 155
From "The History of the Peloponnesian War"; translated by Dean William Smith.
When the Ten Thousand came to the Sea . *Xenophon* 167
From "The Anabasis"; translated by J. S. Watson.
The Death of Socrates . . . . . *Plato* 177
From "Phædo"; translated by Henry Cary.

V. MACEDONIAN SUPREMACY

Danger from Macedonia . . . . . *Demosthenes* 185
From "The Second Olynthiac Oration"; translated by Thomas Leland.
Alexander the Great . . . . . *Plutarch* 189
From "Plutarch's Lives"; corrected and translated by A. H. Clough.
In the Studio of Apelles . . . . . *Henry Greenough* 194
From "Apelles and his Contemporaries."

VI. FROM THE ROMAN CONQUEST TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The Sale of the Philosophers . . . . . *Lucian* 207
Translated by the Rev. W. Lucas Collin.
Marco Bozzaris . . . . . *Fitz-Greene Halleck* 223
The Isles of Greece . . . . . *Lord Byron* 228

ROME

I. HISTORY AND LEGEND

The Funeral Games in Honor of Anchises . . . *Virgil* 235
The Arrival of Æneas in Italy . . . . . *Virgil* 245
From "The Æneid"; translated by Christopher Pearse Cranch.
How Rome was founded . . . . . *Jacob Abbott* 254
From "The History of Romulus."
The Contest between the Horatii and the Curiatii *Livy* 261
From "The History of Rome"; translated by D. Spillan.
Horatius . . . . . *Thomas Babington Macaulay* 269
From "Lays of Ancient Rome."

CONTENTS

How the Plebeians won their Rights . *Eva March Tappan* 290
From "The Story of the Roman People."

II. STORIES OF THE ITALIAN WARS

When Coriolanus spared Rome . . . . *Thomas Arnold* 301
How Cincinnatus saved the Consul . . . *Thomas Arnold* 307
The Fall of Veii . . . . . *Thomas Arnold* 313
The Geese that saved the Capitol . . . *Thomas Arnold* 319
From "A History of Rome."

III. ROME BECOMES MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

The Romans of the Early Republic and their Ways
Eva March Tappan 325
From "The Story of the Roman People."
How Hannibal made his Way to Italy . . . . . *Livy* 333
How Archimedes defended Syracuse . . . . . *Livy* 349
From "The History of Rome."
Marius to the Roman People . . . . . *Sallust* 352
From "The Jugurthine War"; translated by Rev. John Watson.
Spartacus to the Gladiators . . . . . *Elijah Kellogg* 360
On the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow . . . . . *Catullus* 365
Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.

IV. JULIUS CÆSAR

When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon . . . . . *Plutarch* 369
Cæsar at the Height of his Power . . . . *Plutarch* 371
From "Plutarch's Lives"; corrected and translated by A. H. Clough.
The Assassination of Julius Cæsar. *James Anthony Froude* 375
From "Cæsar: A Sketch."
At the Funeral of Cæsar . . . . *William Shakespeare* 380
From "Julius Cæsar."

V. THE AUGUSTAN AGE

Augustus, the Shrewd Young Emperor. *Eva March Tappan* 393
From "The Story of the Roman People."
Letter of a Roman University Student *Cicero the Younger* 402
A Roman Bore . . . . . *Horace* 406
Translated by John Conington.
Why Ovid was banished . . . . . *Maurice Baring* 410
From "Dead Letters."

CONTENTS

VI. ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS

THE FALL OF SEJANUS . . . . . *S. Baring-Gould* 419
THE EMPEROR NERO ON THE STAGE . . . . *S. Baring-Gould* 431
From "The Tragedy of the Cæsars."
THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII . . *Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton* 441
From "The Last Days of Pompeii."
A VISIT TO POMPEII . . . . . *Charles Dickens* 451
From "Pictures from Italy."
HOW TO TREAT THE CHRISTIANS . . . . *Pliny the Younger* 454

VII. HOW THE ROMANS AMUSED THEMSELVES

THE DYING GLADIATOR . . . . . *Lord Byron* 461
From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."
THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN THE ARENA . *Henryk Sienkiewicz* 462
From "Quo Vadis."
A ROMAN BANQUET . . . . . *W. A. Becker* 470
From "Gallus." This scene is adapted from "Trimalchio's Dinner," by Petronius.
THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF PLINY THE YOUNGER
Pliny the Younger 484
From "The Letters of Pliny the Younger."
THE WINNING OF THE FIRST MISSUS . . . . . *Georg Ebers* 491
From "Serapis"; translated from the German by Clara Bell.

VIII. THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

MARCUS AURELIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER EMPEROR
Eva March Tappan 511
From "Ancient Hero Stories."
QUEEN ZENOBIA AND THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS. *William Ware* 516
From "Zenobia."
THE ROMAN ROADS . . . . . *J. R. S. Sterrett* 523
From "The Nation," for September 14, 1899.
CONSTANTINE THE GREAT . . . . . *Eva March Tappan* 526
From "The Story of the Roman People."

IX. THE COMING OF THE BARBARIANS

ROME PAYS RANSOM TO ALARIC THE GOTH . . *Wilkie Collins* 535
From "Antonina, or the Fall of Rome."
HOW THE EMPIRE WAS SAVED FROM THE HUNS. *E. S. Creasy* 541
From "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

CONTENTS

PEACE WITH THE GOTHS OR WAR . . . . . *Felix Dahn* 548
From "A Struggle for Rome"; translated from the German by Lilly Wolffsohn.
BELISARIUS . . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 564

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE LAST TOKEN . . . . . *Gabriel Max*
Frontispiece

THE DEIFICATION OF HOMER . *Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres* 22

GREEK GIRLS PLAYING BALL . . *Sir Frederick Leighton, R.A.* 74

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN HONOR OF APOLLO
Sir Frederick Leighton, R.A. 128

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT . . *Karl von Piloty* 204

BRUTUS CONDEMNING HIS SONS TO DEATH
Guillaume Guillon Lethière 268

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE RHONE . . . . *Henri Paul Motte* 336

CICERO DENOUNCING CATILINE IN THE ROMAN SENATE
Cesare Maccari 368

IN THE TIME OF NERO . . . . . *E. Forti* 430

"POLLICE VERSO" . . . . . *Jean Léon Gérôme* 460

"AVE CÆSAR" . . . . . *E. Forti* 490

HUNS PILLAGING A FRENCH VILLA . . . *Georges Rochegrosse* 540

JUSTINIAN IN COUNCIL . . . *Jean Joseph Benjamin Constant* 548

GREECE

I

STORIES FROM GREEK LITERATURE

HISTORICAL NOTE

ANCIENT GREECE included not only what is now known by that name, but also the islands in the vicinity of the mainland, and the Greek settlements in Asia Minor and elsewhere. Later, Macedonia and Thrace were included. The Greeks came originally from Central Asia and were divided into Æolians, Dorians, Ionians, and Achæans. The country consisted of many small states differing greatly in laws and customs. They were not united, and the leadership passed from one to another according to which was the most powerful for the time being.

What is known of the earliest history of Greece comes chiefly from two great epic poems, the Iliad, the story of the siege of Troy, and the Odyssey, the story of the adventures of Odysseus (Ulysses) on his homeward journey from the Trojan War. According to the older notions, these poems were the work of Homer, a wandering minstrel. Later criticism, however, takes the ground that they came from many different sources, and, like the stories of Beowulf and of Siegfried, slowly grew into unity and perfection by passing through the hands of generations of story-tellers.

During the sixth and fifth centuries before Christ, the drama flourished in Greece; and the names of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides as writers of tragedy, and of Aristophanes as writer of comedy, won lasting fame. In the fifth century before Christ lived the three great historians, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.

THE STORY OF ŒDIPUS

BY SOPHOCLES: RETOLD BY REV. G. W. COX

["ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS," or "Œdipus the King," the greatest of the Greek tragedies, was written by Sophocles in the fifth century before Christ.

The Editor.]

ON the throne of Kadmos, in the great city of Thebes, sat Laios, the son of Labdakos. He had passed through many and sore troubles since his father died, for Amphion and Zethos, the sons of Antiope, had driven him from his kingdom; and for a long time Laios dwelt in a strange land. But now he trusted to live in peace with his wife Iokaste (Jocasta), the daughter of Menoikeus, and to die happily in a good old age. Still, although all things seemed to go well with him, he could not forget the words which Phœbus Apollo spake when he sent to Delphi to ask what should befall him in the after days; and so it came to pass that, while others rejoiced to hear the merry laughter of children in their homes, Laios trembled when he heard the tidings that a son had been born to him. For the warning was that he should be slain by his own child.

Many days he spent in sadness and gloom, and he spake no word of love or tenderness to Iokaste, nor did he look on the child as he lay helpless in his cradle. At last he bade his servants take the child and leave him on the rugged heights of Kithairon. So Iokaste sat in silence, although her heart was breaking with grief, for

she knew that it was vain to plead for the life of her babe; and presently the servants set forth from the house of Laios to go to the mountain where his flocks were feeding. There, in a hollow cleft, they placed the child, and, as they went away, they said, "If the nymphs see him not as they wander along the rough hillside, Laios will have no need to fear the warnings of Apollo."

So once more there was seeming peace in the king's house at Thebes; and the grief of Iokaste was soothed as the months passed by, for she said, "It is better that my child should sleep the sleep of death than that he should live to slay his father."

But the danger had not passed away, for the babe was in the house of Polybus, who ruled at Corinth. Once had the sun gone down beneath the sea, and once had the light of Eos tinged the eastern sky, when a shepherd who tended his flocks on the cool hillside saw the babe wrapped in his white shroud. Then his heart was touched with pity, and he said, "I will take him to my master's house; for if his parents will it not that the child should live, it will profit nothing to take him back to Thebes, and he cannot do harm to any one in the Corinthian land."

So Merope the wife of Polybus, received the babe with great gladness, for she had no child; and she called his name Œdipus, because his feet were swollen with the linen bands which were bound about them when they took him away from the house of Laios. Many times the year went round, and Œdipus grew up with fair and ruddy countenance, and all men loved him. No cloud dimmed the brightness of his childhood and his youth, for Polybus and Merope looked upon him with a happy

pride, and thought how the love of Œdipus should cheer them in the days of weakness and old age. So the fame of the young man was spread abroad, for he was foremost in every sport and game, and none returned from the chase more laden with booty. But one day it came to pass that there was a feast in the house of Polybus and one of the guests, whom Œdipus had beaten in the foot-race, spake out in his anger and said that he was not in very truth the child of Merope.

The feast went on with mirth and song; but there was a dark cloud on the face of Œdipus, for the words of the stranger had sunk deep into his heart, and he sate still and silent till the banquet was ended. When the morning was come, he went to Merope and said, "Tell me the truth, my mother; am I not indeed thy son?" Then she cast her arms around him and said, "Who hath beguiled thee thus, Œdipus? Can any know better than I that thou art my child indeed? and never was a son more dear to his parents than thou art to us." But, although he asked no more questions, yet after a while the doubt came back, and he said within himself, "None can be more tender and loving than Merope, but she did not tell me plainly that I really am her son." So in the darkness of the night he went sadly from the home where he had lived without care or trouble till the misery of this doubt came upon him. Once more he passed along the heathy sides of Kithairon, not knowing that there he had been cast forth to die; and he journeyed on to the shrine of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi. There, as he stood before the holy place, a voice came to him which said, "Thy doom is that thou shalt slay thy father."

Then Œdipus was bowed down with the weight of his

fear and sorrow; and he resolved within himself that he would never go back to Corinth, that so he might not become the slayer of Polybus. So he went away from Delphi, heavy and displeased, and he journeyed on in moody silence, with his heart full of bitter thoughts. He cared not whither the road might lead him, and it chanced that as he came near to the meeting of the roads which go to Daulis and to Thebes, he heard suddenly the voice of one who bade him turn aside from the path while his chariot passed by. Then Œdipus started like one awaking from a dream, and looking up he saw an old man sitting in the chariot. An angry flush was on his face, as he charged his servant to thrust aside the stranger who dared to stand in his path. So the servant lifted up his whip to strike Œdipus; and Œdipus said, "Who are ye that ye should smite me? and why should I yield to thee, old man, because thou ridest in a fine chariot and seekest to turn others aside from the road which is open for all men?" But when the driver of the chariot sought again to strike him, Œdipus smote him with the full strength of his arm, so that he sank down from his seat. Then the face of the old man grew pale with fury, and he leaned forth to strike down Œdipus with the dagger which was in his hand. But he smote him not, for Œdipus turned aside the blow, and he struck the old man on his temples, and left him lying dead by the side of the chariot.

So he journeyed onwards; but as he drew near to the great city of Kadmos, he saw mothers sitting with their children by the wayside, and the air was filled with their wailing. Their faces were pale as though from a deadly plague, and their limbs quivered as if from mortal fear;

and Œdipus said, "Children of Kadmos, what evil has befallen you, that ye have fled from your homes and are sunk down thus on the hard earth?" Then they told him how on a high cliff near the city of Thebes a horrible monster, with a maiden's face and a lion's body, sat looking on the plain below, and how the breath of the Sphinx poisoned the pure air of the heavens and filled their dwellings with a noisome pestilence. And they said, "Help us, stranger, if thou canst, for if help come not soon, the city and people of Kadmos will be destroyed; for like a black cloud in the sky the Sphinx rests on the cliff, and none can drive her away unless he first answers the riddle with which she baffles the wisest of the land. Every day she utters her dark speech, and devours all who seek to answer it and fail." Then said Œdipus, "What may the riddle be?" And they answered, "This much only does the Sphinx say, 'On the earth is a two-footed living thing which has four feet and three and only one voice. Alone of all creatures it changes its form, and moves more slowly when it uses all its feet.' Now, therefore, stranger, if thou canst answer the riddle, thou wilt win a mighty prize; for Laios, our king, has been slain, we know not by whom, and the elders have spoken the word that he who slays the Sphinx shall have Iokaste for his wife and sit on the throne of Kadmos."

Then with a cheerful heart Œdipus went onwards, until he drew near to the cliff on which the Sphinx was sitting. With a steady gaze he looked on her stern, unpitying face, and said to her, "What is thy riddle?" and all who heard trembled as she spake to Œdipus. Then he thought within himself for a while, and at last he looked up and said, "Listen, O Sphinx: the creature

of whom thou hast asked me is man. In the days of his helpless childhood he crawls on his four feet; in his old age a staff is his third foot, and his movement is slowest when he crawls on four feet."

The paleness of death came over the face of the Sphinx, and every limb quivered with fear, until, as Œdipus drew nearer, she flung herself with a wild roar from the cliff. Presently the men of Thebes trampled on her ghastly carcass; and they led Œdipus in triumph to the elders of the city, shouting "Io Pæan" for the mighty deed which he had done. Then was the feast spread in the great banquet hall, and the minstrels sang his praise, and besought strength and wealth for him and for the people. So Iokaste became the wife of Œdipus, and all men said, "Since the days of Kadmos, the son of Telephassa, no king hath ruled us so wisely and justly"; and the name of the gloomy Laios was forgotten.

For many years Œdipus reigned gloriously in Thebes, and the fame of his wisdom was spread abroad in the countries round about. He looked on his sons and daughters as they grew up in health and strength; and it seemed to him as though trouble and sorrow could scarcely vex him more. But the terrible Erinys, who takes vengeance for blood, had not forgotten the day when Laios fell smitten by the wayside; and at the bidding of Zeus, Phœbus Apollo sent a plague upon the Theban land. The people died like sheep in the city and in the field, and the pestilence was more grievous than in the days when the Sphinx uttered her dark riddle from the cliff. At last the elders of the city came to Œdipus and said, "O king, thou didst save the city and

the people long ago, when we were sore pressed by a horrible monster; save us now, if thou canst, by thy great wisdom." But Œdipus said, "Friends, the plague which is slaying us now comes from no monster, but from Zeus who dwells on Olympus; and my wisdom therefore cannot avail to take it away. But I have sent Kreon my brother to the shrine of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi to ask him wherefore these evils have come upon us."

But the coming of Kreon brought strife only and anguish to the city, and the fearful Erinys who wanders through the air waved her dark wings over the house of Œdipus; for Phœbus had told him that there was no hope for the land until they cast forth the man whose hands were polluted with blood. Then said Œdipus, "This were an easy task if we only knew on whom lies the bloodguiltiness; but I know neither the man nor the deed for which the doom is laid upon him." And Kreon answered, "O king, it is for Laios, who was slain as he was journeying into the Phokion land."

Then everywhere through the city and in the field went the messenger of Œdipus, charging all to bring forth the murderer, and threatening grievous pains to any who should hide or shelter him. But none stood forth to own his guilt or to charge it on another; and in his sore strait Œdipus sent for the blind seer Teiresias, who knew the speech of birds and the hidden things of earth and heaven. But when he was led before the king, Œdipus saw that the heart of the wise prophet was troubled, and he said gently, "Teiresias, thou understandest things that are hidden from other men; tell me now, I beseech thee, on whose hands is the stain from

the blood of Laios. Let me know but this, and the pestilence will straightway cease from the land." But Teiresias answered hastily, "Ask me not, O king, ask me not. Let me go again to my home, and let us bear each his own burden." So Teiresias kept silence, and many times Œdipus prayed him to speak, until his wrath was roused, and he spake unseemly words to the prophet, and said, "If thou answerest not my question, it must be because thine own hands are polluted with the blood of Laios." Then from the countenance of the prophet flashed unutterable scorn, as he said slowly, so that none might hear but Œdipus, "O king, thou hast sealed thine own doom. On thine hand lies his blood, not on mine. Dost thou not remember the words which Phœbus spake to thee at Delphi, when thou hadst gone thither from the house of Polybus?" But in his rage and madness, Œdipus took no heed of prudence and wisdom, and he cried with a loud voice, and said, "Hearken, O people, to the words of Teiresias; hath he not spoken well when he said that Laios was smitten by my hand?" Then there rose wild cries and shoutings, and bitter words were spoken against the seer, who had dared to revile the king; but as he turned to go, Teiresias said only, "It is easy to cry aloud; it is harder to judge and to find out the truth; search ye it out well before ye say that I have spoken falsely."

So once more a terrible doubt filled the mind of Œdipus. In the day his thoughts vexed him, and evil dreams stood before him in the dark hours of night; and daily the plague pressed more heavily on the people, until at length he asked Iokaste of the time when Laios had been slain, and what tidings were brought of the deed. And

she said, "One only lives to tell the tale, and he said that, at a place where three ways met, robbers fell on the king and slew him; and the deed was done not long before thy coming to Thebes." Then a strange fear came over Œdipus, as he remembered the old man whom he had smitten in his chariot, and he told her of all the things which befell him as he journeyed to Thebes from Delphi. "But in thy words is hope," he said; "for if Laios fell by a band of thieves, then am I guiltless of his blood. Yet hasten now, and bring hither the man who saw the deed, for I will not close my eyes in sleep until this secret is made known."

But while one went for the man, there came a messenger from Corinth with tidings that Polybus the king was dead; and Œdipus lifted up his hands and said, "I thank thee, O Zeus; for the words of Phœbus Apollo, that I should slay my father, can never be accomplished." But the messenger answered hastily, "Thy thanks are wasted, O king, for the blood of Polybus runs not in thy veins. I found thee on the rugged heights of Kithairon, and saved thee from the doom which was prepared for thee. So from the house of Polybus there is for thee neither hope nor fear." Then the heart of Œdipus beat wildly with a horrible dread, and he said, "O thou that dwellest at Delphi, have thy words in very deed been accomplished and I knew it not?" Presently the hope, which the words of Iokaste had waked up in him was taken away; for the old man who had seen the deed said now that one only had slain the king, and the tokens remained sure that the hands of Œdipus were polluted with his father's blood.

Then there was woe unspeakable in the city of Kadmos

and the hearts of all the people were bowed down with grief for all the miseries which had burst like a flood on the house of Labdakos and a great cry went up to heaven. For the lady Iokaste lay dead, and Œdipus had done a fearful deed when he saw her stretched cold and lifeless before him. With his own hands he tore out his eyes and hurled them away; for he said, "It is not fit that the eyes which have seen such things should ever look upon the sun again."

From that day forth the terrible Erinys who hovers in the air, and the awful Ate, who visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, abode by day and by night in the house of Œdipus. His sons strove together in their vain and silly pride, and each sought to be king in his father's place, till at last they cast Œdipus forth, and he wandered in wretchedness and misery from the land of the Kadmeians. His grievous sorrow had quenched his love for his people, and he said in bitterness of spirit that his body should not be buried in the Theban land. So his child Antigone led him onwards, and sought to cheer him in his fierce agony. But the dark cloud rested ever on his countenance, until one day he said to Antigone, "My child, I think that the end of my long suffering is nigh at hand; for there came to me last night a vision of a dream which said, 'Man of many troubles, thou shalt lie down to rest in the grove of the Eumenides, and for the land in which thy body shall lie there shall be wealth in peace and victory in war.'" So he went on with a good heart, journeying towards rocky Athens, and as he passed through a wood where the waters of a little stream murmured pleasantly in the still summer air, he sat down on a seat carved in the living rock, while An-

tigone stood by his side. But presently a rough voice bade him rise and depart. "Stranger, dost thou not dread the wrath of the mighty beings whose very name we fear to utter? In this grove of the Eumenides no mortal man may rest or tarry." But Œdipus said gently, "Yet move me not, I pray thee, for I am not as other men are, and the visions of Zeus have told me that this shall be the place of my rest. Go then to Theseus who rules at Athens, and bid him come to one who has suffered much and who will do great things for him and for his people." So Theseus came at the bidding of Œdipus; and there were signs in the heaven above and on the earth beneath that the end was nigh at hand, for the ground shook beneath their feet, and the thunder was heard in the cloudless sky. Then Œdipus bade Antigone farewell, and said, "Weep not, my child; I am going to my home, and I rejoice to lay down the burden of my woe." And to Theseus he said, "Follow me, O friend, for the blind shall guide thee this day. The dreams which Zeus sends have shown me the place where I must sleep after the fever of my life is ended; and so long as thou revealest not my resting place to men, thy people shall prosper and wax mighty in peace and in war." But even while he yet spake, there came a voice which said, "Œdipus, why tarriest thou?" and the sound of the thunder echoed again through the cloudless sky. Then he spake the parting words to Theseus, and besought him to guard his child Antigone; and he said, "Here must thou stay until thou seest that the things are accomplished of which the vision hath forewarned me. Follow me not farther." So Œdipus departed alone, and Theseus knew presently that Zeus had fulfilled his word.

From that day forth, the city of Athene grew mighty in the earth, and no enemy prevailed against it. For to no one did Theseus show the place where Œdipus rested in the hidden dells of Kolonos, save to the man who should rule at Athens after him. Thus only the king knew where lay the secret spell which made the city of Erechtheus mightier than the city of Kadmos; and the men of Thebes sought in vain to find the grave of Œdipus where the Kephisos flows by the sacred grove of the Eumenides.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA

BY EURIPIDES

[HELEN, the most beautiful woman in the world, had many suitors. Before she made her choice among them, they swore that they would always defend her from injury. Menelaus became her husband, but she was stolen from him by Paris, Prince of Troy. According to their oath, the former suitors set out to recover her for Menelaus. At Aulis in Bœotia, the chief Agamemnon killed a stag that was sacred to the goddess Diana. In her anger, Diana sent a pestilence and a calm. The soothsayer Calchas declared that the wrath of the goddess would not be appeased unless Agamemnon's daughter Iphigenia was sacrificed on the altar. Agamemnon sternly repressed his grief and sent for her, to wed Achilles, as he said. When the maiden first learned her cruel fate, she was overwhelmed with sorrow and pleaded with her father to save her; but at length she rejoiced that she was the one who would bring victory and glory to her country.

The Editor.]

IPHIGENIA

LEAD me: mine the glorious fate
To o'erturn the Phrygian state:
Ilium's towers their heads shall bow.
With the garlands bind my brow;
Bring them, be these tresses crown'd.
Round the shrine, the altar round,
Bear the lavers, which you fill
From the pure translucent rill.
High your choral voices raise,
Tuned to hymn Diana's praise,

Bless'd Diana, royal maid.
Since the fates demand my aid,
I fulfill their awful power
By my slaughter, by my gore.

CHORUS

Reverenced, reverenced mother, now,
Thus for thee our tears shall flow:
For unhallow'd would a tear
'Mid the solemn rites appear.

IPHIGENIA

Swell the notes, ye virgin train;
To Diana swell the strain;
Queen of Calcis, adverse land:
Queen of Aulis, on whose strand,
Winding to a narrow bay,
Fierce to take its angry way,
Waits the war, and calls on me
Its retarded force to free.
O my country, where these eyes
Open'd on Pelasgic skies!
O ye virgins, once my pride,
In Mycenæ who reside!

CHORUS

Why of Perseus name the town,
Which Cyclopean rampires crown?

IPHIGENIA

Me you rear'd a beam of light:
Freely now I sink in night.

CHORUS

And for this, immortal fame,
Virgin, shall attend thy name.

IPHIGENIA

Ah, thou beaming lamp of day,
Jove-born, bright, ethereal ray!
Other regions me await,
Other life, and other fate!
Farewell, beauteous lamp of day!
Farewell, bright ethereal ray!

CHORUS

See, she goes: her glorious fate
To o'erturn the Phrygian state:
Soon the wreaths shall bind her brow;
Soon the lustral waters flow;
Soon that beauteous neck shall feel
Piercing deep the fatal steel,
And the ruthless altar o'er
Sprinkle drops of gushing gore.
By thy father's dread command
There the cleansing lavers stand;
There in arms the Grecian powers
Burn to march 'gainst Ilium's towers.
But our voices let us raise,
Tuned to hymn Diana's praise;
Virgin daughter she of Jove,
Queen among the gods above.
That with conquest and renown
She the arms of Greece may crown.
To thee, dread power, we make our vows.

Pleased when the blood of human victims flows.
To Phrygia's hostile strand,
Where rise perfidious Ilium's hated towers,
Waft, O waft the Grecian powers,
And aid this martial band!
On Agamemnon's honor'd head,
While wide the spears of Greece their terrors spread,
The immortal crown let conquest place,
With glory's brightest grace.

MESSENGER, CLYTEMNESTRA [*mother of* IPHIGENIA], CHORUS

MESSENGER

O royal Clytemnestra, from the house
Hither advance, that thou mayst hear my words.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hearing thy voice I come, but with affright
And terror trembling, lest thy coming bring
Tidings of other woes, beyond what now
Afflict me.

MESSENGER

Of thy daughter have I things
Astonishing and awful to relate.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Delay not, then, but speak them instantly.

MESSENGER

Yes, honor'd lady, thou shalt hear them all
Distinct from first to last, if that my sense

Disorder'd be not faithless to my tongue.
When to Diana's grove and flowery meads
We came, where stood the assembled host of Greece,
Leading thy daughter, straight in close array
Was form'd the band of Argives; but the chief,
Imperial Agamemnon, when he saw
His daughter, as a victim, to the grove
Advancing, groan'd, and, bursting into tears,
Turn'd from the sight his head, before his eyes
Holding his robe. The virgin near him stood,
And thus addressed him: — "Father, I to thee
Am present: for my country, and for all
The land of Greece, I freely give myself
A victim: to the altar let them lead me,
Since such the oracle. If aught on me
Depends, be happy, and attain the prize
Of glorious conquest, and revisit safe
Your country: of the Grecians, for this cause,
Let no one touch me; with intrepid spirit,
Silent will I present my neck." She spoke,
And all that heard admired the noble soul
And virtue of the maiden. In the midst
Talthybius standing (such his charge), proclaim'd
Silence to all the host: and Calchas now,
The prophet, in the golden basket placed,
Drawn from its sheath, the sharp-edged sword, and
The sacred garlands round the virgin's head.
The son of Peleus, holding in his hands bound
The basket and the laver, circled round
The altar of the goddess, and thus spoke: —
"Daughter of Jove, Diana, in the chase
Of savage beasts delighting, through the night

Who rollest thy resplendent orb, accept
This victim, which the associate troops of Greece,
And Agamemnon, our imperial chief,
Present to thee; the unpolluted blood,
Now from this beauteous virgin's neck to flow.
Grant that secure our fleets may plough the main,
And that our arms may lay the rampired walls
Of Troy in dust." The sons of Atreus stood,
And all the host, fix'd on the ground their eyes.
The priest then took the sword, preferr'd his prayer,
And with his eye marked where to give the blow.
My heart with grief sunk in me; on the earth
Mine eyes were cast; when, sudden to the view,
A wonder; for the stroke each clearly heard.
But where the virgin was none knew: aloud
The priest exclaims, and all the host with shouts
Rifted the air, beholding from some god
A prodigy, which struck their wondering eyes,
Surpassing faith when seen: for on the ground,
Panting was laid a hind of largest bulk,
In form excelling; with its spouting blood
Much was the altar of the goddess dew'd.
Calchas, at this (think with what joy!) exclaim'd, —
"Ye leaders of the united host of Greece,
See you this victim, by the goddess brought,
And at her altar laid, a mountain hind?
This, rather than the virgin, she accepts,
Not with the rich stream of her noble blood
To stain the altar; this she hath received
Of her free grace, and gives a favoring gale
To swell our sails, and bear the invading war
To Ilium: therefore rouse, ye naval train,

Your courage; to your ships; for we this day,
Leaving the deep recesses of the shore,
Must pass the Ægean Sea." Soon as the flames
The victim had consumed, he pour'd a prayer,
That o'er the waves the host might plough their way.
Me Agamemnon sends, that I should bear
To thee these tidings, and declare what fate
The gods assign him, and through Greece to obtain
Immortal glory. What I now relate
I saw, for I was present: to the gods
Thy daughter (be thou well assured) is fled.
Therefore lament no more, no more retain
Thy anger 'gainst thy lord: to mortal men
Things unexpected oft the gods dispense,
And whom they love they save: this day hath seen
Thy daughter dead, seen her alive again.

CHORUS

His tidings with what transport do I hear!
Thy daughter lives, and lives among the gods.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And have the gods, my daughter, borne thee hence?
How then shall I address thee, or of this
How deem? Vain words, perchance, to comfort me,
And soothe to peace the anguish of my soul.

MESSENGER

But Agamemnon comes, and will confirm
Each circumstance which thou hast heard from me.

AGAMEMNON

Lady, we have much cause to think ourselves,
Touching our daughter, bless'd; for 'mong the gods
Commercing, she in truth resides. But thee
Behooves it with thine infant son return
To Argos, for the troops with ardor haste
To sail. And now, farewell: my greetings to thee
From Troy will be unfrequent, and at times
Of distant interval: mayst thou be bless'd!

CHORUS

With joy, Atrides, reach the Phrygian shore;
With joy return to Greece, and bring with thee
Bright conquest, and the glorious spoils of Troy!

THE DEIFICATION OF HOMER

THE DEIFICATION OF HOMER

BY JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES

(*France.* 1780–1867)

WHETHER the Iliad and the Odyssey were composed by any one man, or whether they were formed by combining the early ballads of the Greeks, is not the question here. The blind old man is taken as the symbol of the genius that produced them, be it the genius of one man or of scores. In the background stands a temple, over whose portals the name "Homer" is written. The spirit of Fame is placing upon his head a chaplet of laurel, while pressing forward to bring him gifts and do him reverence are many people of all ages and all countries. Among these people are familiar faces, — those of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, and others.

PRINCESS NAUSICAA AND THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

BY HOMER

[After the fall of Troy, the Greek hero Odysseus is eager to return to his home in Ithaca, but by the enmity of Poseidon he is driven over the Mediterranean Sea for ten long years. In the course of his wanderings he is cast ashore on the coast of the Phæacians, that is, the island of Corfu.

The Editor.]

Thus long-tried royal Odysseus slumbered here, heavy with sleep and toil; but Athene went to the land and town of the Phæacians. This people once in ancient times lived in the open Highlands, near that rude folk the Cyclops, who often plundered them, being in strength more powerful than they. Moving them thence, godlike Nausithoüs, their leader, established them at Scheria, far from toiling men. He ran a wall around the town, built houses there, made temples for the gods, and laid out farms; but Nausithoüs had met his doom and gone to the house of Hades, and Alcinoüs now was reigning, trained in wisdom by the gods. To this man's dwelling came the goddess, clear-eyed Athene, planning a safe return for brave Odysseus. She hastened to a chamber, richly wrought, in which a maid was sleeping, of form and beauty like the immortals, Nausicaä, daughter of generous Alcinoüs. Near by two damsels, dowered with beauty by the Graces, slept by the threshold, one on either hand. The shining doors were shut; but Athene, like a breath of air, moved to the maid's

couch, stood by her head, and thus addressed her, — taking the likeness of the daughter of Dymas, the famous seaman, a maiden just Nausicaä's age, dear to her heart. Taking her guise, thus spoke clear-eyed Athene: —

"Nausicaä, how did your mother bear a child so heedless? Your gay clothes lie uncared-for, though the wedding time is near, when you must wear fine clothes yourself and furnish them to those that may attend you. From things like these a good repute arises, and father and honored mother are made glad. Then let us go a-washing at the dawn of day, and I will go to help, that you may soon be ready; for really not much longer will you be a maid. Already you have for suitors the chief ones of the land throughout Phæacia, where you too were born. Come, then, beg your good father early in the morning to harness the mules and cart, so as to carry the men's clothes, gowns, and bright-hued rugs. Yes, and for you yourself it is more decent so than setting forth on foot; the pools are far from the town."

Saying this, clear-eyed Athene passed away, off to Olympus, where they say the dwelling of the gods stands fast forever. Never with winds is it disturbed, nor by the rain made wet, nor does the snow come near; but everywhere the upper air spreads cloudless, and a bright radiance plays over all; and there the blessed gods are happy all their days. Thither now came the clear-eyed one, when she had spoken with the maid.

Soon bright-throned morning came, and waked fair-robed Nausicaä. She marveled at the dream, and hastened through the house to tell it to her parents, her dear father and her mother. She found them still indoors: her mother sat by the hearth among the waiting-

women, spinning sea-purple yarn; she met her father at the door, just going forth to join the famous princes at the council, to which the high Phæacians summoned him. So standing close beside him, she said to her dear father: —

"Papa dear, could you not have the wagon harnessed for me, — the high one, with good wheels, — to take my nice clothes to the river to be washed, which now are lying dirty? Surely for you yourself it is but proper, when you are with the first men holding councils, that you should wear clean clothing. Five good sons, too, are here at home, — two married, and three merry young men still, — and they are always wanting to go to the dance wearing fresh clothes. And this is all a trouble on my mind."

Such were her words, for she was shy of naming the glad marriage to her father; but he understood it all, and answered thus: —

"I do not grudge the mules, my child, nor anything beside. Go! Quickly shall the servants harness the wagon for you, the high one, with good wheels, fitted with rack above."

Saying this, he called to the servants, who gave heed. Out in the court they made the easy mule-cart ready; they brought the mules, and yoked them to the wagon. The maid took from her room her pretty clothing, and stowed it in the polished wagon; her mother put in a chest food the maid liked, of every kind, put dainties in, and poured some wine into a goat-skin bottle, — the maid, meanwhile, had got into the wagon, — and gave her in a golden flask some liquid oil, that she might bathe and anoint herself, she and the waiting-women. Nausi-

caä took the whip and the bright reins, and cracked the whip to start. There was a clatter of the mules, and steadily they pulled, drawing the clothing and the maid, — yet not alone; beside her went the waiting-women too.

When now they came to the fair river's current, where the pools were always full, — for in abundance clear water bubbles from beneath to cleanse the foulest stains, — they turned the mules loose from the wagon, and let them stray by the eddying stream, to crop the honeyed pasturage. Then from the wagon they took the clothing in their arms, carried it into the dark water, and stamped it in the pits with rivalry in speed. And after they had washed and cleansed it of all stains, they spread it carefully along the shore, just where the waves washed up the pebbles on the beach. Then bathing and anointing with the oil, they presently took dinner on the river bank and waited for the clothes to dry in the sunshine. And when they were refreshed with food, the maids and she, they then began to play at ball, throwing their wimples off. White-armed Nausicaä led their sport; and as the huntress Artemis goes down a mountain, down long Taÿgetus or Erymanthus, exulting in the boars and the swift deer, while round her sport the woodland nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus, and glad is Leto's heart, for all the rest her child o'ertops by head and brow, and easily marked is she, though all are fair; so did this virgin pure excel her women.

But when Nausicaä thought to turn toward home once more, to yoke the mules and fold up the clean clothes, then a new plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene; for she would have Odysseus wake and see the bright-eyed maid, who might to the Phæacian city show

the way. Just then the princess tossed the ball to one of her women, and missing her it fell in the deep eddy. Thereat they screamed aloud. Royal Odysseus woke, and sitting up debated in his mind and heart: —

"Alas! To what men's land am I come now? Lawless and savage are they, with no regard for right, or are they kind to strangers and reverent toward the gods? It was as if there came to me the delicate voice of maids — nymphs, it may be, who haunt the craggy peaks of hills, the springs of streams and grassy marshes; or am I now, perhaps, near men of human speech? Suppose I make a trial for myself, and see."

So saying, royal Odysseus crept from the thicket, but with his strong hand broke a spray of leaves from the close wood, to be a covering round his body for his nakedness. He set off like a lion that is bred among the hills and trusts its strength; onward it goes, beaten with rain and wind; its two eyes glare; and now in search of oxen or of sheep it moves, or tracking the wild deer; its belly bids it make trial of the flocks, even by entering the guarded folds; so was Odysseus about to meet those fair-haired maids, all naked though he was, for need constrained him. To them he seemed a loathsome sight, befouled with brine. They hurried off, one here, one there, over the stretching sands. Only the daughter of Alcinoüs stayed, for in her breast Athene had put courage and from her limbs took fear. Steadfast she stood to meet him. And now Odysseus doubted whether to make his suit by clasping the knees of the bright-eyed maid, or where he stood, aloof, in winning words to make that suit, and try if she would show the town and give him clothing. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to make

his suit in winning words, aloof; for fear if he should clasp her knees, the maid might be offended. Forthwith he spoke, a winning and shrewd speech: —

"I am your suppliant, princess. Are you some god or mortal? If one of the gods who hold the open sky, to Artemis, daughter of mighty Zeus, in beauty, height, and bearing I find you likest. But if you are a mortal living on the earth, most happy are your father and your honored mother, most happy your brothers also. Surely their hearts ever grow warm with pleasure over you, when watching such a blossom moving in the dance. And then exceeding happy he, beyond all others, who shall with gifts prevail and lead you home. For I never before saw such a being with these eyes — no man, no woman. I am amazed to see. At Delos once, by Apollo's altar, something like you I noticed, a young palm-shoot springing up; for thither too I came, and a great troop was with me, upon a journey where I was to meet with bitter trials. And just as when I looked on that I marveled long within, since never before sprang such a stalk from earth; so, lady, I admire and marvel now at you, and greatly fear to touch your knees. Yet grievous woe is on me. Yesterday, after twenty days, I escaped from the wine-dark sea, and all that time the waves and boisterous winds bore me away from the island of Ogygia. Now some god cast me here, that probably here also I may meet with trouble; for I do not think trouble will cease, but much the gods will first accomplish. Then, princess, have compassion, for it is you to whom through many grievous toils I first am come; none else I know of all who own this city and this land. Show me the town, and give me a rag to throw around me, if you had perhaps on

coming here some wrapper for your linen. And may the gods grant all that in your thoughts you long for: husband and home and true accord may they bestow; for a better and higher gift than this there cannot be, when with accordant aims man and wife have a home. Great grief it is to foes and joy to friends; but they themselves best know its meaning."

Then answered him white-armed Nausicaä: "Stranger, because you do not seem a common, senseless person, — and Olympian Zeus himself distributes fortune to mankind and gives to high and low even as he wills to each; and this he gave to you, and you must bear it therefore, — now you have reached our city and our land, you shall not lack for clothes nor anything besides which it is fit a hard-pressed suppliant should find. I will point out the town and tell its people's name. The Phæacians own this city and this land, and I am the daughter of generous Alcinoüs, on whom the might and power of the Phæacians rests."

She spoke, and called her fair-haired waiting-women: "My women, stay! Why do you run because you saw a man? You surely do not think him evil-minded. The man is not alive, and never will be born, who can come and offer harm to the Phæacian land: for we are very dear to the immortals; and then we live apart, far on the surging sea, no other tribe of men has dealings with us. But this poor man has come here having lost his way, and we should give him aid; for in the charge of Zeus all strangers and beggars stand, and a small gift is welcome. Then give, my women, to the stranger food and drink, and bathe him in the river where there is shelter from the breeze."

She spoke; the others stopped and called to one another, and down they brought Odysseus to the place of shelter, even as Nausicaä, daughter of generous Alcinoüs, had ordered. They placed a robe and tunic there for clothing, they gave him in the golden flask the liquid oil, and bade him bathe in the stream's currents.

Then to the waiting-women said royal Odysseus: —

"Women, stand here aside, while by myself I wash the salt from off my back and with the oil anoint me; for it is long since ointment touched my skin. But before you I will not bathe; for I am ashamed to bare myself among you fair-haired maids."

So he spoke; the women went away, and told it to the maid. And now with water from the stream royal Odysseus washed his skin clean of the salt which clung about his back and his broad shoulders, and wiped from his head the foam brought by the barren sea; and when he had thoroughly bathed and oiled himself and had put on the clothing which the chaste maiden gave, Athene, the daughter of Zeus, made him taller than before and stouter to behold, and she made the curling locks to fall around his head as on the hyacinth flower. As when a man lays gold on silver, — some skillful man whom Hephæstus and Pallas Athene have trained in every art, and he fashions graceful work; so did she cast a grace upon his head and shoulders. He walked apart along the shore, and there sat down, beaming with grace and beauty. The maid observed; then to her fair-haired waiting-women said: —

"Hearken, my white-armed women, while I speak. Not without purpose on the part of all the gods that hold Olympus is this man's meeting with the godlike

Phæacians. A while ago, he really seemed to me ill-looking, but now he is like the gods who hold the open sky. Ah, might a man like this be called my husband, having his home here, and content to stay! But give, my women, to the stranger food and drink."

She spoke, and very willingly they heeded and obeyed, and set beside Odysseus food and drink. Then long-tried royal Odysseus eagerly drank and ate, for he had long been fasting.

And now to other matters white-armed Nausicaä turned her thoughts. She folded the clothes and laid them in the beautiful wagon, she yoked the stout-hoofed mules, mounted herself, and calling to Odysseus thus she spoke and said: —

"Arise now, stranger, and hasten to the town, that I may set you on the road to my wise father's house, where you shall see, I promise you, the best of all Phæacia. Only do this, — you seem to me not to lack understanding: while we are passing through the fields and farms, here with my women, behind the mules and cart, walk rapidly along, and I will lead the way. But as we near the town, — round which is a lofty rampart, a beautiful harbor on each side and a narrow road between, — there curved ships line the way; for every man has his own mooring-place. Beyond is the assembly near the beautiful grounds of Poseidon, constructed out of blocks of stone deeply embedded. Farther along, they make the black ships' tackling, cables and canvas, and shape out the oars; for the Phæacians do not care for bow and quiver, only for masts and oars of ships and the trim ships themselves, with which it is their joy to cross the foaming sea. Now the rude talk of such as these I would

avoid, that no one afterwards may give me blame. For very forward persons are about the place, and some coarse man might say, if he should meet us: 'What tall and handsome stranger is following Nausicaä? Where did she find him? A husband he will be, her very own. Some castaway, perhaps, she rescued from his vessel, some foreigner; for we have no neighbors here. Or at her prayer some long-entreated god has come straight down from heaven, and he will keep her his forever. So much the better, if she has gone herself and found a husband elsewhere! The people of our own land here, Phæacians, she disdains, though she has many high-born suitors.' So they will talk, and for me it would prove a scandal. I should myself censure a girl who acted so, who, heedless of friends, while father and mother were alive, mingled with men before her public wedding. And, stranger, listen now to what I say, that you may soon obtain assistance and safe conduct from my father. Near our road you will see a stately grove of poplar trees, belonging to Athene; in it a fountain flows, and round it is a meadow. That is my father's park, his fruitful vineyard, as far from the town as one can call. There sit and wait a while, until we come to the town and reach my father's palace. But when you think we have already reached the palace, enter the city of the Phæacians, and ask for the palace of my father, generous Alcinoüs. Easily is it known; a child, though young, could show the way; for the Phæacians do not build their houses like the dwelling of Alcinoüs their prince. But when his house and court receive you, pass quickly through the hall until you find my mother. She sits in the firelight by the hearth, spinning sea-purple yarn, a marvel to behold, and resting

against a pillar. Her handmaids sit behind her. Here too my father's seat rests on the selfsame pillar, and here he sits and sips his wine like an immortal. Passing him by, stretch out your hands to our mother's knees, if you would see the day of your return in gladness and with speed, although you come from far. If she regards you kindly in her heart, then there is hope that you may see your friends and reach your stately house and native land."

Saying this, with her bright whip she struck the mules, and fast they left the river's streams; and well they trotted, well they plied their feet, and skillfully she reined them that those on foot might follow, — the waiting-women and Odysseus, — and moderately she used the lash. The sun was setting when they reached the famous grove, Athene's sacred ground, where royal Odysseus sat him down. And thereupon he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus: —

"Hearken, thou child of ægis-bearing Zeus, unwearied one! Oh hear me now, although before thou didst not hear me, when I was wrecked, what time the great Land-shaker wrecked me. Grant that I come among the Phæacians welcomed and pitied by them."

So spoke he in his prayer, and Pallas Athene heard, but did not yet appear to him in open presence; for she regarded still her father's brother, who stoutly strove with godlike Odysseus until he reached his land.

THE MEETING BETWEEN ODYSSEUS AND HIS FATHER

BY HOMER

[After ten years of wandering to and fro over the waters, Odysseus at last comes to his home. He and his son Telemachus cut down the suitors who have been wasting his wealth and seeking to induce his faithful wife Penelope to forget him and choose a new husband from among their number. Then he goes to the farm which is the home of his aged father Laërtes.

The Editor.]

But Odysseus and his men, after departing from the town, soon reached the rich well-ordered farmstead of Laërtes. This place Laërtes had acquired for himself in days gone by, after much patient toil. Here was his house; round it on every side there ran a shed, in which ate, sat, and slept the slaves who did his pleasure. Within, there lived an old Sicilian woman, who tended carefully the aged man here at his farm, far from the town. Arriving here, Odysseus thus addressed his servants and his son: —

"Go you at once into the stately house and slay forthwith for dinner the fattest of the swine. But I will put my father to the proof, and try if he will recognize and know me by the sight, or if he will fail to know me who have been absent long."

So saying, he gave his armor to his men, who then went quickly in, while Odysseus approached the fruitful vineyard, to make his trial there. Dolius he did not find, in

crossing the long garden, nor any slaves or men; for they were gone to gather stones to make a vineyard wall, and Dolius was their leader. His father he found alone in the well-ordered vineyard, hoeing about a plant. He wore a dirty tunic, patched and coarse, and round his shins had bound sewed leather leggings, a protection against scratches. Upon his hands were gloves, to save him from the thorns, and on his head a goatskin cap; and so he nursed his sorrow.

When long-tried royal Odysseus saw his father, worn with old age and in great grief of heart, he stopped beneath a lofty pear tree and shed tears. Then in his mind and heart he doubted much whether to kiss his father, to clasp him in his arms and tell him all, how he had come and found his native land; or first to question him and prove him through and through. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to try him first with probing words. With this intent, royal Odysseus walked straight toward him. Laërtes, with his head bent low, was digging round the plant, and standing by his side his gallant son addressed him: —

"Old man, you have no lack of skill in tending gardens. Of these your care is good. Nothing is here — shrub, fig tree, vine, olive, or pear, or bed of earth, — in all the field uncared for. But one thing I will say; be not offended. No proper care is taken of yourself; for you are meeting hard old age, yet you are sadly worn and meanly clad. It is not as if for idleness your master had cast you by, and nothing of the slave shows in your face or form. Rather you seem a royal person; like one who after taking bath and food might sleep at ease, as is the due of age. Come, then, declare me this and plainly tell

whose slave you are, whose farm you tend. And tell me truly this, that I may know full well, if this is really Ithaca to which we now are come, as the man said just now who met me on my way. He was not overwise, however; for he did not deign to talk at length, nor yet to hear my talk, when I inquired for my friend, and asked if he were living still or if he were already dead and in the house of Hades. But let me speak of that to you, and do you mark and listen. In my own country once I entertained a man who had come thither; and none among the traveling strangers was more welcome at my house. He called himself by birth a man of Ithaca, and said his father was Laërtes, son of Arceisius. I brought him home and entertained him well and gave him generous welcome from the abundance in my house. Such gifts I also gave as are fitting for a guest: of fine-wrought gold I gave him seven talents, gave him a flowered bowl of solid silver, twelve cloaks of single fold, as many rugs, as many goodly mantles, and as many tunics too. Further, I gave him women trained to faultless work, any four shapely damsels whom he himself might choose."

Then answered him his father, shedding tears; "Certainly, stranger, you are in the land, for which you ask; but lawless impious men possess it now. Vain were the many gifts you gave. Yet had you found him living in the land of Ithaca, with fair return of gifts he had sent you on your way, and with a generous welcome; for that is just, when one begins a kindness. But come, declare me this, and plainly tell: how many years are passed since you received this guest, this hapless guest, my son, — if really it was he, ill-fated man! — whom, far from

friends and home, fishes devoured in the deep or else on land he fell a prey to beasts and birds. No mother mourned for him and wrapped him in his shroud, nor father either, — we who gave him life! Nor did his richly-dowered wife, steadfast Penelope, wail by her husband's couch, as the wife should, and close his eyes, though that is the dead man's due. Tell me, however, truly, and let me know full well: who are you? of what people? Where is your town and kindred? Where is the swift ship moored which brought you hither, you and your gallant comrades? Or did you come a passenger on some strange ship, from which they landed you and sailed away?"

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Well, I will plainly tell you all. I come from Alybas, where I have a noble house, and am the son of lord Apheidas, the son of Polypemon. My own name is Eperitus. God drove me from Sicania and brought me here, against my will. Here my ship lies, just off the fields outside the town. As for Odysseus, five years ago he went away and left my land. Ill-fated man! And yet the birds were favorable at starting and came on his right hand. So I rejoiced and sent him forth, and he rejoicing went his way. Our hearts then hoped to meet again in friendship, and to give each other glorious gifts."

So he spoke, and on Laërtes fell a dark cloud of grief. He caught in his hands the powdery dust and strewed it on his hoary head with many groans. Odysseus' heart was stirred. Up through his nostrils shot a tingling pang as he beheld his father. Forward he sprang and clasped and kissed him, saying: —

"Lo, father, I am he for whom you seek, now in the

twentieth year come to my native land! Then cease this grief and tearful sighing; for let me tell you, — and the need of haste is great, — I slew the suitors in our halls, and so avenged their galling insolence and wicked deeds."

Then in his turn Laërtes answered: "If you are indeed my son, Odysseus, now returned, tell me some trusty sign that so I may believe."

But wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Examine first this scar, which a boar inflicted with his gleaming tusk upon Parnassus, whither I had gone. You and my honored mother sent me thither, to see Autolycus, my mother's father and to obtain the gifts which he, when here, agreed to give. Then come, and let me tell the trees in the well-ordered vineyard, which you once gave, when I, being still a child, begged you for this and that, as I followed about the garden. Among these trees we passed. You named them and described them. You gave me thirteen pear trees, ten apples, forty figs. And here you marked off fifty rows of vines to give, each one in bearing order. Along the rows clusters of all sorts hang, whenever the seasons sent by Zeus give them their fullness."

As he spoke thus, Laërtes' knees grew feeble and his very soul, when he recognized the tokens which Odysseus exactly told. Round his dear son he threw his arms, and long-tried royal Odysseus drew him fainting toward him.

II
LIFE IN EARLY GREECE

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the sixth century before Christ, Sparta was the most powerful state of Greece. This was owing, the legends say, to the wise laws of Lycurgus, by which his countrymen were brought to scorn luxury, to delight in hardship, and to devote themselves to what they regarded as the general welfare. Lycurgus probably represents a time, long or short as it may have been, during which the Spartans gradually brought themselves to this mode of living. The result was that the nation became a perfectly trained army; and held for a long period the chief military power among the Greek states. The Spartans were soldiers, but they were nothing more.

Just as the Spartans regarded Lycurgus as the cause of their early supremacy, so the Athenians looked upon Solon as their most valued lawgiver. Solon did not aim at making the people into a nation of soldiers, but rather at having laws that would be fair and just to every one. The Athenians learned to care for the beautiful and the intellectual, and they scorned the rough ways of Sparta as much as the Spartans scorned the luxury of Athens.

HOW THE SPARTAN BOYS WERE TRAINED[1]

[About the ninth century B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

Nor was it in the power of the father to dispose of the child as he thought fit; he was obliged to carry it before certain triers at a place called Lesche; these were some of the elders of the tribe to which the child belonged; their business it was carefully to view the infant, and if they found it stout and well made, they gave order for its rearing, and allotted to it one of the nine thousand shares of land above mentioned for its maintenance, but, if they found it puny and ill-shaped, ordered it to be taken to what was called the Apothetæ, a sort of chasm under Taygetus; as thinking it neither for the good of the child itself, nor for the public interest, that it should be brought up, if it did not, from the very outset, appear made to be healthy and vigorous. Upon the same account, the women did not bathe the new-born children with water, as is the custom in all other countries, but with wine, to prove the temper and complexion of their bodies; from a notion they had that epileptic and weakly children faint and waste away upon their being thus bathed, while, on the contrary, those of a strong and vigorous habit acquire firmness and get a temper by it, like steel. There was much care and art, too, used by the nurses; they had no swaddling bands; the children

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U. S. A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

grew up free and unconstrained in limb and form, and not dainty and fanciful about their food; not afraid in the dark, or of being left alone; and without peevishness or ill humor or crying. Upon this account, Spartan nurses were often bought up, or hired by people of other countries; and it is recorded that she who suckled Alcibiades was a Spartan; who, however, if fortunate in his nurse, was not so in his preceptor; his guardian, Pericles, as Plato tells us, chose a servant for that office called Zopyrus, no better than any common slave.

Lycurgus was of another mind; he would not have masters bought out of the market for his young Spartans, nor such as should sell their pains; nor was it lawful, indeed, for the father himself to breed up the children after his own fancy; but as soon as they were seven years old they were to be enrolled in certain companies and classes, where they all lived under the same order and discipline, doing their exercises and taking their play together. Of these, he who showed the most conduct and courage was made captain; they had their eyes always upon him, obeyed his orders, and underwent patiently whatsoever punishment he inflicted, so that the whole course of their education was one continued exercise of a ready and perfect obedience. The old men, too, were spectators of their performances, and often raised quarrels and disputes among them, to have a good opportunity of finding out their different characters, and of seeing which would be valiant, which a coward, when they should come to more dangerous encounters. Reading and writing they gave them, just enough to serve their turn; their chief care was to make them good subjects, and to teach them to en-

dure pain and conquer in battle. To this end, as they grew in years, their discipline was proportionably increased; their heads were close-clipped, they were accustomed to go barefoot, and for the most part to play naked.

After they were twelve years old, they were no longer allowed to wear any undergarment; they had one coat to serve them a year; their bodies were hard and dry, with but little acquaintance of baths and unguents, these human indulgences they were allowed only on some few particular days in the year. They lodged together in little bands upon beds made of the rushes which grew by the banks of the river Eurotas, which they were to break off with their hands without a knife; if it were winter, they mingled some thistledown with their rushes, which it was thought had the property of giving warmth. The old men, too, had an eye upon them, coming often to the grounds to hear and see them contend either in wit or strength with one another, and this as seriously and with as much concern as if they were their fathers, their tutors, or their magistrates; so that there scarcely was any time or place without some one present to put them in mind of their duty, and punish them if they had neglected it.

Besides all this, there was always one of the best and honestest men in the city appointed to undertake the charge and governance of them; he again arranged them into their several bands, and set over each of them for their captain the most temperate and boldest of those they called Irens, who were usually twenty years old, two years out of the boys; and the eldest of the boys, again, were Mell-Irens, as much as to say, who would

shortly be men. This young man, therefore, was their captain when they fought and their master at home, using them for the offices of his house; sending the oldest of them to fetch wood, and the weaker and less able, to gather salads and herbs, and these they must either go without or steal; which they did by creeping into the gardens, or conveying themselves cunningly and closely into the eating-houses; if they were taken in the fact, they were whipped without mercy, for thieving so ill and awkwardly. They stole, too, all other meat they could lay their hands on, looking out and watching all opportunities, when people were asleep or more careless than usual. If they were caught, they were not only punished with whipping, but hunger, too, being reduced to their ordinary allowance, which was but very slender, and so contrived on purpose, that they might set about to help themselves, and be forced to exercise their energy and address. This was the principal design of their hard fare; there was another not inconsiderable, that they might grow taller; for the vital spirits, not being overburdened and oppressed by too great a quantity of nourishment, which necessarily discharges itself into thickness and breadth, do, by their natural lightness, rise; and the body, giving and yielding because it is pliant, grows in height. The same thing seems, also, to conduce to beauty of shape; a dry and lean habit is a better subject for nature's configuration, which the gross and overfed are too heavy to submit to properly.

So seriously did the Lacedæmonian children go about their stealing, that a youth, having stolen a young fox and hid it under his coat, suffered it to tear out his very bowels with its teeth and claws, and died upon the place,

rather than let it be seen. What is practiced to this very day in Lacedæmon is enough to gain credit to this story, for I myself have seen several of the youths endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar to Diana surnamed Orthia.

The Iren, or under-master, used to stay a little with them after supper, and one of them he bade to sing a song, to another he put a question which required an advised and deliberate answer; for example, Who was the best man in the city? What he thought of such an action of such a man? They used them thus early to pass a right judgment upon persons and things, and to inform themselves of the abilities or defects of their countrymen. If they had not an answer ready to the question, Who was a good or who an ill-reputed citizen, they were looked upon as of a dull and careless disposition, and to have little or no sense of virtue and honor; besides this, they were to give a good reason for what they said, and in as few words and as comprehensive as might be; he that failed of this, or answered not to the purpose, had his thumb bit by his master. Sometimes the Iren did this in the presence of the old men and magistrates, that they might see whether he punished them justly and in due measure or not; and when he did amiss, they would not reprove him before the boys, but, when they were gone, he was called to an account and underwent correction, if he had run far into either of the extremes of indulgence or severity.

They taught them, also, to speak with a natural and graceful raillery, and to comprehend much matter of thought in few words. For Lycurgus, who ordered, as we saw, that a great piece of money should be but of an

inconsiderable value, on the contrary would allow no discourse to be current which did not contain in few words a great deal of useful and curious sense; children in Sparta, by a habit of long silence, came to give just and sententious answers; for loose and incontinent talkers seldom originate many sensible words. King Agis, when some Athenian laughed at their short swords, and said that the jugglers on the stage swallowed them with ease, answered him, "We find them long enough to reach our enemies with"; and as their swords were short and sharp, so, it seems to me, were their sayings. They reach the point and arrest the attention of the hearers better than any. Lycurgus himself seems to have been short and sententious, if we may trust the anecdotes of him; as appears by his answer to one who by all means would set up democracy in Lacedæmon. "Begin, friend," said he, "and set it up in your family." Another asked him why he allowed of such mean and trivial sacrifices to the gods. He replied, "That we may always have something to offer to them." Being asked what sort of martial exercises or combats he approved of, he answered, "All sorts, except that in which you stretch out your hands." Similar answers, addressed to his countrymen by letter, are ascribed to him; as, being consulted how they might best oppose an invasion of their enemies, he returned this answer, "By continuing poor, and not coveting each man to be greater than his fellow." Being consulted again whether it were requisite to enclose the city with a wall, he sent them word, "The city is well fortified which hath a wall of men instead of brick." But whether these letters are counterfeit or not is not easy to determine.

Of their dislike to talkativeness, the following apophthegms are evidence. King Leonidas said to one who held him in discourse upon some useful matter, but not in due time and place, "Much to the purpose, sir, elsewhere." King Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, being asked why his uncle had made so few laws, answered, "Men of few words require but few laws." When one blamed Hecatæus the sophist because that, being invited to the public table, he had not spoken one word all supper-time, Archidamidas answered in his vindication, "He who knows how to speak, knows also when."

The sharp and yet not ungraceful retorts which I mentioned may be instanced as follows. Demaratus, being asked in a troublesome manner by an importunate fellow, Who was the best man in Lacedæmon? answered at last, "He, sir, that is the least like you." Some, in company where Agis was, much extolled the Eleans for their just and honorable management of the Olympic games; "Indeed," said Agis, "they are highly to be commended if they can do justice one day in five years." Theopompus answered a stranger who talked much of his affection to the Lacedæmonians, and said that his countrymen called him Philolacon (a lover of the Lacedæmonians), that it had been more for his honor if they had called him Philopolites (a lover of his own countrymen). And Plistoanax, the son of Pausanias, when an orator of Athens said the Lacedæmonians had no learning, told him, "You say true, sir; we alone, of all the Greeks have learned none of your bad qualities." One asked Archidamidas what number there might be of the Spartans; he answered, "Enough, sir, to keep out wicked men."

We may see their character, too, in their every jests. For they did not throw them out at random, but the very wit of them was grounded upon something or other worth thinking about. For instance, one, being asked to go hear a man who exactly counterfeited the voice of a nightingale, answered, "Sir, I have heard the nightingale itself." Another, having read the following inscription upon a tomb, —

> "Seeking to quench a cruel tyranny,
> They, at Selinus, did in battle die," —

said, it served them right; for instead of trying to quench the tyranny they should have let it burn out. A lad, being offered some game-cocks that would die upon the spot, said that he cared not for cocks that would die, but for such that would live and kill others. In short, their answers were so sententious and pertinent, that one said well that intellectual much more truly than athletic exercise was the Spartan characteristic.

Nor was their instruction in music and verse less carefully attended to than their habits of grace and good breeding in conversation. And their very songs had a life and spirit in them that inflamed and possessed men's minds with an enthusiasm and ardor for action; the style of them was plain and without affectation; the subject always serious and moral; most usually, it was in praise of such men as had died in defense of their country, or in derision of those that had been cowards; the former they declared happy and glorified; the life of the latter they described as most miserable and abject. There were also vaunts of what they would do, and boasts of what they had done, varying with the various ages, as, for example, they had three choirs in their solemn

festivals, the first of the old men, the second of the young men, and the last of the children. The old men began thus: —

"We once were young, and brave and strong."

The young men answered them, singing, —

"And we're so now, come on and try."

The children came last and said, —

"But we'll be strongest by and by."

Indeed, if we will take the pains to consider their compositions, some of which were still extant in our days, and the airs on the flute to which they marched when going to battle, we shall find that Terpander and Pindar had reason to say that music and valor were allied. The first says of Lacedæmon —

"The spear and song in her do meet,
And Justice walks about her street";

and Pindar —

"Councils of wise elders here,
And the young men's conquering spear,
And dance, and song, and joy appear"; —

both describing the Spartans as no less musical than warlike; in the words of one of their own poets —

"With the iron stern and sharp
Comes the playing on the harp."

For, indeed, before they engaged in battle, the king first did sacrifice to the Muses, in all likelihood to put them in mind of the manner of their education, and of the judgment that would be passed upon their actions, and thereby to animate them to the performance of exploits that should deserve a record. At such times, too, the Lacedæmonians abated a little the severity of their manners

in favor of their young men, suffering them to curl and adorn their hair, and to have costly arms, and fine clothes; and were well pleased to see them, like proud horses, neighing and pressing to the course. And therefore, as soon as they came to be well-grown, they took a great deal of care of their hair, to have it parted and trimmed, especially against a day of battle, pursuant to a saying recorded of their lawgiver, that a large head of hair added beauty to a good face, and terror to an ugly one.

When they were in the field, their exercises were generally more moderate, their fare not so hard, nor so strict a hand held over them by their officers, so that they were the only people in the world to whom war gave repose. When their army was drawn up in battle array and the enemy near, the king sacrificed a goat, commanded the soldiers to set their garlands upon their heads, and the pipers to play the tune of the hymn to Castor, and himself began the pæan of advance. It was at once a magnificent and a terrible sight to see them march on to the tune of their flutes, without any disorder in their ranks, any discomposure in their minds or change in thier countenance, calmly and cheerfully moving with the music to the deadly fight. Men, in this temper, were not likely to be possessed with fear or any transport of fury, but with the deliberate valor of hope and assurance, as if some divinity were attending and conducting them. The king had always about his person some one who had been crowned in the Olympic games; and upon this account a Lacedæmonian is said to have refused a considerable present, which was offered to him upon condition that he would not come into the lists; and when he had with much to-do thrown his

antagonist, some of the spectators saying to him, "And now, Sir Lacedæmonian, what are you the better for your victory?" he answered smiling, "I shall fight next the king." After they had routed an enemy, they pursued him till they were well assured of the victory, and then they sounded a retreat, thinking it base and unworthy of a Grecian people to cut men in pieces, who had given up and abandoned all resistance. This manner of dealing with their enemies did not only show magnanimity, but was politic too; for, knowing that they killed only those who made resistance, and gave quarter to the rest, men generally thought it their best way to consult their safety by flight.

Hippius the sophist says that Lycurgus himself was a great soldier and an experienced commander. Philostephanus attributes to him the first division of the cavalry into troops of fifties in a square body; but Demetrius the Phalerian says quite the contrary, and that he made all his laws in a continued peace. And, indeed, the Olympic holy truce, or cessation of arms, that was procured by his means and management, inclines me to think him a kind-natured man, and one that loved quietness and peace. Notwithstanding all this, Hermippus tells us that he had no hand in the ordinance; that Iphitus made it, and Lycurgus came only as a spectator, and that by mere accident too. Being there, he heard as it were a man's voice behind him, blaming and wondering at him that he did not encourage his countrymen to resort to the assembly, and, turning about and seeing no man, concluded that it was a voice from heaven, and upon this immediately went to Iphitus and assisted him in ordering the ceremonies of that feast, which, by his

means, were better established, and with more repute than before.

To return to the Lacedæmonians. Their discipline continued still after they were full-grown men. No one was allowed to live after his own fancy; but the city was a sort of camp, in which every man had his share of provisions and business set out, and looked upon himself not so much born to serve his own ends as the interest of his country. Therefore if they were commanded nothing else, they went to see the boys perform their exercises, to teach them something useful or to learn it themselves of those who knew better. And indeed one of the greatest and highest blessings Lycurgus procured his people was the abundance of leisure which proceeded from his forbidding to them the exercise of any mean and mechanical trade. Of the money-making that depends on troublesome going about and seeing people and doing business, they had no need at all in a state where wealth obtained no honor or respect. The Helots tilled their ground for them, and paid them yearly in kind the appointed quantity, without any trouble of theirs. To this purpose there goes a story of a Lacedæmonian who, happening to be at Athens when the courts were sitting, was told of a citizen that had been fined for living an idle life, and was being escorted home in much distress of mind by his condoling friends; the Lacedæmonian was much surprised at it and desired his friend to show him the man who was condemned for living like a free-man. So much beneath them did they esteem the frivolous devotion of time and attention to the mechanical arts and to money-making.

It need not be said, that upon the prohibition of gold

and silver, all lawsuits immediately ceased, for there was now neither avarice nor poverty amongst them, but equality, where every one's wants were supplied, and independence, because those wants were so small. All their time, except when they were in the field, was taken up by the choral dances and the festivals, in hunting, and in attendance on the exercise-grounds, and the places of public conversation. Those who were under thirty years of age were not allowed to go into the market place, but had the necessaries of their family supplied by the care of their relations and lovers; nor was it for the credit of elderly men to be seen too often in the market place; it was esteemed more suitable for them to frequent the exercise-grounds and places of conversation, where they spent their leisure rationally in conversation, not on money-making and market-prices, but for the most part in passing judgment on some action worth considering; extolling the good, and censuring those who were otherwise, and that in a light and sportive manner conveying, without too much gravity, lessons of advice and improvement. Nor was Lycurgus himself unduly austere; it was he who dedicated, says Sosibius, the little statue of Laughter. Mirth, introduced seasonably at their suppers and places of common entertainment, was to serve as a sort of sweetmeat to accompany their strict and hard life. To conclude, he bred up his citizens in such a way that they neither would or could live by themselves; they were to make themselves one with the public good, and, clustering like bees around their commander, be by their zeal and public spirit carried all but out of themselves, and devoted wholly to their country. What their sentiments were will better appear by a few of their

sayings. Pædaretus, not being admitted into the list of the three hundred, returned home with a joyful face, well pleased to find that there were in Sparta three hundred better men than himself. And Polycratidas, being sent with some others ambassador to the lieutenants of the king of Persia, being asked by them whether they came in a private or in a public character, answered, "In a public, if we succeed; if not, in a private character." Argileonis, asking some who came from Amphipolis if her son Brasidas died courageously and as became a Spartan, on their beginning to praise him to a high degree, and saying there was not such another left in Sparta, answered, "Do not say so; Brasidas was a good and brave man, but there are in Sparta many better than he."

SOLON, WHO MADE LAWS FOR THE ATHENIANS

[639–559 B.C.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

A CERTAIN young Athenian named Solon expected to inherit a large fortune; but when his father died, it was found that he had been so generous to all in need as to leave little property to his son. There were wealthy friends who would have willingly supported Solon, but he preferred to support himself, and he became a merchant. In those times, a merchant not only sold goods, but he went from land to land to purchase them. In this business Solon made himself rich and also saw the customs and became familiar with the laws of many countries. People said that he was always eager to learn and that he liked to write poetry. He was a most devoted father. When one of his children died, he wept as if his heart would break. A friend who tried to comfort him pleaded with him not to weep, because it would do no good. "And that is just why I do weep," Solon replied.

At that time the Athenians were divided into parties, and the members of each party thought far more of having their own way than of acting for the good of the state. Athens became so weak that even the tiny kingdom of Megara ventured to make war against her, and got possession of the island of Salamis, and, what was

more, held on to it in spite of the efforts of the Athenians to win it back. At length they gave up all hope of ever regaining it. They even passed a decree that any one who should suggest making the attempt should be looked upon as an enemy to his country and should be put to death.

Now Salamis was Solon's birthplace, and he could not bear to have it in the hands of enemies. The way he set about regaining it, however, was to shut himself up in his house and send out a report that he had become insane. In reality, he was writing a poem; and when it was done, he sallied forth into the market place, always full of people, and mounted the stone from which proclamations were made. There he stood and recited the poem. It was a ringing appeal to his countrymen to recover the island. An insane man could not be put to death for breaking a law; and this poem so aroused the Athenians that they repealed the law, set out for war, put Solon in command, and regained the island.

In another way Solon was of great help to his countrymen. The Athenian, Cylon, and his friends had raised a revolt and had seized the temple of the goddess Minerva. The magistrates told them that if they would tie a cord to the shrine of the goddess and keep fast hold of it, they would still be under her protection and might come down from the temple and be sure of a fair trial. It chanced that the cord gave way; and at this the magistrates rushed upon them and killed them. Some of the Athenians believed that the many troubles of the state had come upon it because of this broken promise, and they were most grateful to Solon when he induced the magistrates to come to trial. The people of Megara took

advantage of the difficulties of the Athenians and seized Salamis again. There is no knowing when the struggle over the island would have come to an end, had not both states finally agreed to leave the decision to five judges appointed by the Spartans. Then each side pleaded its right to Salamis. Solon was the chief speaker for the Athenians. He could reason and argue as well as fight; and he won the victory. Salamis was given to Athens.

Solon now became a maker of laws. No two parties wanted exactly the same thing. Taking the people as a whole, the only change desired by the rich was to be better protected in enjoying their wealth; while the poor thought that all wealth ought to be equally divided among the citizens, whether they had ever done anything to earn it or not. These different classes all had confidence in Solon; and he was chosen archon, or chief magistrate. The men who owned little farms were in the most pressing trouble. If a hard season had made it necessary for a farmer to borrow some money, he had to give so high a rate of interest that there was small hope of his debt ever being paid. In that case, his creditor had a legal right to sell him as a slave. Solon's first laws were made to help these farmers. He allowed them to pay their debts to individuals in coins only three fourths as heavy as the old ones, but counted as of the same value. He forgave all debts of farmers to the state. He decreed that no man should be made a slave because he had failed to pay borrowed money; that whoever had seized a man as a slave should set him free, and if he had been sold into a foreign country, should bring him back.

Solon's next reform was in regard to the manner of

making the laws. Thus far, they had been made by the nobles, that is, the men of high birth. Solon divided the people into four classes according to their income from land. The wealthiest class alone were to hold the highest offices; but they had to pay the most taxes. The lowest class could hold no office in the state, as they paid no taxes for its support; but every man could rise from one class to another, and every man, rich or poor, had the right to vote in the general assembly.

Solon did not forget to look out for the interests of the children. He forbade people to sell their children as slaves, a thing which had formerly been allowed; and he ordered that every father should teach his son a trade. If he neglected to do this, the law did not oblige the son to care for him in his old age.

The laws to punish crime had been put in shape by Draco about a quarter of a century earlier. They were so severe that they were said to have been written in blood. Even the smallest theft was punished by death. Solon revised them and made them far more reasonable. Then he turned his attention to some of the ways in which money was wasted. He decreed that less should be expended in display at funerals, that not more than three garments should be buried with the body, that there should be no sacrifice of an ox and no hired mourners. A woman going on a journey was permitted to carry only three dresses.

The laws of Solon were written on wooden tablets and set up in places where every one could read them. There is a tradition that he began to put them into verse, but gave up the attempt. Every one did read them; and promptly one and all began to find fault. The wealthy

nobles had lost a great deal of money by the remitting of debts and the freeing of slaves; and they were indignant that so great a share in the government had also been taken from them. The poor people had supposed that in some mysterious way these changes would make them all rich; and they felt wronged and disappointed. Each little party had its special grievance, and everybody blamed Solon. Besides this, people were constantly appealing to him to know the meaning of one law or another; and at length he concluded that it would be best for him to go away for a while and let the Athenians manage matters for themselves. He made them promise that they would keep his laws for ten years, and then he left the country.

When he returned, he found affairs no better. The people were restless and dissatisfied, and a man named Pisistratus was gaining much influence over them. Pisistratus had a frank, pleasant manner, he was generous, and he had won victories in the Olympian chariot-races. He claimed to be a devoted friend to the poor, and made them feel that if he were only in power, he would do great things for them. One day, with his face smeared with blood, he rode into the market place and declared that his enemies had tried to kill him for being so devoted to the interests of the poor. Pisistratus was a relative of Solon, but the honest old patriot could not endure this, and he cried out, "Pisistratus, you have done this thing to impose upon your countrymen." Nevertheless, the people believed in Pisistratus and allowed him to have a guard of armed men. This guard grew larger and larger, and by and by this "friend of the people" captured the Acropolis, that is, the hill on which stood the finest

temples and the strongest fortifications; and Pisistratus was now ruler of Athens. Solon could do nothing to prevent, and he put his weapons outside his door with these words: "I have done all in my power to defend my country and its laws."

After it was clear that Pisistratus would be able to remain in control, the friends of Solon were afraid of what he might do to the aged man to punish him for his opposition. They begged Solon to flee; but he refused. He stayed in his own house and made verses to the effect that whatever difficulties the Athenians might fall into, it was all their own fault.

Most men of that time, if in the place of Pisistratus, would have at least made Solon's life uncomfortable; but Pisistratus was too wise, and perhaps too good-natured. He always treated Solon with the greatest kindness and respect, asked his advice, and what was more, generally followed it. Solon believed that Pisistratus had no right to rule and that the Athenians would yet be sorry that they had allowed him to seize the government; but since he was in power and could not be put out, Solon thought that the best thing he could do for his state was to help make his rule as excellent as possible. This was the easier for Solon because Pisistratus really ruled extremely well. He gave cattle and seeds and tools to the poor farmers; he reared handsome buildings; and, besides this, he invited all the people who knew the poems of Homer and Hesiod by heart to come together in Athens and compare them as they had been used to reciting them. Then he had copies carefully made of the version that was decided to be the best. That is how it came to pass that we have the poems of these

two great poets in almost the same words in which they were composed.

Solon always loved Salamis, and when he came to die, he bade his friends carry his ashes across the water and scatter them over his beloved island.

AT THE OLYMPIAN GAMES

[After the eighth century B.C.]

BY CHARLES DIEHL

[THE Olympian Games, the most renowned of all festivals of ancient Greece, were held once in five years. Every part of Greece was represented, and while the games lasted all warfare between the states was suspended. According to Greek mythology the Olympian Games were instituted by Zeus, father of the gods. No one knows the precise date of their origin, but in the eighth century B.C. the Greeks were reckoning time by Olympiads, the years in which the Games were held.

The Editor.]

ON the first day of the festival, in the early morning, the games were inaugurated by solemn homage paid to the gods. An imposing sacrifice was offered to Zeus in the name of the Elean state, and throughout the day sacred embassies were crossing the Altis and offering their gifts at the shrines. Meanwhile without the inclosure, and in the Bouleuterium, the final preparations were being made for the games. All those who were to take any part in the contests — athletes, charioteers, trainers, judges — swore solemnly that they had obeyed all the regulations and had been guilty neither of impiety nor of sacrilege, and with their hands on the altar they promised to act uprightly in all the coming contests. Then the Hellanodicæ[1] divided the competitors into classes, the wrestlers were paired by lot, and starting-

[1] Judges.

places were assigned to the foot-racers and chariots. The evening was spent in conversation and in various pastimes; statesmen withdrew together to settle their negotiations, friends who had met again after long parting forgot themselves in endless discourse, athletes took counsel with themselves and waited quietly, gathering strength for the morrow, while under the starlit sky the crowd of pilgrims slept in the expectation of the coming festivities.

With the first rays of the rising sun the festival began. Long before this time, while Olympia was still wrapped in shadow, a confused noise told that the multitude was waking; bands of pilgrims hurried to the stadium to secure good places, and long before sunrise the high banks of earth surrounding the arena, on which forty thousand people could find seats, were covered by a crowd of spectators. At the moment when the first rays of the sun fell upon the plain from the lofty summits of the Arcadian mountains, the sound of music was heard, and the official procession entered the stadium through the covered passage connecting it with the Altis. The Hellanodicæ, in long purple robes, seated themselves on the platform erected near the goal, the trainers accompanied their pupils and gave them parting words of counsel, the deputies from the cities and the strangers of distinction took possession of the seats of honor reserved for them, while the competitors answered to their names and took up their appointed places.

The stadium at Olympia formed a long rectangle, 692 feet long by 105 wide. The track was 465 feet in length, — Hercules himself was said to have measured it with

his mighty foot. Around it a sloping bank took the place of seats, and round the stadium by the side of a narrow stone boundary which the spectator might not pass, was carried a water-channel, through which the water for the use of athletes and attendants ran into basins. The competitors disrobed under a tent at the western end, and the games began. They lasted three days, the first of which was reserved for the contests of children, and the last two for the contests of men; the games, however, were the same for both classes of competitors.

First came the foot-races, the most ancient of the contests of Olympia. The earliest of these was the single course — *stadion* or *dromos* — a test of speed which consisted in running once the length of the stadium, and was one of the favorite sights with the spectators, because by its rapid motion it displayed to more advantage than any other, beauty of contour and shapeliness of limb. Then came the double course — *diaulos* — in which the competitors had to run twice the length of the stadium, and the long race or *dolichos*. In this last, in which the competitors ran twelve times round the arena, or fourteen and a half kilometres,[1] it was less a question of speed than of endurance, and consequently the race resembled walking rather than running. These contests were rendered more difficult by the fact that the track, instead of being on firm and solid ground, was covered with a thick layer of fine sand into which the runner's foot sank, thus doubling the exertion.

Naturally the competition began with the long race, then came the double course, and finally the single course, in which each competitor, excited by the shouts

[1] About nine miles.

of the crowd and the cries of his adversaries, put out his utmost strength. The pitch of excitement reached by these runners was sometimes marvelous; their speed was such that one could hardly see them pass, and they attained such a height of endurance that one victor in the long race, after arriving first at the goal, ran straight on to announce his victory at Argos, his native town, arriving there the same evening. The distance in a straight line is ninety kilometres,[1] and there are two mountains to cross on the way. The victors were usually represented in the attitude of the short race; this is the attitude of the runner Ladas, by the sculptor Myron, a statue famous in antiquity.

After this the wrestlers were called into the arena. More skill was needed for this kind of contest, as well as a special training. Brute force was in fact of less value than skill and science, a quick, sure eye to follow and foresee every movement of the adversary, skill in parrying, ingenuity in thrusting, and variety of feint. Like fencing, wrestling was an art in which it was not merely a question of conquering, but of conquering with grace. As a rule the victor must have thrown his opponent three times in such a way as to make his shoulders touch the ground; but it was not easy to grapple with these wrestlers, whose bodies were rubbed with oil, and the rule of the Olympian games allowed all sorts of wiles, such as stretching out the leg, pulling the foot of an adversary, or leaping with one bound on his shoulders from behind. Sometimes wrestlers even grappled their rivals with their whole strength, and pulled them to the ground by their own weight, — this was the favorite stroke of the

[1] Nearly fifty-six miles.

celebrated Milo of Croton. Another kind of wrestling consisted in continuing the struggle even when one of the combatants had fallen to the ground, which then became an actual hand-to-hand fight, which might be carried on in any way. Sometimes they clutched each other's throats, or bit each other till the blood flowed. "And their backs cracked, gripped firmly under the vigorous hands, and sweat ran down in streams, and frequent weals along their ribs and shoulders sprang up red with blood, while ever they strove amain for victory."[1] This is the moment represented by the celebrated group of wrestlers in Florence. The contest was not at an end until one of the combatants acknowledged himself defeated.

Fighting with the cestus was an extremely cruel and barbarous kind of wrestling of which boxing may offer a very much softened resemblance. In this kind of pugilism the athletes wound around their hands strips of leather studded with nails or small plates of lead — an equipment shown in the Wrestler of the Dresden Museum. Thus armed, the combatants fell upon each other, and struck the most terrible blows, coming out of the struggle in a very much battered condition in consequence. When the Homeric heroes are making ready for this terrible contest, they speak of nothing less than tearing the flesh and breaking the bones of their antagonist, and as a fact the defeated combatant goes away, trailing his limbs and spitting blood, with head hanging down, and ready to faint. Sometimes the combatants were left upon the field, or at least they went away with nose, ears, and teeth much damaged: indeed, this was so

[1] *Iliad*, XXIII, 714.

commonly the case that the monuments generally represent the victorious boxers with their ears much swollen — as, for example, the fine bronze discovered in the gymnasium at Olympia. Sometimes the unfortunate men returned from the fight quite unrecognizable. "After twenty years," says one epigram, "Ulysses was recognized by his dog Argos; but as for you, Stratophon, after four hours' boxing you are unrecognizable not only by a dog, but even by your fellow-citizens. What do I say? Were you to look at yourself in a glass, you would exclaim with an oath, I am not Stratophon." An ancient physician declared, indeed, that boxing was an excellent remedy for dizziness and headache, but we must confess that the treatment was somewhat drastic. The fight lasted until one of the boxers confessed his defeat, and the highest skill consisted in dexterously avoiding a blow rather than in parrying it; the greatest feat was to win without having received a single blow, and, better still, without having given one, but having tired out one's opponent so completely that he was compelled by exhaustion to give up the struggle.

The *pancratium* was the last contest on this day. This was a combination of wrestling and boxing, and on this account was one of the most highly considered among the contests, as it required both strength and skill. None was watched with so much interest by the spectators, and no victory was more eagerly sought after by famous athletes. The feats of the celebrated wrestlers of antiquity are well known. Their muscles, as fully developed as those of the Farnese Hercules, found no task too difficult for them. One seized a bull by the hind leg and grasped it so firmly that the animal left its hoof

in his hand; another stopped, with one hand, a chariot running at full speed; Milo of Croton fastened a cord round his head and broke it by swelling the veins; Polydamas, like Hercules, met a lion and felled it to the earth. There was an inexhaustible supply of stories of this kind at Olympia, and these heroes of the stadium lost no opportunity of displaying their prowess. Most of them came to an evil end in consequence. The hands of Milo of Croton stuck fast in the cleft of a tree, and he died there, devoured by wolves; while Polydamas was crushed by the fall of a grotto which he had vainly endeavored to hold up with his mighty hands.

The next day the games took place in the hippodrome. Unfortunately, the excavations have afforded us no information about this structure, and we only know it from the description of Pausanias. It was no doubt parallel to the stadium, and was four stadia[1] in length, while the track, properly so called, only measured two stadia. It was long and narrow in shape, and was terminated on the east by a semicircular slope, on the west by the starting-place, or *aphesis*, which was furnished with parallel stalls facing the course where the chariots or horses were stationed after the lots had been drawn. In the center of the starting-place was an altar, surmounted by an eagle constructed in such a way as to rise mechanically and give the signal for the start. At the same moment the ropes fell which closed in the stalls, and when all the competitors were in line at the second starting-place, a flourish of trumpets gave the signal again.

First came the race of four-horse chariots. The body

[1] A stadium was equal to about six hundred and seven feet.

of the chariot was mounted on two low wheels, two horses were harnessed to the pole, and there were two trace-horses or outriggers as well. The charioteers drove standing, and holding reins and whip. This was the most fashionable contest, the one which attracted the richest and most powerful of the Hellenes, and in which success was most eagerly desired. Among the victors may be found Cimon, Alcibiades, Gelo of Syracuse, Hiero, and many other famous men. No sight was more exciting for the spectators than that of the chariots dashing forward and striking against one another on the course, or than the horses rearing madly as they passed the mysterious turning-point where lurked the demon Taraxippos — the terror of horses. The thrilling description of these eager contests, in which more than one of the competitors was often thrown to the ground, should be sought in the "Iliad" (XXIII, 262), or in the famous lines of the "Electra" of Sophocles.[1]

The chariot-races were succeeded by the horse-races, also of great importance, in which the course was twelve times round the hippodrome. The victorious horses were overwhelmed with honors, statues were erected, and splendid tombs built for them. Sometimes even, like Cimon's steeds, they were buried with their masters in the family grave.

As in the races of our own day, it was not the charioteer or the rider who carried off the prize, but the owner of the horses which ran. It did not even matter if the jockey were unhorsed in the race, provided the horse completed its course. For example, the mare of Pheidolas, after having thrown its rider, ran straight on, and

[1] See the selection following.

slackening its pace at the sound of the trumpet, stopped of its own accord, a good first, before the judges' stand. Pheidolas received the prize, and a statue was set up in the Altis to the horse which had won such a splendid victory.

When the races were over, all returned to the stadium, and the *pentathlum* followed. This was the most complicated and most distinguished of all the contests, the one which displayed to the greatest advantage the complete harmony of the human frame; and victors in the *pentathlum* were considered the most beautiful men in Greece; "for their bodies," says Aristotle, "are naturally capable of both strength and speed." Victory, however, was hard to gain, for five successive contests had to be undertaken — leaping, hurling the discus, throwing the spear, running, and wrestling — the last two of which we have already discussed. In leaping, an enormous distance had to be covered, and the competitors mounted a spring-board and sprang off, holding in their hands heavy weights called *halteres*, which afterwards helped them to stop short at the point they reached. In the next contest stones were at first used, and afterwards circular disks, often ornamented with carving, which were thrown as far as possible. Many famous statues, of which the most celebrated, preserved in the Massini Palace at Rome, is a copy of the Discobolus of Myron, show the different attitudes which the athletes assumed in aiming and hurling the discus. A specimen of these quoits is preserved in the Berlin Museum. Its diameter is about eight inches, and the weight about four pounds.

Last of all came the armed race, which ended the

games. In this the competitors ran twice round the stadium, bearing, it appears, in early times, helmet, shield, and greaves, but in later days only a shield. This is the equipment of the statue in the Louvre known as the Borghese Gladiator, which undoubtedly represents a victorious *hoplitodromos*.

The last day of the games was devoted to the distribution of the prizes. These were antique in their simplicity; merely a crown of wild olive from the sacred tree planted by Hercules and a palm branch, the symbols of strength and immortality, but they were bestowed with great solemnity. The wreaths were laid upon the gold and ivory table carved by Colotes before the temple of Zeus, and the Hellanodicæ placed the crown on the head of the victor, while a herald proclaimed his name and country amidst the acclamations of the crowd.

Many material advantages, however, accompanied the victories in the stadium: the successful athletes were granted for life the right of dining in the Prytaneum of their native town, they were exempted from all taxation, and received many other tokens of the gratitude of their fellow-citizens, such as a seat of honor in the theater, and often an annuity which relieved them of all anxiety for their future. Still all this was nothing compared to the immortal glory which these simple Olympic wreaths conferred on the victors' names.

At length the festival was over, and nothing remained to be done but to give thanks to the gods. The victors sought the altars of the Altis, there to offer their sacrifices and thanksgivings, and in order to enhance the splendor of this solemn procession their parents and fellow-citizens often placed their purses at their dis-

posal, so that it was to the music of the flute and amidst the hymns of a choir that the splendid procession wound its way through the Altis. Then there were processions of *theoriai* [1] offering their homage for the last time to the gods of Olympia, the solemn banquet in the Prytaneum, to which all the victors and the most distinguished strangers whom the festival had attracted were invited, and the feasts given by the generosity of the victors to their relatives, friends, and countrymen — sometimes, indeed, to the whole multitude assembled at Olympia.

[1] Religious embassies sent by the states of Greece.

THE CHARIOT RACE

[After the eighth century B.C.]

BY SOPHOCLES

And now, in order ranged, as each by lot
Determined stood, forth at the trumpet's sound
They rush'd together, shook their glittering reins,
And lash'd their foaming coursers o'er the plain.
Loud was the din of rattling cars, involved
In dusty clouds; close on each other press'd
The rival youths, together stopp'd, and turn'd
Together all. The hapless Ænian first,
His fiery steeds, impatient of subjection,
Entangled on the Libyan chariot hung.
Confusion soon and terror through the crowd
Disastrous spread; the jarring axles rung;
Wheel within wheel now crack'd, till Chrysa's field
Was with the scatter'd ruin quite o'erspread.
The Athenian, cautious, viewed the distant danger,
Drew in the rein, and turn'd his car aside;
Then pass'd them all. Orestes, who, secure
Of conquest, lagg'd behind, with eager pace
Now urged his rapid course, and swift pursued.
Sharp was the contest; now the Athenian first,
And now Orestes o'er his coursers hung;
Now side by side they ran. When to the last
And fatal goal they came, Atrides' son,
As chance with slacken'd rein he turn'd the car,
Full on the pillar struck, tore from the wheel

Its brittle spokes, and from his seat down dropp'd
Precipitate: entangled in the reins,
His fiery coursers dragg'd him o'er the field,
While shrieking crowds with pity view'd the youth,
Whose gallant deeds deserved a better fate.
Scarce could they stop the rapid car, or loose
His mangled corse, so drench'd in blood, so changed,
That scarce a friend could say it was Orestes.
Straight on the pile they burned his sad remains;
And, in an urn inclosed, a chosen few,
From Phocis sent, have brought his ashes home,
To reap due honors in his native land.
Thus have I told thee all; a dreadful tale!
But, O! how far more dreadful to behold it,
And be, like me, a witness of the scene!

GREEK GIRLS PLAYING BALL

GREEK GIRLS PLAYING BALL

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON

(*English painter*, 1830–1896)

In this illustration, a copy of the famous painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, the artist has most skillfully brought to the front two beautiful figures against a beautiful background. The figure at the left is remarkably graceful, and so light that it barely touches the ground. The one at the right is less light and less graceful, but perfectly drawn in its truth to nature. The farther background is rich in mountains and water. The straight lines of the middle distance contrast finely with the curves of the figures and their floating drapery. Such a painting as this would surely have appealed to the Greeks themselves in the love of beauty manifested in every detail, and in its appreciation of the care given by the Greeks to the exercises tending to develop the beauty which they most admired, that of the human figure.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

BY JOHN KEATS

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape.
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah! happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;

GREECE

More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

III
WAR WITH PERSIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

SPARTA became more and more jealous of the rising power of Athens; but a time was at hand when the states were forced to unite or else be overthrown. This condition of affairs came about because of the Greek colonies in Asia Minor. They had fallen into the hands of the Persians, as had also Thrace and Macedonia. These colonies rebelled, and were aided in their rebellion by the Athenians. This brought about the Persian invasions with the famous battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and the sea-fight off Salamis. The Greeks were the winners of the war. The Grecian colonies were now free and the Persian ships were shut out of Grecian waters.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

[490 B.C.]

BY E. S. CREASY

[IN 490 B.C., the Persians set out to conquer Attica. They landed at Marathon, and here was fought the battle which prevented the forces of Asia from sweeping over all Europe.

The Editor.]

MILTIADES felt no hesitation as to the course which the Athenian army ought to pursue; and earnestly did he press his opinion on his brother-generals. Practically acquainted with the organization of the Persian armies, Miltiades felt convinced of the superiority of the Greek troops, if properly handled; he saw with the military eye of a great general the advantage which the position of the forces gave him for a sudden attack, and as a profound politician he felt the perils of remaining inactive, and of giving treachery time to ruin the Athenian cause.

One officer in the council of war had not yet voted. This was Callimachus the war-ruler. The votes of the generals were five and five, so that the voice of Callimachus, would be decisive.

On that vote, in all human probability, the destiny of all the nations of the world depended. Miltiades turned to him, and in simple soldierly eloquence, the substance of which we may read faithfully reported in Herodotus, who had conversed with the veterans of Marathon, the great Athenian thus adjured his countryman to vote for giving battle.

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by assuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, such as not even Harmodius and Aristogiton have acquired; for never, since the Athenians were a people, were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they then will have to suffer. But if Athens comes victorious out of this contest, she has it in her to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes. But if we fight, before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair play and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in an engagement."

The vote of the brave war-ruler was gained, the council determined to give battle; and such was the ascendancy and acknowledged military eminence of Miltiades, that his brother-generals one and all gave up their days of command to him, and cheerfully acted under his orders. Fearful, however, of creating any jealousy, and of so failing to obtain the vigorous coöperation of all parts of his small army, Miltiades waited till the day when the chief command would have come round to him in regular rotation before he led the troops against the enemy.

The inaction of the Asiatic commanders during this interval appears strange at first sight; but Hippias was with them, and they and he were aware of their chance of a bloodless conquest through the machinations of his

partisans among the Athenians. The nature of the ground also explains in many points the tactics of the opposite generals before the battle, as well as the operations of the troops during the engagement.

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the northeastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the center, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it to the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle, but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in spring and summer and then offer no obstruction to the horseman, but are commonly flooded with rain and so rendered impracticable for cavalry in the autumn, the time of year at which the action took place.

The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle whenever he pleased, or of de-

laying it at his discretion, unless Datis were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

Miltiades, on the afternoon of a September day, 490 B.C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to them was the fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heraclidæ had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths or idle fictions, but matters of implicit earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenian ranks to the heroic spirits who, while on earth, had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on their still beloved country, and capable of interposing with superhuman aid in its behalf.

According to old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The war-ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded

the center. The line consisted of the heavy armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breast-plate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his center, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken; and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggles between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of

battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation, which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterward heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives — for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchers of your sires. All — all are now staked upon the strife."

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercise of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and maneuver against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," said Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of

the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of leveled spears, against which the light targets, the short lances and scimitars of the Orientals, offered weak defense. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the center, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them; and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian center, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and

prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis's veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their slight wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage with their shorter and feebler weapons against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of twelve or ten, upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the phalanx, and to bring their scimitars and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia

turned their backs and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave war-ruler Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his maneuver. Leaving Aristides and the troops of his tribe to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

After the battle had been fought, but while the dead bodies were yet on the ground, the promised reinforcement from Sparta arrived. Two thousand Lacedæmonian spearmen, starting immediately after the full moon, had marched the hundred and fifty miles between Athens and Sparta in the wonderfully short time of three days.

Though too late to share in the glory of the action, they requested to be allowed to march to the battle-field to behold the Medes. They proceeded thither, gazed on the dead bodies of the invaders, and then praising the Athenians and what they had done, they returned to Lacedæmon.

The number of the Persian dead was 6400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Platæans who fell is not mentioned; but as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been large.

The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenian slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulcher in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot, one for each of the Athenian tribes; and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those

names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long since perished, but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity repose.

THE LEMNIAN: A STORY OF THERMOPYLÆ

[480 B.C.]

BY JOHN BUCHAN

[IN the fifth century B.C., Persia was the most powerful empire in the world. Its ruler, Darius, became enraged at the Greeks because of the assistance which they gave to the Asiatic Greeks in their attempt to win freedom from his control. He was completely routed at Marathon; but ten years later his son and successor Xerxes, after vast preparations, set out to conquer and punish the little country which had dared to oppose a Persian command. His forces were met at the narrow pass of Thermopylæ by Leonidas with a handful of Spartans and their allies. After two days of fruitless attack on the part of the invaders, a treacherous Greek pointed out to them a path over the mountains by which they could get to the rear of the Greeks. The Spartan soldiers knew that nothing but death lay before them, but the laws of their country forbade flight from an enemy. They fought like demons, but every man was slain.

The Editor.]

HE pushed the matted locks from his brow, as he peered into the mist. His hair was thick with salt, and his eyes smarted from the green-wood fire on the poop. The four slaves who crouched beside the thwarts — Carians, with thin, birdlike faces — were in a pitiable case, their hands blue with oar-weals and the lash-marks on their shoulders beginning to gape from sun and sea. The Lemnian himself bore marks of ill-usage. His cloak was still sopping, his eyes heavy with watching, and his lips black and cracked with thirst. Two days before, the

storm had caught him and swept his little craft into mid-Ægean. He was a sailor, come of sailor stock, and he had fought the gale manfully and well. But the sea had burst his water-jars, and the torments of drought had been added to his toil. He had been driven south almost to Scyros, but had found no harbor. Then a weary day with the oars had brought him close to the Eubœan shore, when a freshet of storm drove him seaward again. Now at last, in this northerly creek of Sciathos, he had found shelter and a spring. But it was a perilous place, for there were robbers in the bushy hills — mainland men who loved above all things to rob an islander; and out at sea, as he looked toward Pelion, there seemed something ado which boded little good. There was deep water beneath a ledge of cliff, half covered by a tangle of wildwood. So Atta lay in the bows, looking through the trails of vine at the racing tides now reddening in the dawn.

The storm had hit others besides him, it seemed. The channel was full of ships, aimless ships that tossed between tide and wind. Looking closer, he saw that they were all wreckage. There had been tremendous doings in the north, and a navy of some sort had come to grief. Atta was a prudent man and knew that a broken fleet might be dangerous. There might be men lurking in the maimed galleys who would make short work of the owner of a battered but navigable craft. At first he thought that the ships were those of the Hellenes. The troublesome fellows were everywhere in the islands, stirring up strife, and robbing the old lords. But the tides running strongly from the east were bringing some of the wreckage in an eddy into the bay. He lay closer

and watched the spars and splintered poops as they neared him. These were no galleys of the Hellenes. Then came a drowned man, swollen and horrible; then another — swarthy, hook-nosed fellows, all yellow with the sea. Atta was puzzled. They must be the men from the east about whom he had been hearing.

Long ere he left Lemnos there had been news about the Persians. They were coming like locusts out of the dawn, swarming over Ionia and Thrace, men and ships numerous beyond telling. They meant no ill to honest islanders; a little earth and water were enough to win their friendship. But they meant death to the ὕβρις[1] of the Hellenes. Atta was on the side of the invaders; he wished them well in their war with his ancient foes. They would eat them up, Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Corinthians, Æginetans, men of Argos and Elis, and none would be left to trouble him. But in the mean time something had gone wrong. Clearly there had been no battle. As the bodies butted against the side of the galley, he hooked up one or two and found no trace of a wound. Poseidon had grown cranky, and had claimed victims. The god would be appeased by this time, and all would go well. Danger being past, he bade the men get ashore and fill the water-skins. "God's curse on all Hellenes!" he said, as he soaked up the cold water from the spring in the thicket.

About noon he set sail again. The wind sat in the northeast, but the wall of Pelion turned it into a light stern breeze which carried him swiftly westward. The four slaves, still leg-weary and arm-weary, lay like logs beside the thwarts. Two slept; one munched some salty

[1] Riotousness.

figs; the fourth, the headman, stared wearily forward with ever and again a glance back at his master. But the Lemnian never looked his way. His head was on his breast as he steered, and he brooded on the sins of the Hellenes.

He was of the old Pelasgian stock, — the first lords of the land, who had come out of the soil at the call of God. The pillaging northmen had crushed his folk out of the mainlands and most of the islands, but in Lemnos they had met their match. It was a family story how every grown male had been slain, and how the women long after had slaughtered their conquerors in the night. "Lemnian deeds," said the Hellenes, when they wished to speak of some shameful thing; but to Atta the shame was a glory to be cherished forever. He and his kind were the ancient people, and the gods loved old things, as these new folk would find. Very especially he hated the men of Athens. Had not one of their captains, Miltiades, beaten the Lemnians and brought the island under Athenian sway? True, it was a rule only in name, for any Athenian who came alone to Lemnos would soon be cleaving the air from the highest cliff-top. But the thought irked his pride, and he gloated over the Persians' coming. The Great King from beyond the deserts would smite these outrageous upstarts. Atta would willingly give earth and water. It was the whim of a fantastic barbarian, and would be well repaid if the bastard Hellenes were destroyed. They spoke his own tongue, and worshiped his own gods, and yet did evil. Let the nemesis of Zeus devour them!

The wreckage pursued him everywhere. Dead men shouldered the side of the galley, and the straits were

stuck full of things like monstrous buoys, where tall ships had foundered. At Artemisium he thought he saw signs of an anchored fleet with the low poops of the Hellenes, and steered off to the northern shores. There, looking towards Œta and the Malian Gulf, he found an anchorage at sunset. The waters were ugly and the times ill, and he had come on an enterprise bigger than he had dreamed. The Lemnian was a stout fellow, but he had no love for needless danger. He laughed mirthlessly as he thought of his errand, for he was going to Hellas, to the shrine of the Hellenes.

It was a woman's doing, like most crazy enterprises. Three years ago his wife had labored hard in childbirth, and had had the whims of laboring women. Up in the keep of Larissa, on the windy hillside, there had been heart-searching and talk about the gods. The little olive-wood Hermes, the very private and particular god of Atta's folk, was good enough in simple things like a lambing or a harvest, but he was scarcely fit for heavy tasks. Atta's wife declared that her lord lacked piety. There were mainland gods who repaid worship, but his scorn of all Hellenes made him blind to the merits of these potent divinities. At first Atta resisted. There was Attic blood in his wife, and he strove to argue with her unorthodox craving. But the woman persisted, and a Lemnian wife, as she is beyond other wives in virtue and comeliness, is beyond them in stubbornness of temper. A second time she was with child, and nothing would content her but that Atta should make his prayers to the stronger gods. Dodona was far away, and long ere he reached it his throat would be cut in the hills. But Delphi was but two days' journey from the Malian

coast, and the gods of Delphi, the Far-Darter, had surprising gifts, if one were to credit travelers' tales.

Atta yielded with an ill grace, and out of his wealth devised an offering to Apollo. So on this July day he found himself looking across the gulf to Kallidromos bound for a Hellenic shrine, but hating all Hellenes in his soul. A verse of Homer consoled him, — the words which Phocion spoke to Achilles. "Verily even the gods may be turned, they whose excellence and honor and strength are greater than thine; yet even these do men, when they pray, turn from their purpose with offerings of incense and pleasant vows." The Far-Darter must hate the ὕβρις of these Hellenes, and be the more ready to avenge it since they dared to claim his countenance. "No race has ownership in the gods," a Lemnian song-maker had said, when Atta had been questioning the ways of Poseidon.

The following dawn found him coasting past the north end of Eubœa, in the thin fog of a windless summer morn. He steered by the peak of Othrys and a spur of Œta, as he had learned from a slave who had traveled the road. Presently he was in the muddy Malian waters and the sun was scattering the mist on the landward side. And then he became aware of a greater commotion than Poseidon's play with the ships off Pelion. A murmur like a winter's storm came seaward. He lowered the sail which he had set to catch a chance breeze, and bade the men rest on their oars. An earthquake seemed to be tearing at the roots of the hills.

The mist rolled up and his hawk eyes saw a strange sight. The water was green and still around him, but shoreward it changed its color. It was a dirty red, and

things bobbed about in it like the Persians in the creek of Sciathos. On the strip of shore, below the sheer wall of Kallidromos, men were fighting — myriads of men, far away toward Locris they stretched in ranks and banners and tents till the eye lost them in the haze. There was no sail on the queer, muddy, red-edged sea; there was no man in the hills; but on that one flat ribbon of sand all the nations of the earth were warring. He remembered about the place: Thermopylæ, they called it, the Hot Gates. The Hellenes were fighting the Persians in the pass for their fatherland.

Atta was prudent, and loved not other men's quarrels. He gave the word to the rowers to row seaward. In twenty strokes they were in the mist again.

Atta was prudent, but he was also stubborn. He spent the day in a creek on the northern shore of the gulf, listening to the weird hum which came over the waters out of the haze. He cursed the delay. Up on Kallidromos would be clear, dry air and the path to Delphi among the oak woods. The Hellenes could not be fighting everywhere at once. He might find some spot on the shore far in their rear, where he could land and gain the hills. There was danger indeed, but once on the ridge he would be safe; and by the time he came back the Great King would have swept the defenders into the sea and be well on the road for Athens. He asked himself if it were fitting that a Lemnian should be stayed in his holy task by the struggles of Hellene and barbarian. His thoughts flew to his homestead at Larissa, and the dark-eyed wife who was awaiting his homecoming. He could not return without Apollo's favor; his manhood and the memory of his lady's eyes forbade

it. So, late in the afternoon he pushed off again and steered his galley for the south.

About sunset the mist cleared from the sea; but the dark falls swiftly in the shadow of the high hills, and Atta had no fear. With the night the hum sank to a whisper; it seemed that the invaders were drawing off to camp, for the sound receded to the west. At the last light the Lemnian touched a rock-point well in the rear of the defense. He noticed that the spume at the tide's edge was reddish and stuck to his hands like gum. Of a surety, much blood was flowing on that coast.

He bade his slaves return to the north shore and lie hidden there to await him. When he came back he would light a signal fire on the topmost bluff of Kallidromos. Let them watch for it and come to take him off. Then he seized his bow and quiver, and his short hunting spear, buckled his cloak about him, saw that the gift to Apollo was safe in the folds of it, and marched sturdily up the hillside.

The moon was in her first quarter, a slim horn which at her rise showed only the faint outline of the hill. Atta plodded steadfastly on, but he found the way hard. This was not like the crisp sea-turf of Lemnos, where among the barrows of the ancient dead, sheep and kine could find sweet fodder. Kallidromos ran up as steep as the roof of a barn. Cytisus and thyme and juniper grew rank, but, above all, the place was strewn with rocks, leg-twisting boulders, and great cliffs where eagles dwelt. Being a seaman, Atta had his bearings. The path to Delphi left the shore road near the Hot Gates, and went south by a rift of the mountain. If he went up the slope in a bee-line he must strike it in time and find better

going. Still it was an eerie place to be tramping after dark. The Hellenes had strange gods of the thicket and hillside, and he had no wish to intrude upon their sanctuaries. He told himself that next to the Hellenes he hated this country of theirs, where a man sweltered in hot jungles or tripped among hidden crags. He sighed for the cool beaches below Larissa, where the surf was white as the snows of Samothrace, and the fisher-boys sang round their smoking broth-pots.

Presently he found a path. It was not the mule road, worn by many feet, that he had looked for, but a little track which twined among the boulders. Still it eased his feet, so he cleared the thorns from his sandals, strapped his belt tighter, and stepped out more confidently. Up and up he went, making odd détours among the crags. Once he came to a promontory, and, looking down, saw lights twinkling from the Hot Gates. He had thought the course lay more southerly, but consoled himself by remembering that a mountain path must have many windings. The great matter was that he was ascending, for he knew that he must cross the ridge of Œta before he struck the Locrian glens that led to the Far-Darter's shrine.

At what seemed the summit of the first ridge he halted for breath, and, prone on the thyme, looked back to sea. The Hot Gates were hidden, but across the gulf a single light shone from the far shore. He guessed that by this time his galley had been beached and his slaves were cooking supper. The thought made him homesick. He had beaten and cursed these slaves of his, times without number, but now in this strange land he felt them kinsfolk, men of his own household. Then he told himself

he was no better than a woman. Had he not gone sailing to Chalcedon and distant Pontus, many months' journey from home, while this was but a trip of days. In a week he would be welcomed home by a smiling wife, with a friendly god behind him.

The track still bore west, though Delphi lay in the south. Moreover, he had come to a broader road running through a little tableland. The highest peaks of Œta were dark against the sky, and around him was a flat glade where oaks whispered in the night breezes. By this time he judged from the stars that midnight had passed, and he began to consider whether, now that he was beyond the fighting, he should not sleep and wait for dawn. He made up his mind to find a shelter, and in the aimless way of the night traveler, pushed on and on in the quest of it. The truth is, his mind was on Lemnos and a dark-eyed, white-armed dame spinning in the evening by the threshold. His eyes roamed among the oak trees, but vacantly and idly, and many a mossy corner was passed unheeded. He forgot his ill-temper, and hummed cheerfully the song his reapers sang in the barley-fields below his orchard. It was a song of sea-men turned husbandmen, for the gods it called on were the gods of the sea.

Suddenly he found himself crouching among the young oaks, peering and listening. There was something coming from the west. It was like the first mutterings of a storm in a narrow harbor, a steady rustling and whispering. It was not wind; he knew winds too well to be deceived. It was the tramp of light-shod feet among the twigs — many feet, for the sound remained steady,

while the noise of a few men will rise and fall. They were coming fast and coming silently. The war had reached far up Kallidromos.

Atta had played this game often in the little island wars. Very swiftly he ran back and away from the path, up the slope which he knew to be the first ridge of Kallidromos. The army, whatever it might be, was on the Delphian road. Were the Hellenes about to turn the flank of the Great King?

A moment later he laughed at his folly. For the men began to appear, and they were coming to meet him, coming from the west. Lying close in the brush-wood, he could see them clearly. It was well he had left the road, for they stuck to it, following every winding, — crouching, too, like hunters after deer. The first man he saw was a Hellene, but the ranks behind were no Hellenes. There was no glint of bronze or gleam of fair skin. They were dark, long-haired fellows, with spears like his own and round eastern caps and egg-shaped bucklers. Then Atta rejoiced. It was the Great King who was turning the flank of the Hellenes. They guarded the gate, the fools, while the enemy slipped through the roof.

He did not rejoice long. The van of the army was narrow and kept to the path, but the men behind were straggling all over the hillside. Another minute and he would be discovered. The thought was cheerless. It was true that he was an islander and friendly to the Persian, but up on the heights who would listen to his tale? He would be taken for a spy, and one of those thirsty spears would drink his blood. It must be farewell to Delphi for the moment, he thought, or farewell to Lemnos

forever. Crouching low, he ran back and away from the path to the crest of the sea-ridge of Kallidromos.

The men came nearer to him. They were keeping roughly to the line of the path, and drifted through the oak wood before him, an army without end. He had scarcely thought there were so many fighting men in the world. He resolved to lie there on the crest, in the hope that ere the first light they would be gone. Then he would push on to Delphi, leaving them to settle their quarrels behind him. These were hard times for a pious pilgrim.

But another noise caught his ear from the right. The army had flanking squadrons, and men were coming along the ridge. Very bitter anger rose in Atta's heart. He had cursed the Hellenes, and now he cursed the barbarians no less. Nay, he cursed all war, that spoiled the errands of peaceful folk. And then, seeking safety, he dropped over the crest on to the steep shoreward face of the mountain.

In an instant his breath had gone from him. He had slid down a long slope of screes, and then with a gasp found himself falling sheer into space. Another second. and he was caught in a tangle of bush, and then dropped once more upon screes, where he clutched desperately for handhold. Breathless and bleeding, he came to anchor on a shelf of greensward, and found himself blinking up at the crest, which seemed to tower a thousand feet above. There were men on the crest now. He heard them speak, and felt that they were looking down.

The shock kept him still till the men had passed. Then the terror of the place gripped him and he tried feverishly to retrace his steps. A dweller all his days among

gentle downs, he grew dizzy with the sense of being hung in space. But the only fruit of his efforts was to set him slipping again. This time he pulled up at a root of gnarled oak, which overhung the sheerest cliff on Kallidromos. The danger brought his wits back. He sullenly reviewed his case and found it desperate.

He could not go back, and, even if he did, he would meet the Persians. If he went on he would break his neck, or at the best fall into the Hellenes' hands. Oddly enough he feared his old enemies less than his friends. He did not think that the Hellenes would butcher him. Again, he might sit perched in his eyrie till they settled their quarrel or he fell off. He rejected this last way. Fall off he should for certain, unless he kept moving. Already he was giddy with the vertigo of the heights.

It was growing lighter. Suddenly he was looking not into a black world but to a pearl-gray floor, far beneath him. It was the sea, the thing he knew and loved. The sight screwed up his courage. He remembered that he was a Lemnian and a seafarer. He would be conquered neither by rock nor by Hellene nor by the Great King. Least of all by the last, who was a barbarian. Slowly, with clenched teeth and narrowed eyes, he began to clamber down a ridge which flanked the great cliff of Kallidromos. His plan was to reach the shore, and take the road to the east before the Persians completed their circuit. Some instinct told him that a great army would not take the track he had mounted by. There must be some longer and easier way debouching farther down the coast. He might yet have the good luck to slip between them and the sea.

The two hours which followed tried his courage hard.

Thrice he fell, and only a juniper root stood between him and death. His hands grew ragged, and his nails were worn to the quick. He had long ago lost his weapons; his cloak was in shreds, all save the breast-fold which held the gift to Apollo. The heavens brightened, but he dared not look around. He knew that he was traversing awesome places where a goat would scarcely tread. Many times he gave up hope of life. His head was swimming, and he was so deadly sick that often he had to lie gasping on some shoulder of rock less steep than the rest. But his anger kept him to his purpose. He was filled with fury at the Hellenes. It was they and their folly that had brought him these mischances. Some day —

He found himself sitting blinking on the shore of the sea. A furlong off, the water was lapping on the reefs. A man, larger than human in the morning mist, was standing above him.

"Greeting, stranger," said the voice. "By Hermes, you choose the difficult roads to travel."

Atta felt for broken bones, and, reassured, struggled to his feet.

"God's curse upon all mountains," he said. He staggered to the edge of the tide and laved his brow. The savor of salt revived him. He turned, to find the tall man at his elbow, and noted how worn and ragged he was, and yet how upright.

"When a pigeon is flushed from the rocks, there is a hawk near," said the voice.

Atta was angry. "A hawk!" he cried. "Ay, an army of eagles. There will be some rare flushing of Hellenes before evening."

"What frightened you, islander?" the stranger asked. "Did a wolf bark up on the hillside?"

"Ay, a wolf. The wolf from the East with a multitude of wolflings. There will be fine eating soon in the pass."

The man's face grew dark. He put his hand to his mouth and called. Half a dozen sentries ran to join him. He spoke to them in the harsh Lacedæmonian speech which made Atta sick to hear. They talked with the back of the throat, and there was not an "s" in their words.

"There is mischief in the hills," the first man said. "This islander has been frightened down over the rocks. The Persian is stealing a march on us."

The sentries laughed. One quoted a proverb about island courage. Atta's wrath flared and he forgot himself. He had no wish to warn the Hellenes, but it irked his pride to be thought a liar. He began to tell his story hastily, angrily, confusedly; and the men still laughed.

Then he turned eastward and saw the proof before him. The light had grown and the sun was coming up over Pelion. The first beam fell on the eastern ridge of Kallidromos, and there, clear on the sky-line, was the proof. The Persian was making a wide circuit, but moving shoreward. In a little he would be at the coast, and by noon at the Hellenes' rear.

His hearers doubted no more. Atta was hurried forward through the lines of the Greeks to the narrow throat of the pass, where behind a rough rampart of stones lay the Lacedæmonian headquarters. He was still giddy from the heights, and it was in a giddy dream that he traversed the misty shingles of the beach amid ranks of sleeping warriors. It was a grim place, for there were

dead and dying in it, and blood on every stone. But in the lee of the wall little fires were burning, and slaves were cooking breakfast. The smell of roasting flesh came pleasantly to his nostrils, and he remembered that he had had no meal since he crossed the gulf.

Then he found himself the center of a group who had the air of kings. They looked as if they had been years in war. Never had he seen faces so worn and so terribly scarred. The hollows in their cheeks gave them the air of smiling, and yet they were grave. Their scarlet vests were torn and muddied, and the armor which lay near was dinted like the scrap-iron before a smithy door. But what caught his attention was the eyes of the men. They glittered as no eyes he had ever seen before glittered. The sight cleared his bewilderment and took the pride out of his heart. He could not pretend to despise a folk who looked like Ares fresh from the wars of the Immortals.

They spoke among themselves in quiet voices. Scouts came and went, and once or twice one of the men, taller than the rest, asked Atta a question. The Lemnian sat in the heart of the group, sniffing the smell of cooking, and looking at the rents in his cloak and the long scratches on his legs. Something was pressing on his breast, and he found that it was Apollo's gift. He had forgotten all about it. Delphi seemed beyond the moon, and his errand a child's dream.

Then the king, for so he thought of the tall man, spoke: —

"You have done us a service, islander. The Persian is at our back and front, and there will be no escape for those who stay. Our allies are going home, for they do

not share our vows. We of Lacedæmon wait in the pass. If you go with the men of Corinth you will find a place of safety before noon. No doubt in the Euripus there is some boat to take you to your own land."

He spoke courteously, not in the rude Athenian way; and somehow the quietness of his voice and his glittering eyes roused wild longings in Atta's heart. His island pride was face to face with a greater — greater than he had ever dreamed of.

"Bid yon cooks give me some broth," he said gruffly. "I am faint. After I have eaten, I will speak with you."

He was given food, and as he ate he thought. He was on trial before these men of Lacedæmon. More, the old faith of the Islands, the pride of the first masters, was at stake in his hands. He had boasted that he and his kind were the last of the men; now these Hellenes of Lacedæmon were preparing a great deed, and they deemed him unworthy to share in it. They offered him safety. Could he brook the insult?

He had forgotten that the cause of the Persian was his; that the Hellenes were the foes of his race. He saw only that the last test of manhood was preparing, and the manhood in him rose to greet the trial. An odd, wild ecstasy surged in his veins. It was not the lust of battle, for he had no love of slaying, or hate for the Persian, for he was his friend. It was the sheer joy of proving that the Lemnian stock had a starker pride than these men of Lacedæmon. They would die for their fatherland and their vows, but he, for a whim, a scruple, a delicacy of honor. His mind was so clear that no other course occurred to him. There was only one way for a man. He too would be dying for his fatherland, for

through him the island race would be ennobled in the eyes of gods and men.

Troops were filing fast to the east — Thebans, Corinthians.

"Time flies, islander," said the king's voice. "The hours of safety are slipping past."

Atta looked up carelessly. "I will stay," he said. "God's curse on all Hellenes! Little care I for your quarrels. It is nothing to me if your Hellas is under the heel of the East. But I care much for brave men. It shall never be said that a man of Lemnos, a son of the old race, fell back when Death threatened. I stay with you, men of Lacedæmon."

The king's eyes glittered; they seemed to peer into his heart.

"It appears they breed men in the islands," he said. "But you err. Death does not threaten. Death awaits us."

"It is all the same," said Atta. "But I crave a boon. Let me fight my last fight by your side. I am of older stock than you, and a king in my own country. I would strike my last blow among kings."

There was an hour of respite before battle was joined, and Atta spent it by the edge of the sea. He had been given arms, and in girding himself for the fight he had found Apollo's offering in his breast-fold. He was done with the gods of the Hellenes. His offering should go to the gods of his own people. So, calling upon Poseidon, he flung the little gold cup far out to sea. It flashed in the sunlight, and then sank in the soft green tides so noiselessly that it seemed as if the hand of the sea-god

had been stretched to take it. "Hail, Poseidon!" the Lemnian cried. "I am bound this day for the Ferryman. To you only I make prayer, and to the little Hermes of Larissa. Be kind to my kin when they travel the sea, and keep them islanders and seafarers forever. Hail, and farewell, God of my own folk!"

Then, while the little waves lapped on the white sand, Atta made a song. He was thinking of the homestead far up in the green downs, looking over to the snows of Samothrace. At this hour in the morning there would be a tinkle of sheep-bells as the flocks went down to the low pastures. Cool winds would be blowing, and the noise of the surf below the cliffs would come faint to the ear. In the hall the maids would be spinning, while their dark-haired mistress would be casting swift glances to the doorway, lest it might be filled any moment by the form of her returning lord. Outside in the checkered sunlight of the orchard the child would be playing with his nurse, crooning in childish syllables the chanty his father had taught him. And at the thought of his home a great passion welled up in Atta's heart. It was not regret, but joy and pride and aching love. In his antique island-creed the death he was awaiting was no other than a bridal. He was dying for the things he loved, and by his death they would be blessed eternally. He would not have long to wait before bright eyes came to greet him in the House of Shadows.

So Atta made the Song of Atta, and sang it then and later in the press of battle. It was a simple song, like the lays of seafarers. It put into rough verse the thought which cheers the heart of all adventurers, nay, which makes adventure possible for those who have much to

leave. It spoke of the shining pathway of the sea which is the Great Uniter. A man may lie dead in Pontus or beyond the Pillars of Hercules, but if he dies on the shore there is nothing between him and his fatherland. It spoke of a battle all the long dark night in a strange place — a place of marshes and black cliffs and shadowy terrors.

"*In the dawn the sweet light comes*," said the song, "*and the salt winds and the tides will bear me home.*" . . .

When in the evening the Persians took toll of the dead, they found one man who puzzled them. He lay among the tall Lacedæmonians, on the very lip of the sea, and around him were swaths of their countrymen. It looked as if he had been fighting his way to the water, and had been overtaken by death as his feet reached the edge. Nowhere in the pass did the dead lie so thick, and yet he was no Hellene. He was torn like a deer that the dogs had worried, but the little left of his garments and his features spoke of Eastern race. The survivors could tell nothing except that he had fought like a god, and had been singing all the while.

The matter came to the ear of the Great King, who was sore enough at the issue of the day. That one of his men had performed feats of valor beyond the Hellenes was a pleasant tale to tell. And so his captains reported it. Accordingly, when the fleet from Artemisium arrived next morning, and all but a few score Persians were shoveled into holes that the Hellenes might seem to have been conquered by a lesser force, Atta's body was laid out with pomp in the midst of the Lacedæmonians. And the seamen rubbed their eyes and thanked their

strange gods that one man of the East had been found to match those terrible warriors whose name was a nightmare. Further, the Great King gave orders that the body of Atta should be embalmed and carried with the army, and that his name and kin should be sought out and duly honored. This latter was a task too hard for the staff, and no more was heard of it till months after, when the king, in full flight after Salamis, bethought him of the one man who had not played him false. Finding that his lieutenants had nothing to tell him, he eased five of them of their heads.

As it happened, the deed was not quite forgotten. An islander, a Lesbian and a cautious man, had fought at Thermopylæ in the Persian ranks, and had heard Atta's singing and seen how he fell. Long afterwards some errand took this man to Lemnos, and in the evening, speaking with the Elders, he told his tale and repeated something of the song. There was that in the words which gave the Lemnians a clue, the mention, I think, of the olive-wood Hermes and the snows of Samothrace. So Atta came to great honor among his own people, and his memory and his words were handed down to the generations. The song became a favorite island lay, and for centuries throughout the Ægean seafaring men sang it when they turned their prows to wild seas. Nay, it traveled farther, for you will find part of it stolen by Euripides and put in a chorus of the "Andromache." There are echoes of it in some of the epigrams of the "Anthology"; and though the old days have gone, the simple fisher-folk still sing snatches in their barbarous dialect. The Klephts used to make a catch of it at night

round their fires in the hills, and only the other day I met a man on Scyros who had collected a dozen variants and was publishing them in a dull book on island folklore.

In the centuries which followed the great fight, the sea fell away from the roots of the cliffs, and left a mile of marshland. About fifty years ago a peasant, digging in a rice-field, found the cup which Atta had given to Poseidon. There was much talk about the discovery, and scholars debated hotly about its origin. To-day it is in the Munich Museum, and according to the new fashion in archæology it is labeled "Minoan," and kept in the Cretan Section. But any one who looks carefully will see behind the rim a neat little carving of a dolphin; and I happen to know that this was the private badge of Atta's house.

HOW THEMISTOCLES BROUGHT ABOUT THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS[1]

[480 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[THE first two attempts of the Persians to conquer Greece had failed, and now a third was undertaken by Xerxes, the son of Darius. The vast preparations that he made for this expedition are described in volume II. In the spring of the year 481 B.C., having collected about 900,000 soldiers and about 1300 ships, and built a canal around Mount Athos for his navy and a bridge across the Hellespont for his army, the Persian king set out to conquer Greece. The only attempt upon the part of the Greeks to withstand the invading army was at Thermopylæ, and after the destruction of Leonidas and his Spartans, the capture of Athens appeared inevitable. The Athenian citizens could agree upon no plan of action, and in despair they sent a deputation to consult the famous Oracle at Delphi. The only help given by the Oracle was the advice, "Safe shall the wooden walls continue for thee and thy children," and the Athenians could not agree upon its meaning. Another line in the response was so ambiguous that it greatly puzzled them. This was, "Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women."

The Editor.]

THEMISTOCLES, being at a loss, and not able to draw the people over to his opinion by any human reason, set his machines to work, as in a theater, and employed prodigies and oracles. The serpent of Minerva, kept in the inner part of her temple, disappeared; the priests

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

gave it out to the people that the offerings which were set for it were found untouched, and declared, by the suggestion of Themistocles, that the goddess had left the city, and taken her flight before them towards the sea. And he often urged them with the oracle which bade them trust to walls of wood, showing them that walls of wood could signify nothing else but ships; and that the island of Salamis was termed in it, not miserable or unhappy, but had the epithet of divine, for that it should one day be associated with a great good fortune of the Greeks. At length his opinion prevailed, and he obtained a decree that the city should be committed to the protection of Minerva, "queen of Athens"; that they who were of age to bear arms should embark, and that each should see to sending away his children, women, and slaves where he could. This decree being confirmed, most of the Athenians removed their parents, wives, and children to Trœzen, where they were received with eager good-will by the Trœzenians, who passed a vote that they should be maintained at the public charge, by a daily payment of two oboli[1] to every one, and leave be given to the children to gather fruit where they pleased, and schoolmasters paid to instruct them. This vote was proposed by Nicagoras.

There was no public treasure at that time in Athens; but the council of Areopagus, as Aristotle says, distributed to every one that served, eight drachmas,[2] which was a great help to the manning of the fleet; but Clidemus ascribes this also to the art of Themistocles. When the Athenians were on their way down to the

[1] About eight cents.
[2] The Attic drachma was equal to about twenty-four cents.

haven of Piræus, the shield with the head of Medusa was missing; and he, under the pretext of searching for it, ransacked all places, and found among their goods considerable sums of money concealed, which he applied to the public use; and with this the soldiers and seamen were well provided for their voyage.

When the whole city of Athens were going on board, it afforded a spectacle worthy of pity alike and admiration, to see them thus send away their fathers and children before them, and, unmoved with their cries and tears, passed over into the island. But that which stirred compassion most of all was, that many old men, by reason of their great age, were left behind; and even the tame domestic animals could not be seen without some pity, running about the town and howling, as desirous to be carried along with their masters that had kept them; among which it is reported that Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, had a dog that would not endure to stay behind, but leaped into the sea, and swam along by the galley's side till he came to the island of Salamis, where he fainted away and died, and that spot in the island, which is still called the Dog's Grave, is said to be his.

Among the great actions of Themistocles at this crisis, the recall of Aristides was not the least, for, before the war, he had been ostracized by the party which Themistocles headed, and was in banishment; but now, perceiving that the people regretted his absence, and were fearful that he might go over to the Persians to revenge himself, and thereby ruin the affairs of Greece, Themistocles proposed a decree that those who were banished for a time might return again, to give assist-

ance by word and deed to the cause of Greece with the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Eurybiades, by reason of the greatness of Sparta, was admiral of the Greek fleet, but yet was faint-hearted in time of danger, and willing to weigh anchor and set sail for the Isthmus of Corinth, near which the land army lay encamped; which Themistocles resisted; and this was the occasion of the well-known words, when Eurybiades, to check his impatience, told him that at the Olympic games they that start up before the rest are lashed; "And they," replied Themistocles, "that are left behind are not crowned." Again, Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he were going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike if you will, but hear"; Eurybiades, wondering much at his moderation, desired him to speak, and Themistocles now brought him to a better understanding. And when one who stood by him told him that it did not become those who had neither city nor house to lose, to persuade others to relinquish their habitations and forsake their countries, Themistocles gave this reply: "We have, indeed, left our houses and our walls, base fellow, not thinking it fit to become slaves for the sake of things that have no life nor soul; and yet our city is the greatest of all Greece, consisting of two hundred galleys, which are here to defend you, if you please; but if you run away and betray us, as you did once before, the Greeks shall soon hear news of the Athenians possessing as fair a country, and as large and free a city, as that they have lost." These expressions of Themistocles made Eurybiades suspect that if he retreated the Athenians would fall off from him. When one of Eretria began to oppose him, he said, "Have you

anything to say of war, that are like an ink-fish? You have a sword, but no heart." Some say that while Themistocles was thus speaking things upon the deck, an owl was seen flying to the right hand of the fleet, which came and sat upon the top of the mast; and this happy omen so far disposed the Greeks to follow his advice, that they presently prepared to fight. Yet, when the enemy's fleet was arrived at the haven of Phalerum, upon the coast of Attica, and with the number of their ships concealed all the shore, and when they saw the king himself in person come down with his land army to the seaside, with all his forces united, then the good counsel of Themistocles was soon forgotten, and the Peloponnesians cast their eyes again towards the isthmus, and took it very ill if any one spoke against their returning home; and, resolving to depart that night, the pilots had order what course to steer.

Themistocles, in great distress that the Greeks should retire, and lose the advantage of the narrow seas and strait passage, and slip home every one to his own city, considered with himself, and contrived that stratagem that was carried out by Sicinnus. This Sicinnus was a Persian captive, but a great lover of Themistocles, and the attendant of his children. Upon this occasion, he sent him privately to Xerxes, commanding him to tell the king, that Themistocles, the admiral of the Athenians, having espoused his interest, wished to be the first to inform him that the Greeks were ready to make their escape, and that he counseled him to hinder their flight, to set upon them while they were in this confusion and at a distance from their land army, and hereby destroy all their forces by sea. Xerxes was very joyful at this mes-

sage, and received it as from one who wished him all that was good, and immediately issued instructions to the commanders of his ships, that they should instantly set out with two hundred galleys to encompass all the islands, and inclose all the straits and passages, that none of the Greeks might escape, and that they should afterwards follow with the rest of their fleet at lesisure. This being done, Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, was the first man that perceived it, and went to the tent of Themistocles, not out of any friendship, for he had been formerly banished by his means, as has been related, but to inform him how they were encompassed by their enemies. Themistocles, knowing the generosity of Aristides, and much struck by his visit at that time, imparted to him all that he had transacted by Sicinnus, and entreated him, that, as he would be more readily believed among the Greeks, he would make use of his credit to help to induce them to stay and fight their enemies in the narrow seas. Aristides applauded Themistocles, and went to the other commanders and captains of the galleys, and encouraged them to engage; yet they did not perfectly assent to him, till a galley of Tenos, which deserted from the Persians, of which Panætius was commander, came in, while they were still doubting, and confirmed the news that all the straits and passages were beset; and then their rage and fury, as well as their necessity, provoked them all to fight.

As soon as it was day, Xerxes placed himself high up, to view his fleet, and how it was set in order. Phanodemus says, he sat upon a promontory above the temple of Hercules, where the coast of Attica is separated from the island by a narrow channel; but Acestodorus writes,

that it was in the confines of Megara, upon those hills which are called the Horns, where he sat in a chair of gold, with many secretaries about him to write down all that was done in the fight.

When Themistocles was about to sacrifice, close to the admiral's galley, there were three prisoners brought to him, fine-looking men, and richly dressed in ornamented clothing and gold, said to be the children of Artayctes and Sandauce, sister to Xerxes. As soon as the prophet Euphrantides saw them, and observed that at the same time the fire blazed out from the offerings with a more than ordinary flame, and a man sneezed on the right, which was an intimation of a fortunate event, he took Themistocles by the hand, and bade him consecrate the three young men for sacrifice, and offer them up with prayers for victory to Bacchus the Devourer: so should the Greeks not only save themselves, but also obtain victory. Themistocles was much disturbed at this strange and terrible prophecy, but the common people, who, in any difficult crisis and great exigency, ever look for relief rather to strange and extravagant than to reasonable means, calling upon Bacchus with one voice, led the captives to the altar, and compelled the execution of the sacrifice as the prophet had commanded. This is reported by Phanias the Lesbian, a philosopher well read in history.

The number of the enemy's ships the poet Æschylus gives in his tragedy called the Persians, as on his certain knowledge, in the following words —

> "Xerxes, I know, did into battle lead
> One thousand ships; of more than usual speed
> Seven and two hundred. So it is agreed."

The Athenians had a hundred and eighty; in every ship eighteen men fought upon the deck, four of them were archers and the rest men-at-arms.

As Themistocles had fixed upon the most advantageous place, so, with no less sagacity, he chose the best time of fighting; for he would not run the prows of his galleys against the Persians, nor begin the fight till the time of day was come when there regularly blows in a fresh breeze from the open sea, and brings in with it a strong swell into the channel; which was no inconvenience to the Greek ships, which were low-built, and little above the water, but did much hurt to the Persians, which had high sterns and lofty decks, and were heavy and cumbrous in their movements, as it presented them broadside to the quick charges of the Greeks, who kept their eyes upon the motions of Themistocles, as their best example, and more particularly because, opposed to his ship, Ariamenes, admiral to Xerxes, a brave man, and by far the best and worthiest of the king's brothers, was seen throwing darts and shooting arrows from his huge galley, as from the walls of a castle. Aminias the Decelean and Sosicles the Pedian, who sailed in the same vessel, upon the ships meeting stem to stem, and transfixing each the other with their brazen prows, so that they were fastened together, when Ariamenes attempted to board theirs, ran at him with their pikes, and thrust him into the sea; his body, as it floated amongst other shipwrecks, was known to Artemisia, and carried to Xerxes.

It is reported that, in the middle of the fight, a great flame rose into the air above the city of Eleusis, and that sounds and voices were heard through all the Thriasian

plain, as far as the sea, sounding like a number of men accompanying and escorting the mystic Iacchus, and that a mist seemed to form and rise from the place from whence the sounds came, and, passing forward, fell upon the galleys. Others believed that they saw apparitions, in the shape of armed men, reaching out their hands from the island of Ægina before the Grecian galleys; and supposed they were the Æacidæ, whom they had invoked to their aid before the battle. The first man that took a ship was Lycomedes the Athenian, captain of a galley, who cut down its ensign, and dedicated it to Apollo the Laurel-crowned. And as the Persians fought in a narrow arm of the sea, and could bring but part of their fleet to fight, and fell foul of one another, the Greeks thus equaled them in strength, and fought with them till the evening, forced them back, and obtained, as says Simonides, that noble and famous victory, than which neither amongst the Greeks nor barbarians was ever known more glorious exploit on the seas; by the joint valor, indeed, and zeal of all who fought, but by the wisdom and sagacity of Themistocles.

IV
THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the fifth century B.C. Athens reached the height of her splendor under the wise rule of Pericles. His ideas were so reasonable, his devotion to his country so sincere, and his plans for her aggrandizement so noble, that, even though he wore no royal crown, the people followed his advice with the utmost willingness. First, he led them to increase their navy and fortify Athens, and to build the famous Long Walls, insuring communication between the city and the sea. He succeeded in making a thirty-years' truce with Sparta, and then set to work to beautify his city. This was done on a magnificent scale, and such buildings and statues were erected as had never before adorned any capital. This was the time when the art and literature of Athens were at the height of their glory, and her navy the strongest in the world. So splendid were the achievements of her citizens in this epoch that the time of Pericles (465–429 B.C.) is known as the Golden Age of Athens.

The jealousy of Sparta meanwhile increased, and at length the Peloponnesian War broke out between the two States and their allies. The result of this war was the downfall of Athens. Sparta, however, held her supremacy so tyrannically that revolt arose against her sway. This was led by the Thebans, and Thebes now in her turn became the most powerful state of Greece.

PERICLES AND HIS AGE

[465–429 B.C.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

AFTER the Persians had been driven away from Greece, the Athenians returned to their city. It was in ruins; but they were so jubilant over their victories that they hardly thought of their losses. They rebuilt their homes, and then they began to rebuild the city walls. The Spartans were not pleased. They were willing that Athens should be almost as strong as Sparta, but not quite. They sent messengers to suggest that it was not well to wall in the city; for if the Persians should ever succeed in capturing it, the walls would make a strong shelter for them. But the Athenians only worked the faster; and before long the walls had risen so high that they could be as independent as they pleased.

The Athenians were then divided into two parties. One thought it best to keep on good terms with Sparta; the other believed that, no matter how hard they tried, Sparta would never be really friendly; and this party declared that the wisest course was to make Athens as strong as possible, and then Sparta might be friendly or unfriendly as she liked. The leader of this second party was Pericles. He was calm and sensible, and when he spoke to the people, he was so reasonable and so eloquent that the Athenians were easily persuaded to follow his advice. Athens was an inland city, four miles from her seaport, Piræus. Pericles reminded the citizens

that, although Athens was strong and Piræus was strong, yet an enemy might come in between and shut the city from her port. He advised them to build two parallel walls from Athens to Piræus. This was done. These walls were sixty feet high, and so wide that two chariots could drive abreast on them.

Next, Pericles induced the Spartans to make a treaty of peace that was to last for thirty years. He had made Athens strong, and now he was free to carry out his plan of making her the most beautiful city in the world. The Athenians loved everything beautiful, and they were ready to fall in with his wishes. It was nothing new to them to have handsome buildings and noble statues; but Pericles planned to build on the Acropolis a group of temples that should be more magnificent than anything the world had ever seen. The noblest of them all was the Parthenon, or temple of Athene. This was of pure white marble, with long rows of columns around it. Three styles of columns were used by the Greeks. One was the Corinthian. The capital, or heading, of this looks as if the top of the column were surrounded with a cluster of marble leaves. The second style was the Ionic, whose capital is carved into two coils a little like snail shells. The third style was the Doric, which has a plain, solid capital. The Corinthian and Ionic are beautiful, but the Doric looks strong and dignified; and therefore the Doric was chosen for the Parthenon. A frieze, or band of sculpture, ran around the whole building. This showed the famous procession which took place every four years to present to the statue of Athene a new peplum, or robe. This robe was exquisitely embroidered by maidens from the noblest

families in Athens. The statue was thirty-nine feet high. It was wrought of ivory and gold, and the pupils of the eyes were probably made of jewels. Another of the buildings on the Acropolis was the Erechtheum, which was sacred to Athene and Poseidon. Out under the open sky stood a second statue of Athene; and this was made of bronze captured from the Persians at Marathon.

Pericles entrusted this work to the artist Phidias, and he could not have made a better choice, for from that day to this, people have never ceased to discover new beauties in the Parthenon. Phidias was so anxious to make everything as perfect as possible that when people came to see his work, he used to stand just out of sight and listen to what was said. If any one discovered a fault, he did not rest until he had corrected it.

Pericles also improved the theater of Dionysus. A Greek theater was not a covered building, but consisted of many rows of stone seats rising up the side of a hill. At the base of the hill was a level space where the actors stood. Some of the plays were tragedies. These were serious and grave. They were most frequently about the gods or the noble deeds of the early Greeks. Others were merry comedies which made fun of the whims and fancies of the day. The tragedies taught the listeners to be religious and patriotic, and the comedies made them think about what was going on around them. Both were so valuable to the people that Pericles thought no one ought to be kept away by poverty. Therefore he brought it about that the state should pay the admittance fee. Twice a year twelve plays were acted, and a prize was given to the author

whose work was counted best. Thirteen times it was presented to the poet Æschylus. He was soldier as well as poet, and had fought bravely at Marathon and Salamis. Another poet was Sophocles. The Athenians liked his plays because they were not quite so formal and his characters seemed more like real people. The third of the great tragic poets was Euripides. His plays were lighter than those of Sophocles, and were more like scenes in every-day life.

The greatest writer of comedy was Aristophanes. He amused himself by making fun of his fellow citizens in a witty, good-humored fashion which was vastly entertaining to them. The Athenians thought that to go to court and listen to lawsuits was the finest amusement in the world; and in Aristophanes's play "The Birds," he takes for chief characters two Athenians who are so tired of lawsuits that they have fled from men to the birds.

Herodotus, who gave so vivid a description of the crossing of the Hellespont by the forces of Xerxes, lived in the time of Pericles. So did another famous historian named Thucydides. Herodotus was a born story-teller, but Thucydides writes so simply and clearly that he is always interesting.

Pericles made some important changes in the laws. He believed that all citizens ought to have the same right to hold office. But as a poor man could not afford to leave his work in order to serve as a magistrate, he persuaded the Athenians to pass laws to give salaries to officeholders. More than this, if the men went to the meetings of the general assembly, they were paid; and if they served as jurymen, they were paid. Sometimes hundreds of jurymen sat on a single case. Soldiers had

never received any wages before this time; they had defended their country as they would have defended their own houses; but now soldiers, too, were paid for their services. Indeed, in one way or another, a very large number of the citizens were paid by the state for doing what the Greeks had before this thought was only their duty. The years between 445 B.C. and 431 B.C. are known as the Age of Pericles. Athens was then the strongest of the states of Greece and the most beautiful. She had a protecting wall seven miles in length; she had the most powerful navy of the time, and the city was the richest in the world in superb temples and marvelous statues.

The Age of Pericles was a happy time for the citizens. With so much building going on, there was enough to do for workmen of all kinds; and if a man could work in gold, brass, stone, or wood, he was sure of good wages. There were ships enough for commerce, and there was commerce enough for the ships. The Athenians knew how to make all sorts of earthenware; they did wonderfully fine work in metal; and other countries were eager to trade with them.

The homes of the Athenians were comfortable, but very simple. The house was usually built around an open court, and into this all the rooms opened. The Greeks lived so much in the open air that they looked upon a house as being chiefly a shelter from stormy weather and a place for their property. Their furnishings were not expensive, but the chairs and couches and bowls and jars were sure to be of graceful form and color; for the Athenians were such lovers of beauty that anything ugly really made them uncomfortable.

The children had tops and kites and carts and swings, just like the children of to-day. The little girls learned at home to read and write and care for a house; but the boys were sent to school. Greek parents would not allow a boy to go to school alone, but always sent with him a slave called a pedagogue to see that he behaved properly on the street. The boy was taught to read clearly and well. He learned to write with a stylus, or pointed piece of metal or bone, on a tablet covered with wax. When his tablet was covered, the wax could be smoothed, and then it was ready for the next day's work. Boys wrote a great deal from dictation, and often this dictation was taken from the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey." They learned to reckon, to sing, to play on the lyre, and perhaps to draw; and also to throw the discus, to wrestle, to leap, and to run. No one expected that all the boys would become champion athletes, but it was looked upon as a disgrace for a boy not to be taught to carry himself well and use his muscles properly.

The peace which Pericles had arranged with Sparta lasted for only fifteen years. Then war broke out. Pericles was managing the defense of Athens with the greatest wisdom; but the plague came down upon the city, and soon the great Athenian lay dying. The friends about his bedside were talking of his victories, when he suddenly opened his eyes and said, "Many other generals have performed the like; but you take no notice of the most honorable part of my character, that no Athenian through my means ever put on mourning."

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN HONOR OF APOLLO

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN HONOR OF APOLLO

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON

(*English painter*, 1830–1896)

The Daphnephoria, or festival of Apollo, was celebrated every ninth year at Thebes. The procession which was a part of this celebration was led by a youth of illustrious family. He must be perfect in figure, and both his parents must be living. As a standard he bore a staff of olive wood with a large brass globe at the top. From this hung smaller globes. Three hundred and sixty-five crowns and a globe not so large as that at the top of the pole were in the middle, and its lower end was adorned with a robe or scarf of rich saffron material. The whole was supposed to be emblematic of the year; the large globe representing the sun, the middle one the moon, and the smallest the stars. The crowns symbolized the days of the year.

In the religion of the Greeks there was much to charm and delight. The forest shrines, the sacred groves, the graceful processions — all these were based upon a sincere and poetic appreciation of nature. Even the contrasting scenes of their worship, the awful chasms where the will of Zeus might be learned, the gloomy forests, the terrors of the tempest, were full of a weird beauty. It is easy to see how, long after men had lost all real faith in the gods of their fathers, not only old habit and association, but also love of nature, of the air and the sunshine, of the storm and the breeze and the cloud, of the fluttering of the leaves and the flight of birds across the brilliant sky of Greece, held them to the ancient ritual.

IN THE TEMPLE OF APHRODITE

BY ERNST ECKSTEIN

THE first decade of the month Elaphebolion had commenced, and the city of Miletus was swarming with its annual throng of strangers, who, partly from religious motives, partly from the pleasure they took in the splendor of the manifold ceremonies and the gay, mirthful bustle of the occasion, had flocked thither from far and near, giving the market-place and Street of the Harbor a totally different aspect. Matronly women, who desired to implore the goddess's favor for a beloved daughter; rosy girls, who attributed greater potency to their own prayers — because they would be more fervent and impassioned — than to their parents' petitions; handsome youths who did not come to pray, but to enjoy; besides a multitude of pleasure-seeking men from the most varied conditions in life — all met in brilliant Miletus. Even barbarians from Scythia, black-eyed Persians with flowing trousers and tall tiaras, Egyptians draped in cloaks, and merchants from Campania and Bruttium, were seen among the visitors.

During the first day of the festival, which was filled with all sorts of preparatory ceremonies and solemn processions, but also with luxurious, flower-scented symposia, Acontius, by the priest's directions, mingled in the throng at will; for this first day bore no share in Melanippus's plans, and the more Acontius dispelled the secret impatience that consumed him by mingling in the motley throng crowding the streets and squares, the better

for him. He should keep himself vigorous — so thought the priest — for it was possible that the decisive moment might make heavy demands upon the youth's coolness and determination.

On the second day, the sacred rite was performed in the temple which, opening the real festival of the goddess, was also peculiar to the city of Miletus. The three fairest and most aristocratic maidens who entered their seventeenth year in the month Elaphebolion were, on this day, consecrated, as it were, to be the mediators between the goddess and the people.

From the third hour after sunrise until toward noon they were obliged to remain alone in the sanctuary, apart from all other worshipers, to prepare for the solemn sacrifice which, when the sun reached its zenith, they were to offer, in the form of two snow-white doves, to the immortal goddess.

These doves were not slain, as usual, but set at liberty between the central pillars in front of the temple; and from the manner and direction of their flight, the people learned whether Aphrodite would continue her gracious protection to the city and defend them from hostile invasion, famine and pestilence, flood and fire, as she had hitherto done, or whether some unknown peril was hidden in the future. As the archon annually had these doves reared on the island of Hyetussa, the birds, after fluttering to and fro a short time, invariably went in the direction of their home, that is, westward; which was considered by the people an omen of good fortune, because the sea, from whose foam, according to the Hellenic myth, the goddess was supposed to have risen, lay towards the west.

Among the three chosen maidens whose duty it was to perform the ancient rite at this festival the fairest and most aristocratic was Cydippe. Upon this fact the priest of Aphrodite had founded his bold plan, without considering whether the hours of preparation spent by the young girls in the sanctuary could be used for the furtherance of his design, without offending the dignity of the goddess. A more beautiful sacrifice — he said to himself — was never offered to the foam-born divinity by her priest than the aid rendered faithful love in the conflict against foolish and ruinous prejudice.

On this momentous day Acontius remained at home. The priest of Aphrodite was to send him a message. The youth, clad in festal garments, paced restlessly to and fro between the courtyard and the garden. Coronis, whom he had informed that he was expecting a slave from Melanippus upon some very important business, did not stir from the stone bench beside the entrance. Acontius also came there every five minutes, betraying such unusual excitement that the widow shook her head anxiously.

"You hope to hear good tidings," she said, "but I warn you. Whoever rushes to meet happiness too impetuously will find the gods place unexpected obstacles in his path. Keep calm, Acontius. A steady eye sees the mark more clearly than one half-dimmed by the roseate haze with which tremulous yearning surrounds every object. We all have our experiences and, though you do not reveal your secret to me, I can see through you. Only Eros arouses such storms. . . ."

The youth did not hear Coronis's wise admonition. Ere she had finished speaking, he had hurried away and

again began to roam about the garden; this time, by way of variety, taking the path to the top of the little mound from which, on the first day of his arrival, he had looked over into old Laogoras's patch of ground.

The memory of the impetuous girl, who had once treated him with so much gentleness and kindness and then changed so suddenly, now, for the first time in weeks, weighed heavily, with a vague foreboding of evil, upon his heart.

During all this time he had not seen Neaira. At first Coronis had expressed her surprise at the flute-player's absence; but afterwards she probably suspected the connection of affairs and, perceiving that Acontius avoided the subject, asked him no more questions. The sculptor, more and more engrossed by the one thought which the priest had fanned into a flame, found no time to trouble himself about the probable fate of the young girl. Once he had asked Laogoras for tidings of her, but merely learned that she had left her former lodgings. Where had she gone, what was the cause of her sudden departure, were points on which the old man could give no information. One thing was certain, Neaira no longer visited the Street of the Harbor — to the great joy of her avaricious rivals.

"Laogoras grieves for Neaira," Acontius said to himself. "How pretty and sweet she was when she greeted the old man the first day of his arrival! I deeply regret that, though innocently, I am the cause of this grief — for I cannot doubt Neaira left Laogoras's house to avoid me and my vicinity. May the goddess, to whom I consecrate my grateful heart, forgive me if, in my intercourse with Neaira, I have behaved foolishly or thoughtlessly.

But I did not suspect, and no one can command himself: You shall love here, and remain unmoved there."

Spite of this self-defense, a feeling of secret reproach still burdened his soul, and the mood seemed to him, now that he had so decisive a step in view, no omen of success. A sudden fit of cowardice stole over him, a presentiment that, in the conflict for Cydippe, he would have to endure a long and torturing atonement for the sin he had unintentionally committed against the unhappy Neaira.

His landlady's voice interrupted this sorrowful train of thought.

"The messenger from Melanippus!"

Trembling with joy he rushed to the courtyard, where Clitiphon was waiting for him.

"My master invites you to the festal banquet given to-day," said the man, "and will expect you in the *domation* at the fourth hour after noon."

This had been the message agreed upon between Acontius and Melanippus. The youth now knew that he must repair to the temple without delay.

"I will be punctual," he replied. "Please give my thanks to your master and accept, in return for your many services, this trifling gift for yourself."

He gave the slave a gold coin, which Clitiphon eagerly accepted and departed.

A few minutes after, Acontius said to Coronis: "I now have the message for which I waited with so much longing. Many matters of great importance and value to me will be decided at this banquet. If you are kindly disposed towards Acontius, pray to the gods that everything may result as I desire. Meantime, I will wander through the market and Street of the Harbor as I did

yesterday. I cannot endure the loneliness of the house longer than is necessary. Farewell, good Coronis."

With these words he left the house and by a circuitous way reached the temple, where a low door with copper bosses led into the subterranean portion. Here there was a windowless room of moderate size, dimly lighted by a chimney-like opening. A three-armed chandelier on the wall cast a ruddy light upon the bronze tables and some chairs and benches. At one of these tables sat Melanippus, holding in his hand a round object wrapped in a white cloth.

"Were you seen entering?" asked the priest, as the youth approached.

"I think not. The narrow path behind the temple is little used, and I chose a suitable time."

"Did you fasten the door again?"

"With both bolts."

"Very well. Now do not forget what you are to say if the matter, as I joyfully hope, should be publicly discussed in the presence of the people. After giving you the harmless instrument of our stratagem, I shall go up to the vestibule. You have slipped in — do you thoroughly understand — slipped in without my knowledge; if the matter fails, I will pay the fine imposed upon the curious by the State. But emphasize the point; that it was the omnipotent will of the immortal goddess herself that you obeyed."

He rose and took the muffled object from the table. The snowy woolen cloth revealed a large yellow apple.

As Acontius was evidently amazed that an apple should be the instrument of so important a plan, Melanippus continued: —

"The instrument I offer is simple, but if everything results as I desire, it will prove more effective than you suppose. The plan, too, is as simple as the instrument. That is why I deemed it needless to give you a precise explanation; the few words I now have to say will suffice. As you know, the three maidens have been in the sanctuary an hour and a half. Their devotional exercises are now over, and they will rest for a short time. As I just noticed, Cydippe occupies the golden chair at the right of the entrance, while her two companions have taken the purple and silver ones at the left. Let it now be known to you that, according to ancient custom, every vow and oath sworn in the temple of Aphrodite is to be inviolably kept, or misfortune will come to the faithless one's family, and, unless atonement is instantly made, on the city and its whole population. Therefore all Miletus jealously guards the sacredness of such vows. Well, then: our object is to lure from your Cydippe in the *secos* of the goddess the vow that she will become your wife. This vow, according to all human foresight, will be made if you open the side door of the sanctuary and carefully roll this apple to the feet of the beloved maiden. I will now wrap it in the cloth again, that you may be more certain of your throw. The fruit is so smooth that, without the cloth, it might roll too far, and it is Cydippe, and not either of her companions, who must lift the apple from the floor. Open the door so gently that no noise can be heard, toss the fruit in, and remain perfectly quiet. I think you will hear something that will fill your heart with joy."

Acontius gazed at the priest of Aphrodite somewhat timidly. But the pleasant smile which beamed upon

the doubter assured him of Melanippus's confident belief in his words.

The priest withdrew, and Acontius, taking the apple in his hand, went up the stairs. From the accurate description of the temple Melanippus had formerly given him, he was sufficiently acquainted with the position of the side door; but even without this he could not possibly have missed it, for the subdued voices of the young girls, who were now talking together in the interval between their devotions, showed him the direction he was to take.

The small door moved noiselessly. Acontius's heart beat high as he glanced into the sanctuary. His eyes instantly rested upon the beautiful profile of Cydippe, whose head was turned slightly aside, and through the chink between the edge of the door and the jamb, he caught a glimpse of the two other girls. There was no difficulty in carrying out the priest's directions. He availed himself of the moment that Cydippe's face was still more averted and, carefully calculating the distance, flung the apple directly at her feet, where it lay, half unwrapped from its covering by the fall.

"Where did that come from?" said Cydippe, stooping.

"That is the question I was going to ask you," replied one of her companions.

"Did you see nothing?" Cydippe continued, taking the queer ball from the floor. "An apple! How strange! Has it any connection with the mysteries of the Foam-born? And here — what does this mean? No, it's incomprehensible."

Cydippe's face had suddenly flamed with blushes.

"There is an inscription on the apple . . ."

"An inscription?"

"By all the immortals, I don't understand it. Iole, did you see who threw the apple in?"

"No, no!" replied her friend. "But read it. Perhaps the inscription will give the clue to the enigma."

"On the contrary, it deepens it. Let us say no more about it." She tried to hide the apple in her robe.

"What!" cried Iole. "Do you want to conceal a secret from us, your companions, in Aphrodite's sanctuary? And who tells you the apple was meant for you? Do you think it was the son of Priam who handed the token of his admiration to the fairest? Come, sweet Cydippe! Don't tease us! You see we are almost dying with curiosity."

The allusion to the judgment of Paris produced its effect, for there was nothing that Cydippe more eagerly avoided than the semblance of vanity.

"You are mistaken, Iole," she said with another blush. "It was only because I thought the matter too unimportant. But, if you wish, I will read it. There are only a few words, and they are foolish enough."

She drew out the apple and read: —

"I, Cydippe, the daughter of Charidemus, swear by the immortal Aphrodite that Acontius, the sculptor from Mylasa, shall be my husband."

She tried to smile, but did not succeed in doing so with her usual aristocratic calmness. She doubtless suspected that this incident was something more than mere idle sport, though she could not have guessed the design of the writer of the inscription.

"What have you done, Cydippe?" cried Iole. "Don't

you see that the inscription you have read is a trap? My father told me that something similar once occurred in the temple of Diana at Delos, and that the oath was kept. You have sworn, Cydippe, for whatever passes your lips in connection with an invocation to the goddess while you are in the sanctuary is inviolable."

"Iole! What are you saying?" asked Cydippe, rising from the chair.

"The truth! You have sworn, Cydippe."

At this moment the side door opened, and, with his mantle falling in ample folds around his shoulders, Acontius, who had listened to all this with a joyous heart, stood with a glowing face among the maidens.

"You have sworn, Cydippe!" he solemnly repeated. "If the goddess, dispensing rewards and punishments, still rules over the lives of mortals, you are mine, or your faithlessness will bring misfortune on us all."

"What do I hear? A man's voice in the circle of chosen virgins?" was now heard from the huge central door, and Melanippus, with the priestly fillet around his gray hair, calmly entered, his bearing full of grave dignity. Here in the sanctuary Melanippus was acting as the interpreter of the great multitude of the people, who understood the service of the goddess in their own way — and, according to their view, Acontius's act was reprehensible. "But" — so said his mute glance — "as soon as my official dignity is laid aside and appearances are separated from realities, I shall again be what I have always been, the true servant of the divine Aphrodite, who heeds the form very little in comparison with the substance, and values a single kindly deed more than all the pomp of these ceremonies."

Melanippus now turned to Iole and asked for information about what had occurred.

The young girl told the story.

The priest seemed to be reflecting for a time; then he addressed Acontius.

"You have gained your purpose. Cydippe cannot, dare not, break her vow. Even her father, the illustrious archon, will not venture thus to insult the goddess and the devout people of Miletus. But the consequences of your triumph, lightly as you may regard them in comparison with what you have won, you must accept with all humility; for the law is sacred as well as the goddess's will. Go now, Acontius! I was well disposed towards you, so I will consider what can be done to avert the wrath of the Senate. I regard no offense so pardonable as that which can plead in excuse a passionate love, and that you do love Cydippe, that it is the maiden you seek, and not the daughter of our most influential citizen and the heiress of so many millions, is proved to me by the purity of your nature, which I have learned to value, and by the timid shyness which still marks the victor."

"Indeed, it is so!" cried Acontius, pressing his right hand upon his heart. "I should love you, Cydippe, and you only, though you were the most insignificant of the slave women. I desire neither your father's treasures nor the luster of your name! I want nothing save yourself, your divinely sweet face and the heart that must love me, if the goddess is gracious to me."

These words, uttered in accents glowing with the most ardent passion, did not fail to produce their natural effect, which was still further heightened by the peculi-

arity of the whole situation. In short, the secret, half-unconscious fancy which Cydippe had felt for the handsome youth suddenly burst into a bright blaze, and the more her haughty, aristocratic companions seemed to pity her fate, the more the soul of the noble-hearted girl was stirred by an eager spirit of contradiction, and the firm independence which enables men to cross the barriers of prejudice.

Spite of this sudden and significant change, she remained perfectly silent.

"Come," said Melanippus, turning to the youth, who was radiant with joy, "you must now leave the temple, that the sacred rite, which is about to commence, may not be disturbed. And you, daughter of Charidemus, do not, I beg, let your thoughts dwell either with favor or wrath upon what has happened here, but devoutly utter your pious prayers and distribute the gifts of spring. Remember, the prosperity of your native city is at stake."

The young girls gave themselves up for a time to the impression of what they had experienced. Then the temple servants entered to conduct the virgins to the altar. The maidens, each bearing two snow-white doves in a rush basket, knelt in the sacred place and laid their gifts upon the beautifully decorated slab.

"Aphrodite!" murmured Cydippe's virgin lips, "princess of all who breathe, glorious ruler of gods and men, mistress of so many radiant temples from east to west, honored in Paphos as on the defiant heights of Eryx, in Amathus as here in this wave-washed region, — hear, oh, hear me! Bless the people and their mighty rulers! Bless the city and her pious guests! Bless Miletus!"

"Bless Miletus!" repeated her companions, and six rounded arms were extended from the maidens' gleaming robes towards the statue of the immortal goddess.

Now followed a series of symbolical rites, during which the throngs in the sunlit agora grew denser and denser, as the people flocked to witness the appearance of the three fairest maidens in Miletus and the flight of the sacred doves.

When the sun had reached its zenith, Melanippus came forth between the central pillars of the peristyle, and announced that the sacrifices to the Immortal One had been offered, the prayers and all other rites prescribed by ancient Milesian custom were ended; and the maidens were already being conducted from the hall of sacrifice into the vestibule.

He now moved aside. Directly after, floating white robes glimmered at the back of the colonnade, and the three virgins, with the folds of their snowy festal garments flowing proudly around them and their beautiful arms bared to the shoulder, took their places in front of the entrance to the temple. The light west wind gently stirred the flowers of the loosely woven garlands on their fair, bright brows. With the left hand they slightly raised their upper robes till they formed a drapery which concealed the little baskets containing the sacrificial doves that were to be allowed to fly.

At the sight of these youthful figures, so radiant with beauty and grace — living pæans to the omnipotence of the goddess of love — the vast multitude burst into acclamations of boundless delight. Cydippe's two companions blushed; but she did not appear to hear the frenzied homage, which certainly was not offered least to

her. Grave and motionless she waited the signal from those experts on interpreting the flight of birds, the *oionistæ*, who directly after the maidens' appearance had stationed themselves on their right and left at the corners of the lower story of the temple, in attitudes of solemn pathos. The signal was given, and the confused roar of voices in the thronged agora instantly sank to a subdued murmur.

Raising the open baskets with both arms, the three virgins said in low tones: —

"Favorites of Aphrodite! Return to the purple bosom from whence the goddess rose."

Gay, festal music echoed in alluring cadences. Almost at the same instant all the doves flew out of the little basket, hovered timidly a few minutes over the heads of the throng, and were then flying westward, when a bird of prey, which hitherto had been a mere speck in the azure sky, darted down like a flash of lightning, seized the leader of the six doves in its talons, then after circling twice around the agora with its bleeding victim, as though in mockery, soared towards the south in the direction of Didymoi.

Cries of indignation, pity, and anxiety rose on all sides. The two gray-bearded *oionistæ* left their posts, while Melanippus led the young girls down to the agora, where their relatives awaited them.

Here, too, in the midst of a numerous train of attendants, stood the archon Charidemus, who had quitted his official seat of honor in the portico of his house to get a nearer view of Cydippe, who was the pride of her father's heart. He received the young girl with a strange smile.

"It was *your* dove," he said slowly.

No one could have determined whether the words meant reproach or anxiety, or whether Charidemus simply wished to take the matter lightly, in the manner of a man who is superior to the prejudices of the common herd. In fact, Charidemus did not believe too implicitly in the significance of the flight of the doves, but he knew the populace had faith in it. The thought that his Cydippe might be regarded as the source of the misfortune, which the *oionistæ* would predict from the disaster that had befallen the murdered dove, affected him unpleasantly, so he was wavering between all sorts of contradictory emotions which, like an experienced man of the world, he strove to veil behind the mask of courteous indifference.

"*My* dove?" replied Cydippe. "I stood here as the representative of the city. If the goddess is angry, Miletus and the illustrious Senate are to blame . . ."

The older of the two augurs now appeared between the central columns. His companion stood apart beside the tall, tiara-crowned form of Melanippus.

The tumult died away.

"Milesians!" the *oionistes* began in a voice that echoed far over the throng, "the future before us is not quite so cloudless as has been the case for a long series of years. The incident you have just witnessed indicates unexpected battles and sore troubles. The way to avert these things is to have every citizen remain loyally where the will of the immortal gods places him, every man do his duty, every one avoid, more carefully than ever, sacrilege, animosity, violence, and the violation of your vows and oaths. No crime must profane the soil of

Miletus — then the vulture that threatens our peace will again pass us by."

"May Aphrodite grant us her favor," echoed from a thousand voices through the ranks of the people.

"Apparent disaster may have a good result," Charidemus said to his daughter. "A fresh spur to virtue would not be too dearly purchased, even at the cost of a few external complications and troubles. Come, Cydippe! The crowd is growing more threatening every moment; my attendants are scarcely able to protect us from the elbows of the poorer citizens and slaves."

In fact, the throng was pressing upon them more and more from every direction, and looks of surprise and inquiry sought the young girl's face, now bowed in conscious embarrassment. Low murmurs became audible amid the confused buzzing of the crowd, remarks which, though enigmas to Charidemus, conveyed to Cydippe distinct allusions to the incident in the *secos* of the temple of Aphrodite. The news of the bold deed of the sculptor from Mylasa had reached, as if by magic, every nook and corner of the city, and, amid increasing excitement, people were already relating the most extraordinary details concerning the decision of the daughter and her illustrious father, while Charidemus had not the slightest suspicion of what had occurred.

THE BOUT BETWEEN THE POETS

[405 B.C.]

BY ARISTOPHANES

[IT was the custom in Athens to have plays acted but twice a year. Three poets were allowed to present four plays each. To the one which was voted best, the state prize was given. "The Frogs," the play from which the following extract is taken, was produced in 405 B.C. and its author, Aristophanes, received the first prize. According to this play, Athens has no poets, and Dionysus goes to Hades in search of one. Æschylus and Euripides contend for the honor by reciting verses alternately.

The Editor.]

DIONYSUS

Come, stop the singing!

ÆSCHYLUS

I've had quite enough!
What I want is to bring him to the balance;
The one sure test of what our art is worth!

DIONYSUS

So that's my business next? Come forward, please;
I 'll weigh out poetry like so much cheese!

[*A large pair of scales is brought forward, while the* CHORUS *sing.*]

CHORUS

Oh, the workings of genius are keen and laborious!
Here 's a new wonder, incredible, glorious!

Who but this twain have the boldness of brain
To so quaint an invention to run?
Such a marvelous thing, if another had said it had
Happened to him, I should never have credited;
I should have just thought that he must
Simply be talking for fun!

DIONYSUS

Come, take your places by the balance.

ÆSCHYLUS *and* EURIPIDES

There!

DIONYSUS

Now, each take hold of it, and speak your verse,
And don't let go until I say "Cuckoo."

ÆSCHYLUS *and* EURIPIDES [*taking their stand at either side of the balance*]

We have it.

DIONYSUS

Now, each a verse into the scale!

EURIPIDES [*quoting the first verse of his "Medea"*]

"Would God no Argo e'er had winged the brine."

ÆSCHYLUS [*quoting his "Philoctetes."*]

"Spercheios, and ye haunts of grazing kine!"

DIONYSUS

Cuckoo! Let go. — Ah, down comes Æschylus
Far lower.

EURIPIDES

Why, what can be the explanation?

DIONYSUS

That river he put in, to wet his wares
The way wool-dealers do, and make them heavier!
Besides, you know, the verse you gave had wings!

ÆSCHYLUS

Well, let him speak another and we'll see.

DIONYSUS

Take hold again then.

ÆSCHYLUS *and* EURIPIDES

There you are.

DIONYSUS

Now speak.

EURIPIDES [*quoting his "Antigone"*]

"Persuasion, save in speech, no temple hath."

ÆSCHYLUS [*quoting his "Niobe"*]

"Lo, one god craves no offering, even Death."

DIONYSUS

Let go, let go!

EURIPIDES

Why, his goes down again!

DIONYSUS

He put in Death, a monstrous heavy thing!

EURIPIDES

But my "persuasion" made a lovely line!

DIONYSUS

Persuasion has no bulk and not much weight.
Do look about you for some ponderous line
To force the scale down, something large and strong.

EURIPIDES

Where have I such a thing now? Where?

DIONYSUS [*mischievously, quoting some unknown play of* EURIPIDES]

I'll tell you;
"Achilles has two aces and a four!"—
[*Aloud.*] Come, speak your lines; this is the final bout.

EURIPIDES [*quoting his "Meleager"*]

"A mace of weighted iron his right hand sped."

ÆSCHYLUS [*quoting his "Glaucus"*]

" Chariot on chariot lay, dead piled on dead."

DIONYSUS [*as the scale turns*]

He beats you this time, too !

EURIPIDES

How does he do it?

DIONYSUS

Two chariots and two corpses in the scale —
Why, ten Egyptians could n't lift so much!

ÆSCHYLUS [*breaking out*]

Come, no more line-for-lines! Let him jump in
And sit in the scale himself, with all his books,
His wife, his children, his Cephisophon!
I 'll back two lines of mine against the lot!

[*The central door opens, and* PLUTO *with his suite comes forth*].

A VOICE

Room for the King!

PLUTO [*to* DIONYSUS]

Well, is the strife decided?

DIONYSUS [*to* PLUTO]

I won't decide! The men are both my friends;
Why should I make an enemy of either?
The one 's so good, and I so love the other!

PLUTO

In that case you must give up all you came for!

DIONYSUS

And if I do decide?

PLUTO

Why, not to make
Your trouble fruitless, you may take away
Whichever you decide for.

DIONYSUS

Hearty thanks!
Now, both approach, and I 'll explain. — I came

Down here to fetch a poet: "Why a poet?"
That his advice may guide the City true
And so keep up my worship! Consequently,
I 'll take whichever seems the best adviser.
Advise me first of Alcibiades,
Whose birth gives travail still to Mother Athens.

PLUTO

What is her disposition towards him?

DIONYSUS

Well,
She loves and hates, and longs still to possess.
I want the views of both upon that question!

EURIPIDES

Out on the burgher, who to serve his state
Is slow, but swift to do her deadly hate,
With much wit for himself, and none for her.

DIONYSUS

Good, by Poseidon, that! — [*To* ÆSCHYLUS.] And
what say you?

ÆSCHYLUS

No lion's whelp within thy precincts raise;
But, if it *be* there, bend thee to its ways!

DIONYSUS

By Zeus the Savior, still I can't decide!
The one so fine, and the other so convincing!
Well, I must ask you both for one more judgment;
What steps do you advise to save our country?

EURIPIDES

I know and am prepared to say!

DIONYSUS

Say on.

EURIPIDES

Where Mistrust now has sway, put Trust to dwell,
And where Trust, Mistrust; and all is well.

DIONYSUS

I don't quite follow. Please say that again,
Not quite so cleverly, and rather plainer.

EURIPIDES

If we count all the men whom now we trust,
Suspect; and call on those whom now we spurn
To serve us, we may find deliverance yet.

DIONYSUS

And what say you?

ÆSCHYLUS

First tell me about the City;
What servant does she choose? The good?

DIONYSUS

Great Heavens,
She loathes them!

ÆSCHYLUS

And takes pleasure in the vile?

DIONYSUS

Not she, but has perforce to let them serve her!

ÆSCHYLUS

What hope of comfort is there for a City
That quarrels with her silk and hates her hodden?

DIONYSUS

That 's just what you must answer, if you want
To rise again!

ÆSCHYLUS

I'll answer there, not here.

DIONYSUS

No; better send up blessings from below.

ÆSCHYLUS

Her safety is to count her enemy's land
Her own, yea, and her own her enemy's;
Her ships her treasures, and her treasures dross!

DIONYSUS

Good; — though it all goes down the juror's throat!

PLUTO [*interrupting*]

Come, give your judgment!

DIONYSUS

Well, I'll judge like this;
My choice shall fall on him my soul desires!

EURIPIDES

Remember all the gods by whom you swore
To take me home with you, and choose your friend!

DIONYSUS

My tongue hath sworn; — but I'll choose Æschylus!

EURIPIDES

What have you done, you traitor?

DIONYSUS

I? I've judged
That Æschylus gets the prize. Why should n't I?

EURIPIDES

Canst meet mine eyes, fresh from thy deed of shame?

DIONYSUS

What is shame, that the . . . Theater deems no shame?

EURIPIDES

Hard heart! You mean to leave your old friend dead?

DIONYSUS

Who knoweth if to live is but to die? . . .
If breath is bread and sleep a woolly lie?

PLUTO

Come in, then, both.

DIONYSUS

Again?

PLUTO

To feast with me
Before you sail.

DIONYSUS

With pleasure! That's the way
Duly to crown a well-contented day!
[*They all depart into the house.*]

CHORUS

O blessed are those who possess
An extra share of brains
'T is a fact that more or less
All fortunes of men express;
As now, by showing
An intellect glowing,
This man his home regains;
Brings benefit far and near
To all who may hold him dear,
And stanches his country's tear, —
All because of his brains!

THE SIEGE OF PLATÆA

[427 B.C.]

BY THUCYDIDES

[THE cause of the Peloponnesian War was the rivalry between Sparta and Athens. The little city of Platæa was a faithful friend to Athens, and therefore the Spartans set about its conquest.]

The Editor.]

ARCHIDAMUS first of all formed an inclosure round about them with the trees they had felled, so that no one could get out of the city. In the next place, they raised a mount of earth before the place, hoping that it could not long hold out a siege against the efforts of so large an army. Having felled a quantity of timber on Mount Cithæron, with it they framed the mount on either side, that thus cased it might perform the service of a wall, and that the earth might be kept from mouldering away too fast. Upon it they heaped a quantity of matter, both stones and earth, and whatever else would cement together and increase the bulk. This work employed them for seventy days and nights without intermission, all being alternately employed in it, so that one part of the army was carrying it on, whilst the other took the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. Those Lacedæmonians who had the command over the hired troops of the other states had the care of the work, and obliged them all to assist in carrying it on. The Platæans, seeing this mount raised to a great height, built a counterwork of wood, close to that part of the city wall against which

this mount of earth was thrown up, and strengthened the inside of it with bricks, which they got for this use by pulling down the adjacent houses. The wooden case was designed to keep it firm together, and prevent the whole pile from being weakened by its height. They further covered it over with sheepskins and hides of beasts, to defend the workmen from missive weapons, and to preserve the wood from being fired by the enemy. This work within was raised to a great height, and the mount was raised with equal expedition without. Upon this, the Platæans had resource to another device. They broke a hole through the wall, close to which the mount was raised, and drew the earth away from under it into the city. But this being discovered by the Peloponnesians, they threw into the hole hurdles made of reeds and stuffed with clay, which being of a firm consistence could not be dug away like earth. By this they were excluded, and so desisted for a while from their former practice. Yet digging a subterranean passage from out of the city, which they so luckily continued that it undermined the mount, they again withdrew the earth from under it. This practice long escaped the discovery of the besiegers, who still heaped on matter, yet the work grew rather less, as the earth was drawn away from the bottom, and that above fell in to fill up the void. However, still apprehensive that, as they were few in number, they should not be able long to hold out against such numerous besiegers, they had recourse to another project. They desisted from carrying on the great pile which was to counterwork the mount, and beginning at each end of it where the wall was low, they ran another wall in the form of a crescent along the inside of the city, that if the

great wall should be taken this might afterwards hold out, and might lay the enemy under the necessity of throwing up a fresh mount against it, and that thus the farther they advanced, the difficulties of the siege might be doubled, and be carried on with increase of danger.

When their mount was completed, the Peloponnesians played away their battering-engines against the wall; and one of them they worked so dextrously from the mount against the great pile within, that they shook it very much, and threw the Platæans into consternation. Others they applied in different parts against the wall, the force of which was broken by the Platæans, who threw ropes around them; they also tied large beams together, with long chains of iron at both ends of the beams, by which they hung downwards from two other transverse beams inclined and extended beyond the wall. These they drew along obliquely, and against whatever part they saw the engine of battery to be aimed, they let go the beams with a full swing of the chains, and so dropped them down directly upon it, which by the weight of the stroke broke off the beak of the battering engine. Upon this, the Peloponnesians, finding all their engines useless, and their mount effectually counterworked by the fortification within, concluded it a business of no little hazard to take the place amidst so many obstacles, and prepared to draw a circumvallation about it.

But first they were willing to try whether it were not possible to set the town on fire, and burn it down, as it was not large, by help of a brisk gale of wind; for they cast their thoughts towards every expedient of taking it without a large expense and a tedious blockade. Pro-

curing for this purpose a quantity of fagots, they tossed them from their own mount into the void space between the wall and the inner fortification. As many hands were employed in this business, they had soon filled it up, and then proceeded to toss more of them into the other parts of the city lying beyond, as far as they could by the advantage which the eminence gave them. Upon these they threw fiery balls made of sulphur and pitch, which caught the fagots, and soon kindled such a flame as before this time no one had ever seen kindled by the art of man. It hath indeed sometimes happened, that wood growing upon mountains hath been so heated by the attrition of the winds, that without any other cause it hath broken out into fire and flame. But this was exceeding fierce; and the Platæans, who had baffled all other efforts, were very narrowly delivered from perishing by its fury; for it cleared the city to a great distance round about, so that no Platæan durst approach it: and if the wind had happened to have blown along with it, as the enemy hoped, they must all unavoidably have perished. It is now reported that a heavy rain, falling on a sudden, attended with claps of thunder, extinguished the flame, and put an end to this imminent danger.

The Peloponnesians, upon the failure of this project, marched away part of their army; but continuing the remainder there, raised a wall of circumvallation quite round the city, the troops of every confederate state executing a determinate part of the work. Both inside and outside of this wall was a ditch, and by first digging these they had got materials for brick. This work being completed about the rising of Arcturus, they left some

of their own men to guard half of the wall, the other half being left to the care of the Bœotians, then marched away with the main army, and dismissed the auxiliary forces of their respective cities. The Platæans had already sent away to Athens their wives, their children, their old people, and all the useless crowd of inhabitants. There were only left in the town during the siege four hundred Platæans, eighty Athenians, and one hundred and ten women to prepare their food. This was the whole number of them when the siege was first formed; nor was there any other person within the wall, either slave or free. And in this manner was the city of Platæa besieged in form. . . .

This winter the Platæans, — for they were still blocked up by the Peloponnesians and Bœotians, — finding themselves much distressed by the failure of their provisions, giving up all hope of succor from the Athenians, and quite destitute of all other means of preservation, formed a project now in concert with those Athenians who were shut up with them in the blockade, "first of all to march out of the town in company, and to compass their escape, if possible, over the works of the enemy." The authors of this project were Thæanetus, the son of Timedes, a soothsayer, and Eumolpidas, the son of Daimachus, who was one of their commanders. But afterwards, half of the number, affrighted by the greatness of the danger, refused to have a share in the attempt. Yet the remainder, to the number of about two hundred and twenty, resolutely adhered to attempt an escape in the following manner: —

They made ladders equal in height to the enemy's wall. The measure of this they learned from the rows of

brick, where the side of the wall facing them was not covered over with plaster. Several persons were appointed to count the rows at the same time; some of them might probably be wrong, but the greater part would agree in the just computation; especially, as they counted them several times over, and were besides at no great distance, since the part marked out for the design was plainly within their view. In this method, having guessed the measure of a brick from its thickness, they found out what must be the total height for the ladders.

The work of the Peloponnesians was of the following structure: it was composed of two circular walls; one towards Platæa, and the other outward, to prevent any attack from Athens. These walls were at the distance of sixteen feet one from the other; and this intermediate space of sixteen feet was built into distinct lodgments for the guards. These, however, standing thick together, gave to the whole work the appearance of one thick entire wall with battlements on both sides. At every ten battlements were lofty turrets of the same breadth with the whole work, reaching from the face of the inward wall to that of the outward: so that there was no passage by the sides of a turret, but the communication lay open through the middle of them all. By night, when the weather was rainy, they quitted the battlements, and sheltering themselves in the turrets, as near at hand and covered overhead, there they continued their watch. Such was the form of the work by which the Platæans were enclosed on every side.

The enterprising body, when everything was ready, laying hold of the opportunity of a night tempestuous with wind and rain, and further at a dark moon, marched

out of the place. The persons who had been authors of the project were now the conductors. And first, they passed the ditch which surrounded the town; then they approached quite up to the wall of the enemy, undiscovered by the guards. The darkness of the night prevented their being seen, and the noise they made in approaching was quite drowned in the loudness of the storm. They advanced also at a great distance from one another, to prevent any discovery from the mutual clashing of their arms. They were further armed in the most compact manner, and wore a covering only on the left foot, for the sake of treading firmly in the sand. At one of the intermediate spaces between the turrets they got under the battlements, knowing they were not manned. The bearers of the ladders went first and applied them to the wall. Then twelve light-armed with only a dagger and a breastplate scaled, led by Ammeas the son of Choræbus, who was the first that mounted. His followers, in two parties of six each, mounted next on each side of the turrets. Then others light-armed with javelins succeeded them. Behind came others holding the bucklers of those above them, thus to facilitate their ascent, and to be ready to deliver them into their hands, should they be obliged to charge. When the greater part of the number was mounted, the watchmen within the turrets perceived it. For one of the Platæans, in fastening his hold, had thrown down a tile from off the battlements, which made a noise in the fall; and immediately was shouted an alarm. The whole camp came running towards the wall, yet unable to discover the reason of this alarm, so dark was the night and violent the storm. At this crisis the Platæans, who were left behind in the city, sallied

forth and assaulted the work of the Peloponnesians, in the part opposite to that where their friends were attempting to pass, to divert from them as much as possible the attention of the enemy. Great was the confusion of the enemy yet abiding in their posts, for not one durst leave his station to run to the place of alarm, but all were greatly perplexed to guess at its meaning. At last the body of three hundred, appointed for a reserve of succor upon any emergency, marched without the work to the place of alarm. Now the lighted torches, denoting enemies, were held up towards Thebes. On the other side, the Platæans in the city held up at the same time from the wall many of these torches already prepared for this very purpose, that the signals given of the approach of foes might be mistaken by their enemies the Thebans, who judging the affair to be quite otherwise than it really was, might refrain from sending any succor, till their friends who had sallied might have effectuated their escape, and gained a place of security.

In the mean time those of the Platæans, who having mounted first, and by killing the guards had got possession of the turrets on either hand, posted themselves there to secure the passage, and to prevent any manner of obstruction from thence. Applying further their ladder to these turrets from the top of the wall, and causing many of their number to mount, those now upon the turrets kept off the enemies, running to obstruct them both above and below, by discharging their darts; whilst the majority, rearing many ladders at the same time, and throwing down the battlements, got clean over at the intermediate space between the turrets. Every one, in the order he got over to the outward

side, drew up upon the inner brink of the ditch, and from thence, with their darts and javelins, kept off those who were flocking towards the work to hinder their passage. When all the rest were landed upon the outside of the work, those upon the turrets, coming down last of all and with difficulty, got also to the ditch. By this time the reserve of three hundred was come up to oppose them, by the light of torches. The Platæans by this means, being in the dark, had a clear view of them, and, from their stand upon the brink of the ditch aimed a shower of darts and javelins at those parts of their bodies which had no armor. The Platæans were all obscured, as the glimmering of lights made them less easy to be distinguished; so that the last of their body got the ditch, though not without great difficulty and toil. For the water in it was frozen, not into ice hard enough to bear, but into a watery congelation, the effect not of the northern but eastern blasts. The wind blowing hard had caused so much snow to fall that night that the water was swelled to a height not to be forded without some difficulty. However, the violence of the storm was the greatest furtherance of their escape.

The pass over the ditch being thus completed, the Platæans went forwards in a body, and took the road to Thebes, leaving on their right the temple of Juno, built by Androcrates. They judged it would never be supposed that they had taken a route which led directly towards their enemies; and they saw at the same time the Peloponnesians pursuing with torches along the road to Athens, by Cythæron and the Heads of the Oak. For six or seven stadia, they continued their route towards Thebes, but then turning short, they took the

road to the mountains by Erythræ and Hysiæ; and having gained the mountain, two hundred and twelve of the number completed their escape to Athens. Some of them, indeed, turned back into the city, without once attempting to get over; and one archer was taken prisoner at the outward ditch.

The Peloponnesians desisted from the fruitless pursuit, and returned to their posts. But the Platæans within the city, ignorant of the real event, and giving ear to the assurances of those who turned back, that "they are all to a man cut off," dispatched a herald, as soon as it was day, to demand a truce for the fetching off the dead; but learning hence the true state of the affair, they remained well satisfied. And in this manner these men of Platæa, by thus forcing a passage, wrought their own preservation. . . .

The Platæans, whose provisions were quite spent, and who could not possibly hold out any longer, were brought to a surrender in the following manner: —

The enemy made an assault upon their wall, which they had not sufficient strength to repel. The Lacedæmonian general being thus convinced of their languid condition, was determined not to take the place by storm. In this he acted pursuant to orders sent him from Lacedæmon, with a view that whenever a peace should be concluded with the Lacedæmonians — one certain condition of which must be reciprocally to restore the places taken in the war — Platæa might not be included in the restitution, as having freely and without compulsion gone over to them. A herald is accordingly dispatched with this demand, "Whether they are willing voluntarily to give up the city to the Lacedæmonians, and

accept them for their judges who would punish only the guilty, and contrary to forms of justice not even one of those." The herald made this demand aloud. And the Platæans, who were now reduced to excessive weakness, delivered up the city.

The Peloponnesians supplied the Platæans with necessary sustenance for the space of a few days, till the five delegates arrived from Lacedæmon to preside at their trial. And yet, when these were actually come, no judicial process was formed against them. They only called them out, and put this short question to them — "Whether they had done any service to the Lacedæmons and their allies in the present war?" and upon their answering, "No," led them aside, and slew them. Not one of the number did they exempt; so that in this massacre there perished of Platæans not fewer than two hundred, and twenty-five Athenians who had been besieged in their company; and all the women were sold for slaves. The Thebans assigned the city, for the space of a year, to be the residence of certain Megareans, who had been driven from home in the rage of sedition, and to those surviving Platæans who had been friends to the Theban interest. But afterwards they leveled it with the earth, rooted up its whole foundation, and near to Juno's temple erected a spacious inn two hundred feet square, partitioned within both above and below into a range of apartments. In this structure they made use of the roofs and doors that had belonged to the Platæans, and of the other movables found within their houses; of the brass and iron they made beds which they consecrated to Juno, in whose honor they also erected a fane of stone one hundred feet in diameter. The land, being confis-

cated to public use, was farmed out for ten years, and occupied by Thebans. So much, nay, so totally averse to the Platæans were the Lacedæmonians become; and this, merely to gratify the Thebans, whom they regarded as well able to serve them in the war which was now on foot. And thus was the destruction of Platæa completed in the ninety-third year of its alliance with Athens.

WHEN THE TEN THOUSAND CAME TO THE SEA

[400 B.C.]

BY XENOPHON

[A LITTLE more than four hundred years before Christ, Cyrus of Persia hired a large number of Greeks to help him subdue some rebels in Pisidia. The march was long, and Pisidia seemed a long way off. At length they discovered that Cyrus was leading them, not against a few rebels, but against his brother, the king of the mighty Persian Empire, in an effort to seize the crown.

By this time they were so far into Persia that it was almost as dangerous to try to retreat as to go on; and with Cyrus's promise of high wages, they agreed to follow him. In the first important encounter, the Greeks won, but Cyrus was slain. The king did not care to meet them in battle again. He decided to kill their generals by a trick, and then let these leaderless men wander away and starve. Xenophon had gone with the army, and at first he was as hopeless as the others. Then he plucked up courage, put on his best armor, and made a speech to the ten thousand men. He was so sure that they could make their way home that they forgot their fears, chose new generals, — Xenophon was one, — and set out. Such a retreat was never known! Over plains, up hills, across rivers, through mountain passes deep with snow they pushed on. Their only guides were men whom they bribed or captured by the way. Sometimes they were allowed by the people of the lands to pass on in peace; sometimes they were attacked on all sides. "The sea, the sea," they said to themselves wistfully; for if they could only come to the water, the rest of the way would be easy.

The Editor.]

ON the pass that led over the mountains into the plain, the Chalybes, Taochi, and Phasians were drawn up to

oppose their progress. Cheirisophus, seeing these enemies in possession of the height, came to a halt, at the distance of about thirty stadia, that he might not approach them while leading the army in a column. He accordingly ordered the other officers to bring up their companies, that the whole force might be formed in line.

When the rear guard was come up, he called together the generals and captains, and spoke to them as follows: "The enemy, as you see, are in possession of the pass over the mountains; and it is proper for us to consider how we may encounter them to the best advantage. It is my opinion, therefore, that we should direct the troops to get their dinner, and that we ourselves should hold a council, in the mean time, whether it is advisable to cross the mountain to-day or to-morrow." "It seems best to me," exclaimed Cleanor, "to march at once, as soon as we have dined and resumed our arms, against the enemy; for if we waste the present day in inaction, the enemy who are now looking down upon us will grow bolder, and it is likely that, as their confidence is increased, others will join them in greater numbers."

After him Xenophon said, "I am of opinion that if it is necessary to fight, we ought to make our arrangements so as to fight with the greatest advantage; but that, if we propose to pass the mountains as easily as possible, we ought to consider how we may incur the fewest wounds and lose the fewest men. The range of hills, as far as we see, extends more than sixty stadia in length; but the people nowhere seem to be watching us except along the line of road; and it is therefore better, I think, to endeavor to try to seize unobserved some part

of the unguarded range, and to get possession of it, if we can, beforehand, than to attack a strong post and men prepared to resist us. For it is far less difficult to march up a steep ascent without fighting than along a level road with enemies on each side; and, in the night, if men are not obliged to fight, they can see better what is before them than by day if engaged with enemies; while a rough road is easier to the feet to those who are marching without molestation than a smooth one to those who are pelted on the head with missiles. Nor do I think it at all impracticable for us to steal away for ourselves, as we can march by night, so as not to be seen, and can keep at such a distance from the enemy as to allow no possibility of being heard. We seem likely, too, in my opinion, if we make a pretended attack on this point, to find the rest of the range still less guarded; for the enemy will so much the more probably stay where they are. But why should I speak doubtfully about stealing? For I hear that you Lacedæmonians, O Cheirisophus, such of you at least as are of the better class, practice stealing from your boyhood, and it is not a disgrace, but an honor, to steal whatever the law does not forbid; while, in order that you may steal with the utmost dexterity, and strive to escape discovery, it is appointed by law that, if you are caught stealing, you are scourged. It is now high time for you, therefore, to give proof of your education, and to take care that we may not receive many stripes." "But I hear that you Athenians also," rejoined Cheirisophus, "are very clever at stealing the public money, though great danger threatens him that steals it; and that your best men steal it most, if indeed your best men are thought worthy to be your

magistrates; so that it is time for you likewise to give proof of your education." "I am then ready," exclaimed Xenophon, "to march with the rear guard, as soon as we have supped, to take possession of the hills. I have guides, too; for our light-armed men captured some of the marauders following us by lying in ambush; and from them I learn that the mountains are not impassable, but are grazed over by goats and oxen, so that if we once gain possession of any part of the range, there will be tracks also for our baggage-cattle. I expect also that the enemy will no longer keep their ground, when they see us upon a level with them on the heights, for they will not now come down to be upon a level with us." Cheirisophus then said, "But why should you go, and leave the charge of the rear? Rather send others, unless some volunteers present themselves." Upon this Aristonymus of Methydria came forward with his heavy-armed men, and Aristeas of Chios and Nicomachus of Œta with their light-armed; and they made an arrangement, that as soon as they should reach the top, they should light a number of fires. Having settled these points, they went to dinner; and after dinner Cheirisophus led forward the whole army ten stadia towards the enemy, that he might appear to be fully resolved to march against them on that quarter.

When they had taken their supper, and night came on, those appointed for the service went forward and got possession of the hills; the other troops rested where they were. The enemy, when they saw the heights occupied, kept watch and burned a number of fires all night. As soon as it was day, Cheirisophus, after having offered sacrifice, marched forward along the road; while

those who had gained the heights advanced by the ridge. Most of the enemy, meanwhile, stayed at the pass, but a part went to meet the troops coming along the heights. But before the main bodies came together, those on the ridge closed with one another, and the Greeks had the advantage, and put the enemy to flight. At the same time the Grecian peltasts[1] ran up from the plain to attack the enemy drawn up to receive them, and Cheirisophus followed at a quick pace with the heavy-armed men. The enemy at the pass, however, when they saw those above defeated, took to flight. Not many of them were killed, but a great number of shields were taken, which the Greeks, by hacking them with their swords, rendered useless. As soon as they had gained the ascent, and had sacrificed and erected a trophy, they went down into the plain before them, and arrived at a number of villages stored with abundance of excellent provisions.

From hence they marched five days' journey, thirty parasangs,[2] to the country of the Taochi, where provisions began to fail them; for the Taochi inhabited strong fastnesses, in which they had laid up all their supplies. Having at length, however, arrived at one place which had no city or houses attached to it, but in which men and women and a great number of cattle were assembled, Cheirisophus, as soon as he came before it, made it the object of an attack; and when the first division that assailed it began to be tired, another succeeded, and then another; for it was not possible for them to surround it in a body, as there was a river about it. When Xeno-

[1] Light-armed soldiers.

[2] A parasang is about three and three quarters miles.

phon came up with their rear-guard, peltasts, and heavy-armed men, Cheirisophus exclaimed, "You come seasonably, for we must take this place, as there are no provisions for the army, unless we take it."

They then deliberated together, and Xenophon asking what hindered them from taking the place, Cheirisophus replied, "The only approach to it is the one which you see; but when any of our men attempt to pass along it, the enemy roll down stones over yonder impending rock, and whoever is struck, is treated as you behold"; and he pointed, at the same moment, to some of the men who had had their legs and ribs broken. "But if they expend all their stones," rejoined Xenophon, "is there anything else to prevent us from advancing? For we see, in front of us, only a few men, and but two or three of them armed. The space, too, through which we have to pass under exposure to the stones, is, as you see, only about a hundred and fifty feet in length; and of this about a hundred feet is covered with large pine trees in groups, against which if the men place themselves, what would they suffer either from the flying stones or the rolling ones? The remaining part of the space is not above fifty feet, over which, when the stones cease, we must pass at a running pace." "But," said Cheirisophus, "the instant we offer to go to the part covered with trees, the stones fly in great numbers." "That," cried Xenophon, "would be the very thing we want, for thus they will exhaust their stones the sooner. Let us then advance, if we can, to the point whence we shall have but a short way to run, and from which we may, if we please, easily retreat."

Cheirisophus and Xenophon, with Callimachus of

Parrhasia, one of the captains, who had that day the lead of all the other captains of the rear guard, then went forward, all the rest of the captains remaining out of danger. Next, about seventy of the men advanced under the trees, not in a body, but one by one, each sheltering himself as he could. Agasias of Stymphalus, and Aristonymus of Methydria, who were also captains of the rear-guard, with some others, were at the same time standing behind, without the trees, for it was not safe for more than one company to stand under them. Callimachus then adopted the following stratagem: he ran forward two or three paces from the tree under which he was sheltered, and when the stones began to be hurled, hastily drew back; and at each of his sallies more than ten cartloads of stones were spent. Agasias, observing what Callimachus was doing, and that the eyes of the whole army were upon him, and fearing that he himself might not be the first to enter the place, began to advance alone (neither calling to Aristonymus who was next him, nor to Eurylochus of Lusia, both of whom were his intimate friends, nor to any other person), and passed by all the rest. Callimachus, seeing him rushing by, caught hold of the rim of his shield, and at that moment Aristonymus of Methydria ran past them both, and after him Eurylochus of Lusia, for all these sought distinction for valor, and were rivals to one another; and thus, in mutual emulation, they got possession of the place, for when they had once rushed in, not a stone was hurled from above. But a dreadful spectacle was then to be seen; for the women, flinging their children over the precipice, threw themselves after them; and the men followed their example. Æneas of Stymphalus, a cap-

tain, seeing one of them, who had on a rich garment, running to throw himself over, caught hold of it, with intent to stop him. But the man dragged him forward, and they both went rolling down the rocks together, and were killed. Thus very few prisoners were taken, but a great number of oxen, asses, and sheep.

Hence they advanced, seven days' journey, a distance of fifty parasangs, through the country of the Chalybes. These were the most warlike people of all that they passed through, and came to close combat with them. They had linen cuirasses, reaching down to the groin, and, instead of skirts, thick cords twisted. They had also greaves and helmets, and at their girdles a short faulchion, as large as a Spartan crooked dagger, with which they cut the throats of all whom they could master, and then, cutting off their heads, carried them away with them. They sang and danced when the enemy were likely to see them. They carried also a spear of about fifteen cubits[1] in length, having one spike. They stayed in their villages till the Greeks had passed by, when they pursued and perpetually harassed them. They had their dwellings in strong places, in which they had also laid up their provisions, so that the Greeks could get nothing from that country, but lived upon the cattle which they had taken from the Taochi.

The Greeks next arrived at the river Harpasus, the breadth of which was four plethra.[2] Hence they proceeded through the territory of the Scythini, four days' journey, making twenty parasangs, over a level tract, until they came to some villages, in which they halted three days, and collected provisions. From this place

[1] About twenty-two feet. [2] About four hundred feet.

they advanced four days' journey, twenty parasangs, to a large, rich, and populous city, called Gymnias, from which the governor of the country sent the Greeks a guide, to conduct them through a region at war with his own people. The guide, when he came, said that he would take them in five days to a place where they should see the sea; if not, he would consent to be put to death. When, as he proceeded, he entered the country of their enemies, he exhorted them to burn and lay waste the lands; whence it was evident that he had come for this very purpose, and not from any good will to the Greeks. On the fifth day they came to the mountain; and the name of it was Theches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burned were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some, and taken others prisoners, and had captured about twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and as those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, "The sea, the sea!" and cheering on one another. Then they all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest,

and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed; and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, on which they laid a number of raw ox-hides, staves, and shields taken from the enemy. The shields the guide himself hacked in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same. Soon after, the Greeks sent away the guide, giving him presents from the common stock, a horse, a silver cup, a Persian robe, and ten darics;[1] but he showed most desire for the rings on their fingers, and obtained many of them from the soldiers. Having then pointed out to them a village where they might take up their quarters, and the road by which they were to proceed to the Macrones, when the evening came on he departed, pursuing his way during the night.

[1] About fifty-seven dollars.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

[399 B.C.]

BY PLATO

[SOCRATES, the famous Greek philosopher, aroused much enmity against himself by his opinions and his freedom in expressing them. In 399 B.C. he was accused of injuring the young by preaching new gods, and was condemned to drink poison. At his death, his disciples were around him. Among them was Plato, the writer of this account, afterwards even more famous than his master. Socrates has been giving his reasons for believing in the immortality of the soul.

The Editor.]

ON account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul who during this life has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge; and who, having adorned his soul not with a foreign, but its own proper ornament, temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. "You, then," he continued, "Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body."

When he had thus spoken, Crito said, "So be it, Socrates; but what commands have you to give to these or to me, either respecting your children or any other matter, in attending to which we can most oblige you?"

"What I always say, Crito," he replied, "nothing new; that by taking care of yourselves you will oblige both me and mine, and yourselves, whatever you do, though you should not now promise it; but if you neglect yourselves and will not live, as it were in the footsteps of what has been now and formerly said, even though you should promise much at present, and that earnestly, you will do no good at all."

"We will endeavor then so to do," he said; "but how shall we bury you?"

"Just as you please," he said, "if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." And at the same time smiling gently and looking round on us he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, and who methodizes each part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I some time ago argued at length, that when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed, this I seem to have urged to him in vain, though I meant at the same time to console both you and myself. Be ye then my sureties to Crito," he said, "in an obligation contrary to that which he made to the judges; for he undertook that I should remain; but do you be sureties that, when I die, I shall not remain, but shall depart, that Crito may more easily bear it, and when he sees my body either

burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured," he said, "most excellent Crito, that to speak improperly is not only culpable as to the thing itself, but likewise occasions some injury to our souls. You must have a good courage then, and say that you bury my body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you and as you think most agreeable to our laws."

When he had said thus he rose and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said, and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our life as orphans.

When he had bathed and his children were brought to him, for he had two little sons and one grown up, and the women belonging to his family were come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us. And it was now near sunset; for he spent a considerable time within. But when he came from bathing, he sat down and did not speak much afterwards; then the officer of the Eleven came in, and standing near him said, "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me and curse me, when by order of the archons I bid them drink the poison. But you on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the

most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place; and therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavor to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

And Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou, too, farewell; we will do as you direct." At the same time turning to us he said, "How courteous the man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountain and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely. Do not hasten, then, for there is yet time."

Upon this, Socrates replied, "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing: and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself in being so fond of life and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go then," he said, "obey, and do not resist."

Crito having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood

near. And the boy, having gone out and stayed for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, Echecrates, neither trembling nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods that my departure hence thither may be happy; which therefore I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this, he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping, but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of

every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I, indeed, for this reason chiefly sent away the women that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this, we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, lay down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs; and then having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it: he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he shewed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself and said that when the poison reached his heart, he should then depart. But now the parts around the lower belly were almost cold; when uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have anything else to say."

To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes.

This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend, — a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and, moreover, the most wise and just.

V
MACEDONIAN SUPREMACY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE long struggle of the Peloponnesian War drained the states of Greece of both men and wealth, and the way was now open for so bold and shrewd a monarch as Philip of Macedon to conquer the country. The Greeks had been slow to see that he was aiming at their conquest, in spite of the attempts of the orator Demosthenes to warn them of their danger, and when they finally realized his design, it was too late. The forces of the Macedonians and of the Greeks met at Chæronea in Bœotia, and after a terrible battle, Philip was master of Greece.

Philip showed himself the wisest of conquerors. He invited the Grecian states to send representatives to a general congress to be held at Corinth. He formed a union of states with Macedonia at its head. Then, before the Greeks had hardly time to comprehend the fact that they had been conquered and were no longer free, he asked them to aid him in an expedition against their old enemy, Persia. Here was a chance for wealth, conquest, and revenge at once, and all Greece straightway began to prepare for the invasion. The preparations had not been fully completed when Philip was assassinated. He was succeeded by Alexander, afterwards known as the Great. The expedition against Persia was carried out, and Persia fell. Alexander swept on in his victorious course even into India; then returned to Babylon for fresh troops, and there died.

DANGER FROM MACEDONIA

[348 B.C.]

BY DEMOSTHENES

[In the fourth century before Christ, Philip II became King of Macedonia. His ambition was to become also ruler of Greece; but few among the Greeks seemed to realize his aim. The orator Demosthenes was one of those few. He made speech after speech in the vain hope of forcing the Greeks to realize their danger. Philip's power increased rapidly, sometimes by force, oftener by intrigue. At the time when the oration (the "Second Olynthiac") was delivered, from which the following extract is taken, Philip was directing his strength against Olynthus, in Thrace. In this oration, Demosthenes tries by every means in his power to induce the Athenians to carry out their resolution to aid the Olynthians in their resistance to the Macedonians.

The Editor.]

And be not ignorant of this, Athenians, that a decree is of no significance unless attended with resolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themselves sufficient to engage you to perform your duty — could they even execute the things which they enact, so many would not have been made to so little or rather to no good purpose; nor would the insolence of Philip have had so long a date: for if decrees can punish, he has long since felt all their fury. But they have no such power; for though proposing and resolving be first in order, yet in force and efficacy action is superior. Let this, then, be your principal concern; the others you cannot want, for you have men among you capable of advising, and you

are of all people most acute in apprehending. Now let your interest direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting.

What season, indeed, what opportunity, do you wait for more favorable than the present? or when will you exert your vigor if not now, my countrymen? Has not this man seized all those places that were ours? Should he become master of this country too, must we not sink into the lowest state of infamy? Are not they whom we have promised to assist, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacked themselves? Is he not our enemy? Is he not in possession of our dominions? Is he not a barbarian? Is he not every base thing words can express? If we are insensible to all this, if we almost aid his designs — heavens! can we then ask to whom the consequences are owing? Yes, I know full well we never will impute them to ourselves. Just as, in the dangers of the field, not one of those who fly will accuse himself; he will rather blame the general or his fellow-soldiers; yet every single man that fled was accessory to the defeat. He who blames others might have maintained his own post; and had every man maintained his, success must have ensued. Thus, then, in the present case, is there a man whose counsel seems liable to objection? Let the next rise, and not inveigh against him, but declare his own opinion. Does another offer some more salutary counsel? Pursue it, in the name of heaven! "But then it is not pleasing." This is not the fault of the speaker, unless in that he has neglected to express his affection in prayers and wishes. To pray is easy, Athenians; and in one petition may be collected as many instances of good fortune as we please. To determine justly, when

affairs are to be considered, is not so easy. But what is most useful should ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, when both cannot be obtained.

[The orator contrasts the patriotism of their ancestors with the present lack of devotion to the state, and urges his fellow-countrymen to arouse themselves and save their country.]

But if you will at length be prevailed on to change your conduct; if you will take the field and act worthy of Athenians; if these redundant sums which you receive at home be applied to the advancement of your affairs abroad; perhaps, my countrymen, perhaps some instance of consummate good fortune may attend you, and you may become so happy as to despise those pittances, which are like the morsels a physician allows his patient; for these do not restore his vigor, but just keep him from dying. So, your distributions cannot serve any valuable purpose, but are just sufficient to divert your attention from all other things, and thus increase the indolence of every one among you.

But I shall be asked, What then, is it your opinion that these sums should pay our army? And, besides this, that the state should be regulated in such a manner that every one may have his share of public business, and approve himself a useful citizen, on what occasion soever his aid may be required? Is it in his power to live in peace? He will live here with greater dignity, while these supplies prevent him from being tempted by indulgence to anything dishonorable. Is he called forth by an emergency like the present? Let him discharge that sacred duty which he owes to his country,

by applying those sums to his support on the field. Is there a man among you past the age of service? Let him, by inspecting and conducting the public business, regularly merit his share of the distributions which he now receives without any duty enjoined or any return made to the community. And thus, with scarcely any alteration, either of abolishing or innovating, all irregularities are removed, and the state completely settled, by appointing one general regulation, which shall entitle our citizens to receive, and at the same time oblige them to take arms, to administer justice, to act in all cases as their time of life and our affairs require. But it never has nor could it have been moved by me that the rewards of the diligent and active should be bestowed on the useless citizen; or that you should sit here, supine, languid, and irresolute, listening to the exploits of some general's foreign troops, — for thus it is at present. Not that I would reflect on him that serves you, in any instance. But you yourselves, Athenians, should perform those services for which you heap honors on others, and not recede from that illustrious rank of virtue, the price of all the glorious toils of your ancestors, and by them bequeathed to you.

Thus have I laid before you the chief points in which I think you interested. It is your part to embrace that opinion which the welfare of the state in general, and that of every single member, recommends to your acceptance.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT[1]

[356–323 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

ALEXANDER was but twenty years old when his father was murdered, and succeeded to a kingdom beset on all sides with great dangers and rancorous enemies. For not only the barbarous nations that bordered on Macedonia were impatient of being governed by any but their own native princes; but Philip likewise, though he had been victorious over the Grecians, yet, as the time had not been sufficient for him to complete his conquest and accustom them to his sway, had simply left all things in a general disorder and confusion. It seemed to the Macedonians a very critical time; and some would have persuaded Alexander to give up all thought of retaining the Grecians in subjection by force of arms, and rather to apply himself to win back by gentle means the allegiance of the tribes who were designing revolt, and try the effect of indulgence in arresting the first motions towards revolution. But he rejected this counsel as weak and timorous, and looked upon it to be more prudent to secure himself by resolution and magnanimity, than, by seeming to truckle to any, to encourage all to trample on him. In pursuit of this opinion, he reduced the barbarians to tranquillity, and put an end to all fear of war from them, by a rapid expedition into

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

their country as far as the river Danube, where he gave Syrmus, King of the Triballians, an entire overthrow. And hearing the Thebans were in revolt, and the Athenians in correspondence with them, he immediately marched through the pass of Thermopylæ, saying that to Demosthenes, who had called him a child while he was in Illyria and in the country of the Triballians, and a youth when he was in Thessaly, he would appear a man before the walls of Athens.

When he came to Thebes, to show how willing he was to accept of their repentance for what was past, he only demanded of them Phœnix and Prothytes, the authors of the rebellion, and proclaimed a general pardon to those who would come over to him. But when the Thebans merely retorted by demanding Philotas and Antipater to be delivered into their hands, and by a proclamation on their part invited all who would assert the liberty of Greece to come over to them, he presently applied himself to make them feel the last extremities of war. The Thebans, indeed, defended themselves with a zeal and courage beyond their strength, being much outnumbered by their enemies. But when the Macedonian garrison sallied out upon them from the citadel, they were so hemmed in on all sides that the greater part of them fell in the battle; the city itself being taken by storm, was sacked and razed, Alexander's hope being that so severe an example might terrify the rest of Greece into obedience, and also in order to gratify the hostility of his confederates, the Phocians and Platæans. So that, except the priests, and some few who had heretofore been the friends and connections of the Macedonians, the family of the poet Pindar, and those who

were known to have opposed the public vote for the war, all the rest, to the number of thirty thousand, were publicly sold for slaves; and it is computed that upwards of six thousand were put to the sword. Among the other calamities that befell the city, it happened that some Thracian soldiers having broken into the house of a matron of high character and repute, named Timoclea, their captain asked her if she knew of any money concealed; to which she readily answered she did, and bade him follow her into the garden, where she showed him a well, into which, she told him, upon the taking of the city she had thrown what she had of most value. The greedy Thracian presently stooping down to view the place where he thought the treasure lay, she came behind him, and pushed him into the well, and then flung great stones in upon him, till she had killed him. After which, when the soldiers led her away bound to Alexander, her very mien and gait showed her to be a woman of dignity, and of a mind no less elevated, not betraying the least sign of fear or astonishment. And when the king asked her who she was, "I am," said she, "the sister of Theagenes, who fought the battle of Chæronea with your father Philip, and fell there in command for the liberty of Greece." Alexander was so surprised, both at what she had done, and what she said, that he could not choose but give her and her children their freedom to go whither they pleased.

After this he received the Athenians into favor, although they had shown themselves so much concerned at the calamity of Thebes that out of sorrow they omitted the celebration of the Mysteries, and entertained those who escaped with all possible humanity. Whether

it were, like the lion, that his passion was now satisfied, or that after an example of extreme cruelty he had a mind to appear merciful, it happened well for the Athenians; for he not only forgave them all past offences, but bade them to look to their affairs with vigilance, remembering that if he should miscarry, they were likely to be the arbiters of Greece. Certain it is, too, that in after-time he often repented of his severity to the Thebans, and his remorse had such influence on his temper as to make him ever after less rigorous to all others. He imputed also the murder of Clitus, which he committed in his wine, and the unwillingness of the Macedonians to follow him against the Indians, by which his enterprise and glory was left imperfect, to the wrath and vengeance of Bacchus, the protector of Thebes. And it was observed that whatsoever any Theban, who had the good fortune to survive this victory, asked of him, he was sure to grant without the least difficulty.

Soon after, the Grecians, being assembled at the Isthmus, declared their resolution of joining with Alexander in the war against the Persians, and proclaimed him their general. While he stayed here, many public ministers and philosophers came from all parts to visit him, and congratulated him on his election, but contrary to his expectation, Diogenes of Sinope, who then was living at Corinth, thought so little of him, that instead of coming to compliment him, he never so much as stirred out of the suburb called the Cranium, where Alexander found him lying along in the sun. When he saw so much company near him, he raised himself a little, and vouchsafed to look upon Alexander; and when he kindly asked him whether he wanted any thing, "Yes," said he, "I

would have you stand from between me and the sun." Alexander was so struck at this answer, and surprised at the greatness of the man, who had taken so little notice of him, that as he went away, he told his followers who were laughing at the moroseness of the philosopher, that if he were not Alexander, he would choose to be Diogenes.

Then he went to Delphi, to consult Apollo concerning the success of the war he had undertaken, and happening to come on one of the forbidden days, when it was esteemed improper to give any answers from the oracle, he sent messengers to desire the priestess to do her office; and when she refused, on the plea of a law to the contrary, he went up himself, and began to draw her by force into the temple, until tired and overcome with his importunity, "My son," she said, "thou art invincible." Alexander, taking hold of what she spoke, declared he had received such an answer as he wished for, and that it was needless to consult the god any further.

IN THE STUDIO OF APELLES

[4th century B.C.]

BY HENRY GREENOUGH

[THE work of the Greek artist Apelles was so admired by Alexander that it is said he refused to allow any one else to paint his portrait. Even when he went to Asia, he carried Apelles with him, that the most thrilling occurrences of the campaign might be immortalized by the brush of the painter.

The Editor.]

THE small studio mentioned in our brief description of Apelles's house, having a steady northern light, was appropriated by him to the study of careful outline drawing and effects of light and shade. As it was a maxim with him "never to pass a day without drawing," he invariably began the day by devoting an hour or two to this important exercise. A later hour found him in a larger apartment, with a southern exposure, whose warm and genial light he fancied gave increased power and brilliancy to his coloring.

In this studio, his painting-room, he was seated one morning contemplating a full-length portrait of Alexander, celebrated in after ages under the title of "The Thunderer." In this picture he had represented his royal patron in the character of Jupiter Tonans. Against a background of ethereal azure, a godlike form was seated in naked majesty upon a cloud, his right hand raised in the act of hurling a glittering thunderbolt, while the royal bird of Jove cowered in terror at his feet. The

dignity of the attitude was heightened by the expression of the countenance and a dazzling brilliancy of color, which filled the eye of the beholder with veneration and awe. The painter, who had put the last finishing touch to his picture, smiled upon it, and internally pronounced it his best work. Euphorus and Xylon, who had been admitted to view it, stood silently before it in speechless admiration.

Euphorus was the first to speak. "I cannot conceive by what magical effect of coloring the right hand is made to stand out in such bold relief from the panel. That hand and arm are glowing with the light of the thunderbolt; and yet the face of the god, which is much farther back, preserves the local color of flesh as fully as if it were painted in the foreground! Although the tone of coloring is much lower than that of the hand, I see the rich mantling of the cheeks and lips heightening the fairness of an exquisite complexion."

Apelles looked pleased. "I am glad that you have noticed this peculiar effect, for I flattered myself that I had been happy in my attempts to produce it. In painting the face, I was obliged to use all my tints of the deepest and richest tone, and their brilliancy arises from a careful study to keep them pure in juxtaposition with one another, instead of blending them together. The harmony which painters generally effect by blending their coloring was in this case produced by a slight coat of glazing. I consider it my most successful effort. May the gods grant that it may be many years before men shall know the form and features of the king only through this portrait. The life of a warrior," he continued with a sigh, "is always uncertain. And I shudder to reflect that

all his important victories have been gained chiefly by his impetuous courage and reckless exposure of his own life."

A slave here entered and announced that the king awaited Apelles in the front reception room.

"Long life to Alexander!" and "Health to Apelles!" were the salutations as the two friends clasped right hands.

The youthful monarch was now in the flower of manly beauty. A truly majestic bearing gave additional grace to an exquisitely moulded figure, and to the expression of faultless features. Over a tunic of white Milesian wool reaching to his knees was thrown a scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold; his sword, belt, and sandal lacings sparkled with jewels. On his head he wore a golden helmet of choicest workmanship, the crest of which was a dragon in whose mouth an enormous diamond, reflecting the prismatic rays of light, shone like a trembling star over the head of a demi-god. Although only twenty-one years of age, and in the first year of his reign, he had for five years been inured to the vicissitudes of the camp and the dangers of the battle-field. At the age of sixteen, he had by his personal bravery won for his father Philip the battle of Cheroneia, which decided the destinies of Greece.

"My friend," said Alexander, motioning to the painter to take a seat beside him, "in a day or two I propose to send an embassy to Athens, and the object of my visit this morning is to inquire whether you are willing to join it."

"The king has only to command, even my life," replied the loyal subject.

"Thanks, gentle Apelles, your life is too dear to me to

be placed in any danger. Your mission is one of peace. Not that I mean to impose on you the uncongenial task of diplomacy, but by joining the train of the embassy you can render me several important services.

"You are aware that during this first year of my reign my throne has not been a bed of roses. On the death of my father Philip, the confederate states of Greece threw off the Macedonian supremacy, while the barbarians of the north threatened my dominions. Prompt measures were required. Thebes, which had been most active in the revolt, readily submitted and sued for pardon when I, by a rapid march, appeared before her gates. The other states followed her example, with the exception of Lacedæmonia; and at an assembly held at Corinth I was elected to command an expedition against Persia, as formally as my father had previously been. Returning home I made preparations for my northern expedition. An army of thirty thousand warriors is ready to march. In the mean time rumors of renewed rebellious movements at Thebes and Athens daily come to my ears. Demosthenes, Hypereides, and other Athenian orators vie with each other in denouncing me, and falsely accuse me of having broken my faith pledged in solemn treaty. Darius is sending large sums of money to the Athenians and must be counteracted. My ambassadors will offer conditions, accompanied by threats in case of refusal, which make me confident of their acceptance. Thus I shall be able to put my plans in operation at once.

"The ostensible object of your mission is to purchase pictures, statues, and books, to enrich my collection here. My friend and former instructor, Aristotle, has, after

an interval of seven years, resumed his lectures at Athens. I have other friends there who form a strong party in my favor. They must be increased! Among my opponents are many needy men who are influenced only by what they think their interest; they must be bought!

"This, however, forms no part of your commission. I know the Athenian character well enough to be sure that an artist of your eminence will be everywhere well received; and I trust to the devotion of your friendship to keep alive among the most cultivated Athenians a sentiment favorable to my cause. We have had many conversations together, and you understand my sentiments and policy, which are studiously misrepresented at Athens."

This proposition, so flattering to the artist, was the result of Alexander's high appreciation of his friend's social and intellectual qualities. He reflected that so illustrious a person as Apelles, a man of elegant and insinuating manners, would be welcomed with rapture in the clubs and the refined society of Athens; the best houses would be thrown open at his approach; he would be invited to every fashionable and literary symposium; and the part he would take in the artistic, scientific, political, and philosophical discussions, considering his well-known intimacy with the youthful monarch, could not fail to hold in check whatever tendencies there might be among the more cultivated Athenians to make an attempt to assert the supremacy of the Demos.

Apelles expressed his sense of the honor which his royal master had conferred upon him, and his pleasure in embracing an opportunity of visiting Athens and

executing so congenial a commission as the purchase of works of art.

"I have much to say," resumed Alexander, "which must be deferred until dinner-time, when I hope for the pleasure of your company at the palace. I am momently expecting the arrival of some friends who are desirous of seeing your works. How comes on 'The Thunderer'?"

"It is just completed, and I was on the point of requesting the honor of showing it to you. I will order my pupils to be in attendance; I may require their services."

In compliance with the request of their master, the two pupils were standing on either side of the open door of Apelles's painting-room, as Alexander, followed by a train of courtiers, approached. In the pale and nervous features of one, a careful observer would have recognized the timid, shrinking, and snail-like disposition of Xylon; while the sparkling eye and animated expression of his companion indicated the buoyant and excitable temperament of Euphorus. As Alexander, walking with Apelles, conversed with him in a low and confidential tone, the others followed at a respectful distance. The slowness of their ceremonious entrance enabled Euphorus to overhear the remarks of a voluble speaker, who was one of the last to enter.

"What is the name of this Phœnix of painters?" asked he, in a slow, distinct, but drawling tone.

"Apelles."

"Mine ears have been sadly bored of late by a constant repetition of monotonous syllables. On my way to this capital, I heard of nothing but 'Pella! Pella!' The very frogs of the marshes through which the Lydias

flows croaked 'Pella! Pella!' 'What lake is that?' asked I of my guide; he answered, 'The lake of Pella.' 'And those baths, undoubtedly, are fed by a perennial spring. What is its name?' 'The Spring of Pella.' And now you tell me that your great painter is Apelles, Apelles!"

"Who is that contemptible fop?" asked Xylon of Euphorus. The two pupils were standing near the door, while the ceremony of presenting his friends individually to Apelles was performed by Alexander.

"It is Philetærus, nicknamed 'The Peacock.' He is an ambassador to this court from Sybaris, a city renowned above all others for the luxury of its inhabitants. He appears to be a fair specimen of his effeminate countrymen. He laments the parsimony of those who administer public affairs, and boasts that his entire salary only pays the wages of his cook, the rest of his expenses being defrayed out of his private fortune. At last their ceremonies are ended. What a noble presence and bearing distinguishes the king! He has, as you know, a slight but not ungraceful inclination of the head towards the right. His courtiers, in the emulation of their flattery, seem unable to caricature sufficiently this peculiarity. Behold them now arrayed in a long line, with their necks awry to such a degree that I can think of nothing but a row of chickens upon a roost, all afflicted with the pip. Philetærus has just given his neck an extra wring, which seems to indicate that his last minute has arrived."

"Peace, Euphorus; your loud conversation will be overheard!" said Xylon cautiously.

Apelles here motioned to his pupils to assist him in moving the picture into a favorable light. As soon as it was adjusted, a unanimous exclamation of "Bravo!"

was followed by a few moments of silent admiration. Each one discovered some striking excellence, which he commented upon in terms equally complimentary to the artist and the sitter. Philetærus, who piqued himself upon the possession of a most refined and exquisite taste, was the only one who ventured to offer a criticism. "I know nothing of art," said he with affected modesty, "but, with the permission of the renowned Apelles, will venture a suggestion for his consideration. I admire, with all of you, the wonderful power and brilliancy of the right hand holding the thunderbolt, but cannot but regret that it is effected by the entire sacrifice of a more important feature, namely, the face, which is represented as less fair, nay, dark and swarthy, in comparison with that of the original. Observe," continued he, placing his own small and delicately formed hand before the picture, "what a contrast! — and yet, my complexion is much darker than that of the king."

"Pardon me," said Apelles, smiling, "that is hardly a fair test. The different parts of a picture should be compared with one another, not with sensible and tangible objects. It is like expecting a poet, who describes a flower, to create its perfume by the mere use of words."

"This indisputable defect," resumed the critic, "offends my taste, however, less than the posture of the figure. The introduction of a downy velvet cushion would have added richness of color, and have given a certain air of ease and regal state which I find wanting. The sight of a naked figure, seated upon a cold, damp cloud, sends a shuddering through my whole nervous system like that of an ague; my teeth actually chatter."

During the latter part of this speech, he slowly re-

ceded, step by step, towards a chair, in order to repose after the delivery of this elaborate specimen of Sybarite refinement. Observing his motions, Euphorus, who was holding a palette richly laden with an assortment of fresh colors, slyly and unobserved by all, placed it upon the seat of the chair, into which the ambassador sank with an air of exhaustion.

Mistaking the smile of contempt visible on the countenances of his hearers for one of applause, he continued: "In my travels, I have seen many exquisite specimens of the noble art of painting, but none which affected my imagination so powerfully as one by Zeuxis, representing Dirce bound to a savage bull. The composition, drawing, and coloring were all faultless; but the most striking feature of the picture, which riveted the eye of the beholder, was the tail of the animal, which was painted in such a masterly manner that it actually protruded two cubits from the plane of the picture. Ye gods, such a triumph of art! such a brilliant effect of coloring!"

Here he rose and stalked up and down the room like an actor on the stage after the delivery of a fervent burst of eloquence. The sight of his robe, besmeared with all the colors of the rainbow, caused a universal shout of laughter.

Philetærus paused and looked around with an expression of inquiring amazement.

"My friend," said Alexander, scarcely able to speak articulately, "hadst thou been seated upon a cloud, it had been far easier to have wrung the folds of thy garments free from moisture than to remove the rich effect of coloring which now adorns thy person."

The heart of Philetærus failed him when, to his consternation, he learned the cause of their merriment; but he was too thoroughly drilled in the art of self-possession to betray his emotion. "Look you, my friends," said he, exhibiting the woful plight of his raiment, "see what magical changes can be effected in a moment! This tunic cost me fifty talents, and I will now sell it for as many drachmas."

"Nay," said Apelles, "the damage is less serious than you imagine. These are only water colors. Euphorus shall conduct you into the next room, where a slave, who is expert in the business, shall restore your robe to its primitive whiteness."

"Why is it, my Apelles," asked Alexander, as the figure of the crestfallen ambassador vanished through the open doorway, "that when an ignorantly presumptuous person ventures to express his opinion in matters of art, he always prefaces his remarks by a declaration that he has no knowledge of the subject? Surely, this should be a strong inducement for him to keep silence."

"I think that an inordinate self-conceit leads him to arrogate to himself a natural and instinctive acumen superior to the knowledge of those who have made a study of art."

Alexander, turning sharply round towards Euphorus, who had just returned, fixed upon him a serious and steady look. "Tell me, youth, was it an accident which befell our ambassador, or had you a hand in contriving it?"

Euphorus colored slightly, but without hesitation replied, "I will not add to my indiscretion, O king, the crime of falsehood. I placed the palette on the seat purposely."

"And wherefore?" asked Alexander.

"I was irritated by his impertinent criticism of the best parts of my master's work. The thought of making him appear ridiculous was the impulse of a moment, which made me forget what was due to your royal presence."

Alexander smiled graciously, and, drawing from his finger a ruby ring, made with it a gesture of sealing the lips of all present, and presented it to Euphorus, with a purse of gold.

"Not a syllable of this to Philetærus. Take these as a reward, first, for impulsive courage; and, secondly, for your frank and manly confession. From this specimen of your truth I would trust you with untold gold."

Euphorus silently bowed a graceful acknowledgment of the unexpected honor, and retired to the side of the astonished Xylon, who had anticipated a very different catastrophe.

After an absence of a few minutes, Philetærus returned with a radiant countenance and a spotless garment. Alexander, charging Apelles to be punctual at dinner, added in a whisper, "You must take the youth Euphorus with you to Athens; he is a boy after my own heart; his company will amuse you, and in case of any emergency, I am sure he will not lack presence of mind or courage." He then departed, evidently in the best of humors, towards his home, escorted by his companions.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

BY KARL VON PILOTY

(*German artist*, 1826–1886)

ALEXANDER became King of Macedonia at the age of twenty years. He promptly subdued the revolting Thracians, put down a rebellion in Greece, and then, with 35,000 men, set out to cross the Hellespont and conquer Asia. Soon Asia Minor and Egypt lay at his feet. He founded Alexandria, and then marched boldly forward and overcame the mighty Darius of Persia. Next, Afghanistan and Baluchistan were overcome. He pushed on into India, making conquests and founding cities as he went, and defeated King Porus with his two hundred war-elephants. He was not at all weary of success, but his soldiers would go no farther and he returned to Persia, to plan new victories. But fever seized upon him. When death was at hand, his veteran soldiers demanded to see him, and were permitted to pass his couch. Alexander could not speak, but with a motion of his hand bade each soldier a last farewell. The question "To whom do you leave your kingdom," was asked him. "To the strongest," he answered. These were his last words.

As a man, Alexander was warm-hearted and chivalrous, a lover of good conversation, and fond of surrounding himself with learned men. His physical strength and personal courage were unusual, and the devotion that he inspired among his soldiers was largely due to his readiness to share their hardships and lead them in person whenever danger was greatest. As a soldier and statesman, Alexander stands with Cæsar and Napoleon. He led his army through 22,000 miles of strange and hostile country, subdued the most powerful nations, winning every battle that he fought, and in eleven years completed the conquest of almost the entire world then known. His conquests left traces that endured for centuries, his campaigns served as models for future military operations, and the splendor of his achievements awed the most remote and barbarous nations of Europe and Asia.

VI
FROM THE ROMAN CONQUEST TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the death of Alexander, his conquests were divided; but a new power was arising in the West, and in 146 B.C. Greece became a part of the Roman Empire. In 1453, soon after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, Greece fell into their hands. Many of the islands at that period were held by the Venetians; but by 1718, both mainland and islands were ruled by Turkey. The old spirit of the Greeks was not entirely dead, however, and a century later, they rebelled against their rulers. The savage punishments inflicted by the Turks and the thrilling poems of Byron aroused the attention of Europe. England, France, and Russia interfered, and in 1830 Greece was declared independent. The National Assembly proved unable to rule, and a king was chosen by the European Powers. In 1897, Greece declared war against Turkey, but was overwhelmingly defeated and forced to pay an indemnity. In 1912, she joined the Balkan League, hoping to avenge her former defeat by aiding in the overthrow of Turkish power in Europe.

THE SALE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

[Second century A.D.]

BY LUCIAN

[ST. PAUL says that the chief occupation of the Athenians was "to tell or to hear some new thing"; and most certainly the "passion for talk" dominated the citizens of Athens, and an audience was always ready to listen to any speaker who would present some ingenious argument. These so-called philosophers found the worship of the gods an attractive subject for their attacks. In the following skit the gods are represented as appearing in person to avenge themselves upon the various philosophical systems at one blow.

The Editor.]

Scene, a Slave-mart; JUPITER, MERCURY, PHILOSOPHERS *in the garb of slaves for sale; audience of Buyers.*

Jupiter. Now, you arrange the benches, and get the place ready for the company. You bring out the goods, and set them in a row; but trim them up a little first, and make them look their best, to attract as many customers as possible. You, Mercury, must put up the lots, and bid all comers welcome to the sale. — Gentlemen, we are here going to offer you philosophical systems of all kinds, and of the most varied and ingenious description. If any gentleman happens to be short of ready money, he can give his security for the amount, and pay next year.

Mercury (*to Jupiter*). There are a great many come; so we had best begin at once, and not keep them waiting.

Jup. Begin the sale, then.

Merc. Whom shall we put up first?

Jup. This fellow with the long hair, — the Ionian. He's rather an imposing personage.

Merc. You, Pythagoras! step out, and show yourself to the company.

Jup. Put him up.

Merc. Gentleman, we here offer you a professor of the very best and most select description — who buys? Who wants to be a cut above the rest of the world? Who wants to understand the harmonies of the universe? and to live two lives?[1]

Customer (*turning the Philosopher round and examining him*). He's not bad to look at. What does he know best?

Merc. Arithmetic, astronomy, prognostics, geometry, music, and conjuring — you've a first-rate soothsayer before you.

Cust. May one ask him a few questions?

[1] Mr. Grote, in the introductory chapter of his Plato, thus sketches the Pythagorean doctrine of "The Music of the Spheres." "The revolutions of such grand bodies [the Sun and Planets] could not take place, in the opinion of the Pythagoreans, without producing a loud and powerful sound; and as their distances from the central fire were supposed to be arranged in musical ratios, so the result of all these separate sounds was full and perfect harmony. To the objection — Why were not these sounds heard by us? — they replied, that we had heard them constantly and without intermission from the hour of our birth; hence they had become imperceptible by habit."

The "two lives" is of course an allusion to Pythagoras's notion of the transmigration of souls. It is said of him that he professed to be conscious of having been formerly Euphorbus, one of the chiefs present at the siege of Troy, and of having subsequently borne other shapes. There is also a story of his having interfered on behalf of a dog which was being beaten, declaring that in its cries he recognized "the voice of a departed friend."

Merc. Certainly — (*aside*) and much good may the answers do you.

Cust. What country do you come from?

Pythagoras. Samos.

Cust. Where were you educated?

Pyth. In Egypt, among the wise men there.

Cust. Suppose I buy you, now — what will you teach me?

Pyth. I will teach you nothing — only recall things to your memory.[1]

Cust. How will you do that?

Pyth. First, I will clean out your mind, and wash out all the rubbish.

Cust. Well, suppose that done, how do you proceed to refresh the memory?

Pyth. First, by long repose, and silence — speaking no word for five whole years.[2]

Cust. Why, look ye, my good fellow, you'd best go teach the dumb son of Crœsus! I want to talk, and not be a dummy. Well, — but after this silence and these five years?

Pyth. You shall learn music and geometry.

Cust. A queer idea, that one must be a fiddler before one can be a wise man!

Pyth. Then you shall learn the science of numbers.

Cust. Thank you, but I know how to count already.

Pyth. How do you count?

[1] That "all knowledge is but recollection" is an assertion attributed both to Pythagoras and Plato.

[2] The injunction of a period of silence upon neophytes (the "five years" is most likely an exaggeration) was plainly meant as a check upon their presuming to teach before they had matured their knowledge.

Cust. One, two, three, four —

Pyth. Ha! what you call four is ten, and the perfect triangle, and the great oath by which we swear.[1]

Cust. Now, so help me the great Ten and Four, I never heard more divine or more wonderful words!

Pyth. And afterwards, stranger, you shall learn about Earth, and Air, and Water, and Fire, — what is their action, and what their form, and what their motion.

Cust. What! have Fire, Air, or Water bodily shape?

Pyth. Surely, they have; else, without form and shape how could they move? — Besides, you shall learn that the Deity consists in Number, Mind, and Harmony.

Cust. What you say is really wonderful!

Pyth. Besides what I have just told you, you shall understand that you yourself, who seem to be one individual, are really somebody else.

Cust. What! do you mean to say I'm somebody else, and not myself, now talking to you?

Pyth. Just at this moment you are; but once upon a time you appeared in another body, and under another name; and hereafter you will pass again into another shape still.

[After a little more discussion of this philosopher's tenets, he is purchased on behalf of a company of professors from Magna Grecia, for ten minæ.[2] The next lot is Diogenes, the Cynic.]

Merc. Who'll you have next? That dirty fellow from Pontus?

[1] Ten being the sum of 1, 2, 3, 4. Number, in the system of Pythagoras, was the fundamental principle of all things: in the Monad — Unity — he recognized the Deity.

[2] A mina is equal to about eighteen dollars.

Jup. Aye — he'll do.

Merc. Here! you with the wallet on your back, — you round-shouldered fellow! come out, and walk round the ring. — A grand character, here, gentlemen; a most extraordinary and remarkable character, I may say; a really free man here I have to offer you — who'll buy?

Cust. How say you, Mr. Salesman? Sell a free citizen?

Merc. Oh yes.

Cust. Are you not afraid he may bring you before the court of Areopagus for kidnapping?

Merc. Oh, he does n't mind about being sold; he says he's free wherever he goes or whatever becomes of him.

Cust. But what could one do with such a dirty, wretched-looking body — unless one were to make a ditcher or a water-carrier of him?

Merc. Well, or if you employ him as door-porter, you'll find him more trustworthy than any dog. In fact, "Dog" is his name.

Cust. Where does he come from, and what does he profess?

Merc. Ask him — that will be most satisfactory.

Cust. I'm afraid of him, he looks so savage and sulky; perhaps he'll bark if I go near him, or even bite me, I should n't wonder. Don't you see how he handles his club, and knits his brows, and looks threatening and angry?

Merc. Oh, there's no fear — he's quite tame.

Cust. (*approaching Diogenes cautiously*). First, my good fellow, of what country are you?

Diogenes (*surlily*). All countries.

Cust. How can that be?

Diog. I'm a citizen of the world.

Cust. What master do you profess to follow?

Diog. Hercules.

Cust. Why don't you adopt the lion's hide, then? I see you have the club.

Diog. Here's my lion's hide, — this old cloak. Like Hercules, I wage war against pleasure; but not under orders, as he did, but of my own free will. My choice is to cleanse human life.

Cust. A very good choice, too. But what do you profess to know best? or of what art are you master?

Diog. I am the liberator of mankind, the physician of the passions; in short, I claim to be the prophet of truth and liberty.

Cust. Come now, Sir Prophet, suppose I buy you, after what fashion will you instruct me?

Diog. I shall first take and strip you of all your luxury, confine you to poverty, and put an old garment on you; then I shall make you work hard, and lie on the ground, and drink water only, and fill your belly with whatever comes first; your money, if you have any, at my bidding you must take and throw into the sea; and you must care for neither wife nor children, nor country; and hold all things vanity; and leave your father's house and sleep in an empty tomb, or a ruined tower, — ay, or in a tub: and have your wallet filled with lentils, and parchments close-written on both sides. And in this state you shall profess yourself happier than the King of the East. And if any man beats you, or tortures you, this you shall hold to be not painful at all.

Cust. How! do you mean to say I shall not feel pain

when I'm beaten? Do you think I've the shell of a crab or a tortoise, man?

Diog. You can quote that line of Euripides, you know, — slightly altered.

Cust. And what's that, pray?

Diog.

"Thy mind shall feel pain, but thy tongue confess none."[1]

But the qualifications you will most require are these: you must be unscrupulous, and brazen-faced, and ready to revile prince and peasant alike; so shall men take notice of you, and hold you for a brave man. Moreover, let your speech be rough, and your voice harsh, and in fact like a dog's growl; and your countenance rigid, and your gait corresponding to it, and your manner generally brute-like and savage. All modesty and gentleness and moderation put far from you; the faculty of blushing you must eradicate utterly. Seek the most crowded haunts of men; but when there, keep solitary, and hold converse with none; address neither friend nor stranger, for that would be the ruin of your empire. Do in sight of all what others are almost ashamed to do alone. At the last, if you choose, choke yourself with a raw polypus, or an onion.[2] And this happy consummation I devoutly wish you.

Cust. (*recovering from some astonishment*). Get out with you! what abominable and unnatural principles!

Diog. But very easy to carry out, mind you, and not

[1] This unfortunate quibble of Euripides, which he puts into the mouth of Hippolytus in his play (*Hipp.* 612) as a defense of perjury, —

"My tongue hath sworn it — but my thought was free" —

was a never-failing subject of parody to his critics and satirists.

[2] The first mode of suicide was said to have been adopted by the philosopher Democritus.

at all difficult to learn. One needs no education, or reading, or such nonsense, for this system; it's the real short cut to reputation. Be you the most ordinary person, — cobbler, sausagemonger, carpenter, pawnbroker, — nothing hinders your being the object of popular admiration, provided only that you've impudence enough, and brass enough, and a happy talent for bad language.

Cust. Well, I don't require your instructions in that line. Possibly, however, you might do for a bargeman or a gardener,[1] at a pinch, if this party has a mind to sell you for a couple of oboli,[2] — I could n't give more.

Merc. (*eagerly*). Take him at your own bidding; we're glad to get rid of him, he is so troublesome, — bawls so, and insults everybody up and down, and uses such very bad language.

Jup. Call out the next — the Cyrenaic there, in purple, with the garland on.

Merc. Now, gentlemen, let me beg your best attention. This next lot is a very valuable one — quite suited to parties in a good position. Here's Pleasure and Perfect Happiness, all for sale! Who'll give me a bidding now, for perpetual luxury and enjoyment?

[*A Cyrenaic, bearing traces of recent debauch, staggers into the ring.*]

Cust. Come forward here, and tell us what you know: I should n't mind buying you, if you've any useful qualities.

Merc. Don't disturb him, sir, if you please, just now — don't ask him any questions. The truth is, he has

[1] For the accomplishments of the bargemen and vine-dressers in the way of bad language we have Horace's testimony (*Sat.* 1, 5 and 7).

[2] About eight cents.

taken a little too much; that's why he does n't answer — his tongue's not quite steady.

Cust. And who in their senses, do you suppose, would buy such a debauched and drunken rascal? Faugh! how he smells of unguents! and look how he staggers and goes from side to side as he walks![1] But tell us, now, Mercury, what qualifications he really has, and what he knows anything about.

Merc. Well, he's very pleasant company — good to drink with, and can sing and dance a little — useful to a master who is a man of pleasure and fond of a gay life. Besides, he is a good cook, and clever in made dishes — and, in short, a complete master of the science of luxury. He was brought up at Athens, and was once in the service of the Tyrants of Sicily, who gave him a very good character. The sum of his principles is to despise everything, to make use of everything, and to extract the greatest amount of pleasure from everything.

Cust. Then you must look out for some other purchaser, among the rich and wealthy here; I can't afford to buy such an expensive indulgence.

Merc. I fear, Jupiter, we shall have this lot left on our hands — he's unsalable.

Jup. Put him aside, and bring out another. Stay, — those two there, that fellow from Abdera who is always laughing, and the Ephesian, who is always crying; I've a mind to sell them as a pair.

Merc. Stand out there in the ring, you two. — We offer you here, sirs, two most admirable characters, the wisest we've had for sale yet.

[1] If this be really meant for Aristippus, the founder of the Cyrenaic philosophy, it is the most unfair presentation of all.

Cust. By Jove, they're a remarkable contrast! Why, one of them never stops laughing, while the other seems to be in trouble about something, for he's in tears all the time. Holloa, you fellow! what's all this about? What are you laughing at?

Democritus. Need you ask? Because everything seems to me so ridiculous — you yourselves included.

Cust. What! do you mean to laugh at us all to our faces, and mock at all we say and do?

Dem. Undoubtedly; there's nothing in life that's serious. Everything is unreal and empty — a mere fortuitous concurrence of indefinite atoms.

Cust. You're an indefinite atom yourself, you rascal! Confound your insolence, won't you stop laughing? But you there, poor soul (*to Heraclitus*), why do you weep so? for there seems more use in talking to you.

Heraclitus. Because, stranger, everything in life seems to me to call for pity and to deserve tears; there is nothing but what is liable to calamity; wherefore I mourn for men, and pity them. The evil of to-day I regard not much: but I mourn for that which is to come hereafter — the burning and destruction of all things. This I grieve for, and that nothing is permanent, but all mingled, as it were, in one bitter cup, — pleasure that is no pleasure, knowledge that knows nothing, greatness that is so little, all going round and round and taking their turn in this game of life.

Cust. What do you hold human life to be, then?

Her. A child at play, handling its toys, and changing them with every caprice.

Cust. And what are men?

Her. Gods — but mortal.

Cust. And the gods?

Her. Men — but immortal.

Cust. You speak in riddles, fellow, and put us off with puzzles. You are as bad as Apollo Loxias, giving oracles that no man can understand.

Her. Yea; I trouble not myself for any of ye.

Cust. Then no man in his senses is like to buy you.

Her. Woe! woe to every man of ye, I say! buyers or not buyers.

Cust. Why, this fellow is pretty near mad! — I'll have naught to do with either of them, for my part.

Merc. (*turning to Jupiter*). We shall have this pair left on our hands too.

Jup. Put up another.

Merc. Will you have that Athenian there, who talks so much?

Jup. Ay — try him.

Merc. Step out, there! — A highly moral character, gentlemen, and very sensible. Who makes me an offer for this truly pious lot?

[The morality which the satirist puts into the mouth of Socrates, in his replies to the interrogatories of his would-be purchaser, is that which was attributed to him — probably quite without foundation — by his enemies. The customer next asks where he lives.]

Socrates. I live in a certain city of mine own building, a new model Republic, and I make laws for myself.[1]

Cust. What is the main feature of your philosophy?

[1] It must be remembered that Plato, in his *Republic*, makes Socrates the expositor of his new polity throughout; he had probably derived at least the leading ideas from him.

Soc. The existence of ideals and patterns of all things in nature. Everything you see — the earth, and all that is on it, the heavens, the sea — of all these there exist invisible ideals, external to this visible universe.

Cust. And pray where are they?

Soc. Nowhere. If they were confined to any place, you see, they could not be at all.

Cust. I never see any of these ideals of yours.

Soc. Of course not: the eyes of your soul are blind. But I can see the ideals of all things. I see an invisible double of yourself, and another self besides myself — in fact, I see everything double.

Cust. Bless me! I must buy you, you are so very clever and sharp-sighted. Come (*turning to Mercury*), what do you ask for him?

Merc. Give us two talents[1] for him.

Cust. I'll take him at your price. I'll pay you another time.

Merc. What's your name?

Cust. Dion, of Syracuse.

Merc. (*makes a note*). Take him, and good luck to you. Now, Epicurus, we want you. Who'll buy this lot? He's a disciple of that laughing fellow, and also of the other drunken party, whom we put up just now. He knows more than either of them, however, on one point —he's more of an infidel. Otherwise, he's a pleasant fellow, and fond of good eating.

Cust. What's his price?

Merc. Two minæ.

Cust. Here's the money. But just tell us what he likes best.

[1] A Greek talent was equal to about eleven hundred dollars.

Merc. Oh, anything sweet — honey-cakes, and figs especially.

Cust. They're easily got; Carian figs are cheap enough.

Jup. Now then, call another — him with the shaven crown there, and gloomy looks — the one we got from the Porch yonder.

Merc. You're right. I fancy a good many of our customers who have come to the sale are waiting to bid for him. — Now I'm going to offer you the most perfect article of all — Virtue personified. Who wants to be the only man who knows everything?

Cust. What do you mean?

Merc. I mean that here you have the only wise man, the only handsome man, the only righteous man, the true and only king, general, orator, legislator, and everything else there is.

Cust. The true and only cook then, I conclude, and cobbler, and carpenter, and so forth?

Merc. I conclude so too.

Cust. Come then, my good fellow — if I'm to purchase you, tell me all about yourself; and first let me ask, with all these wonderful qualifications, are you not mortified at being put up for sale here as a slave?

Chrysippus. Not at all: such things are external to ourselves, and whatever is external to ourselves, it follows must be matters of indifference to us.

[The Stoic proceeds to explain his tenets, in the technical jargon of his school — which his listener declares to be utterly incomprehensible, and on which modern readers would pronounce much the same judgment. His great accomplishment lies, as he himself professes, in the skillful

handling of sophisms — "word-nets," as he calls them — in which he entangles his opponents, stops their mouths, and reduces them to silence. He gives an example of his art, which is a curious specimen of the kind of folly to which the wisdom of the ancients occasionally condescended. A crocodile is supposed to have seized a boy in crossing a river, and promises to restore him to his father if this latter can guess correctly what he intends to do with him. If he guesses that the crocodile means to give him back, he has guessed wrong, because the crocodile's real intention is to eat him. If he guesses that the crocodile means to eat him, why then, if the crocodile gives him back after all, the guess would plainly be proved wrong by the result; so that there seems no chance for the father, guess which he will. The philosopher assures his listener that this is but one out of many choice examples of the sophistical art with which he is prepared to furnish him; and when the other retorts upon him somewhat in his own style, the Stoic threatens to knock him down with an "indemonstrable syllogism," the effect of which, he warns him, will be to plunge him into "eternal doubt, everlasting silence, and distraction of mind." In the end, however, he is purchased by his interrogator for "self and company." The next who is put up for sale is "the Peripatetic," by whom Aristotle is clearly intended. With him the satirist deals briefly and lightly, as though he had some tenderness for that particular school. "You will find him," says the auctioneer, "moderate, upright, consistent in his life — and what makes him yet more valuable is that in him you are really buying *two* men." "How do you make that out?" asks the customer. "Because," explains Mercury, "he appears to be one person outside and another inside; and remember, if you buy him, you must call one '*esoteric*' and the other '*exoteric*.'" With such recommendations, the Peripatetic finds a ready purchaser for the large sum of twenty minæ. Last comes the Sceptic, Pyrrho, who figures, by a slight change of name, as Pyrrhia, a common appellation for a barbarian slave. The intending purchaser asks him a few questions.]

Cust. Tell me, now, what do you know?

Pyrrh. Nothing.

Cust. What do you mean?

Pyrrh. That nothing seems to me certain.

Cust. Are we ourselves nothing?

Pyrrh. Well, that is what I am not sure of.

Cust. Don't you know whether you are anything yourself?

Pyrrh. That is what I am still more in doubt about.

Cust. What a creature of doubts it is! And what are those scales for, pray?

Pyrrh. I weigh arguments in them, and balance them one against another; and then, when I find them precisely equal and of the same weight, why, I find it impossible to tell which of them is true.

Cust. Well, is there anything you can do in any other line of business?

Pyrrh. Anything, except catch a runaway slave.

Cust. And why can't you do that?

Pyrrh. Because, you see, I've no faculty of *apprehension.*[1]

Cust. So I should think — you seem to me quite slow and stupid. And now, what do you consider the main end of knowledge?

Pyrrh. Ignorance — to hear nothing and see nothing.

Cust. You confess yourself blind and deaf then?

Pyrrh. Yea, and void of sense and perception, and in no wise differing from a worm.

Cust. I must buy you. (*To Mercury.*) What shall we say for him?

[1] The pun here happens to be the same in English as in Greek. But the Athenians were fonder of such word-play than we are.

Merc. An Attic mina.

Cust. Here 'tis. Now, fellow, have I bought you or not — tell me?

Pyrrh. Well, it's a doubtful question.

Cust. Not at all — at least I've paid for you.

Pyrrh. I reserve my opinion on that point; it requires consideration.

Cust. Follow me, at all events — that's a servant's duty.

Pyrrh. Are you sure you're stating a fact?

Cust. (*impatiently*). There's the auctioneer, and there's the money, and there are the bystanders to witness.

Pyrrh. Are you sure there are any bystanders?

Cust. I'll have you off to the grinding-house,[1] sir, and make you feel I'm your master by very tangible proofs.

Pyrrh. Stay — I should like to argue that point a little.

[The doubting philosopher is hurried off, still unconvinced, by Mercury and his new owner, and the sale is adjourned to the next day, when Mercury promises the public that he will have some cheaper bargains to offer. The whole scene reads like a passage from the old Aristophanic comedy; and though some of the allusions must necessarily lose much of their pungency from our comparative ignorance of the popular philosophy of Lucian's day, the humor of it is still sufficiently entertaining.]

[1] Slaves who misbehaved were put to work in the grinding-house as a punishment.

MARCO BOZZARIS

[1823]

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

[MARCO BOZZARIS was a Greek patriot of the War of Independence of 1821–29. He is famous for the night attack which he made near Carpenisi upon a Turkish force much larger than his own. The attack was successful, but the bold leader was slain.

The Editor.]

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;

And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel leaf, blood bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
The sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,

When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,

Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

BY LORD BYRON

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might yet be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks on sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ.

What, silent still, and silent all?
Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup of Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells:

THE ISLES OF GREECE

In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep —
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

ROME

I

HISTORY AND LEGEND

HISTORICAL NOTE

After the Greeks had succeeded in overthrowing Troy, Æneas departed under the guidance of the gods, especially of his goddess-mother Venus, to found a new home for himself and his followers. After long and wearisome wanderings he at last reached Italy, and anchored in the mouth of the river Tiber. Here ruled King Latinus, whose only daughter Lavinia was sought in marriage by many suitors. A dream had warned Latinus that she must become the bride of one who should come from a foreign country. He was ready to accept Æneas as that stranger, but was aroused by Lavinia's most importunate suitor and others to declare war. Æneas was victorious, and the legend goes on to declare that he founded a city which, in honor of his wife, he named Lavinium. His son Iulus founded Alba Longa, and here was born Romulus, the founder of Rome.

Such is the story as told by Virgil, the great Roman poet who lived in the times of the Emperor Augustus.

According to tradition, Rome was founded in 753 B.C. It soon became the most powerful of all the little towns of Latium. Here ruled seven kings, as the story goes, a founder, a lawgiver, two conquerors, a builder, a reformer, and, last of all, a tyrant, whose arbitrary rule led to the establishment of a commonwealth. It is not at all probable that there were exactly seven kings, for the length of time allotted to their reigns is far too long to be reasonable; but it may be counted as fact that there was first a time of warfare, then a period when the arts of peace were encouraged; that later the city was enriched with handsome buildings; that tyrannical rule led to the driving out of the kings and the establishment of a commonwealth; and that strife between the patricians and the plebeians resulted in the winning of equal rights by the latter.

All dates given in this section are according to Roman legend.

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOR OF ANCHISES

BY VIRGIL

(From translation of Christopher Pearse Cranch)

[ONE year after the death of his father Anchises, Æneas called his companions together and invited them to celebrate games in honor of his father's spirit. The invitation was gladly accepted, and offerings were made at the tomb.

The Editor.]

AT length the expected time had come. The steeds
Of morning brought the ninth day clear and bright.
Acestes' fame and great renown had called
The neighboring people. Joyous groups filled all
The shores, coming to view the Trojan men,
And some expecting to contend. And first
The gifts were placed within the middle ring:
The sacred tripods and the crown of green,
And palms, the victors' prize, and arms, and robes
Of purple, gold and silver talents too.
And from a mound a trumpet rings, to tell
The games commenced.
And first, four well-matched ships
Chosen from all the fleet, with sturdy oars,
Enter the lists. The rapid Sea-wolf first
Comes, urged by Mnestheus, with his rowers strong;
Mnestheus, Italian soon in his renown;
From whom the line of Memmius is derived.
The huge Chimæra with its stately bulk

Next comes, a floating city, Gyas' charge,
By Dardan youth impelled, with triple banks
Of oars ascending. Then Sergestus, he
From whom the Sergian family is named,
Borne in the mighty Centaur. Last, the chief
Cloanthus, in the dark blue Scylla comes;
From him, O Rome's Cluentius, thy descent.

Far in the sea there is a rock that fronts
The foaming coast, at times by swelling waves
Submerged and buffeted, when winter winds
Obscure the stars. When skies are calm, it lifts
A level plain above the tranquil waves,
A pleasant haunt where sea-birds love to bask.
And here Æneas plants an ilex tree,
A goal and signal green, to tell the crews
When to turn back upon their winding course.
Their places then are given to each by lot,
And the commanders, standing in the sterns,
Shine in proud robes of crimson and of gold.
The rest with leafy poplar wreathe their brows,
Their naked shoulders smeared with shining oil.
Upon their rowing-benches, side by side,
They sit, their arms extended to their oars;
Intent they wait the signal, and with hearts
Beating with mingled fear and love of praise.
  Then, when the trumpet sounds, they bound away
Swift from their barriers, all; the sailors' shouts
Resound; the frothy waves are turned beneath
Their sinewy arms; and keeping time, they cleave
The furrows of the yawning ocean deeps
Surging before their oars and trident-beaks.

Less swiftly start the chariots and their steeds
In the contesting race, across the field;
Less eagerly the charioteers shake loose
The waving reins upon the coursers' necks,
And, bending forward, hang upon the lash.
Then, with the shouts and plaudits of the crowd,
And urging cries of friends, the woods resound.
The shores, shut in, roll on the loud acclaim,
Re-echoed from the hills. First, before all,
Amid the crowd and noise, flies Gyas past
Upon the waves. Cloanthus follows next,
With better oars, but lags from heavier weight.
Behind, at equal distance, in close strife
The Sea-wolf and the Centaur come: and now
The Sea-wolf gains, and now the Centaur huge
Passes her; now together both join fronts,
Ploughing long briny furrows with their keels.

And now they neared the rock, and almost touched
The goal, when Gyas, foremost on the waves,
Calls to Menœtes, helmsman of his ship: —
"Why to the right so far? Here lies thy course!
Keep close to shore, and let the oar-blades graze
The rocks upon the left. Let others keep
The open main." But, fearing the blind rocks,
Toward the sea Menœtes turns his prow.
"Why steer so wide? Make for the rocks again,
Menœtes!" Gyas shouted; and behold,
He looks, and sees Cloanthus close behind
And gaining on him. He, between the ship
Of Gyas and the rocks, glides grazing by
Upon the left, and suddenly outstrips

Him who was first, and passes by the goal;
And, turning, holds his safe course o'er the deep.
Then grief and rage burned in the warrior's breast,
Nor did his cheeks lack tears. Forgetting then
His pride, reckless of safety for his crew,
He hurled the slow Menœtes from the stern
Into the sea, and takes the helm himself,
Pilot and master both, and cheers his men,
While to the shore he turns. But heavily built
And old, with difficulty struggling up,
Menœtes, dripping wet, climbs up the rock,
And on its dry top sits. The Trojans laughed
To see him fall, and laughed to see him swim,
And laugh again to see him spewing forth
The salt sea-brine. Now flames a joyful hope
In Mnestheus and Sergestus, the two last,
To pass the lagging Gyas. First to gain
The space between, Sergestus nears the rock,
Not with his ship's whole length, for close behind
The Sea-wolf presses on him with her beak.
But pacing through his galley, Mnestheus cheers
His comrades: "Now, now bend upon your oars,
Ye friends of Hector, whom in Troy's last hours
I chose for my companions! Now put forth
Your strength, your courage, on Gætulian shoals
Once tried, and on the Ionian sea, and through
The close-pursuing waves of Malea.
'T is not that Mnestheus hopes to gain the prize, —
Though let those conquer, Neptune, whom thou will'st.
But shame if we are least! Be this your thought,
And win at least by shunning a disgrace!"
They ply their oars with utmost rivalry;

The brazen galley trembles as they pull
With long-drawn strokes. Beneath them flies the sea;
With panting breasts, parched mouths, and sweating limbs
They row. And now mere chance gives to the crew
The honor and success so hotly sought.
For while Sergestus, wild with furious haste,
Urges his vessel on the inner track
Toward the shore, a space too narrow far,
On the projecting crags he hapless struck.
Loud crash the struggling oars, and on a rock
The prow hangs fixed. Up rise the mariners,
And, shouting, strive to force the vessel back,
And ply their stakes with iron shod, and poles
With sharpened points, and from the flood collect
Their broken oars. But Mnestheus, full of joy,
And animated more by his success,
With rapid march of oars, and winds to aid,
Runs on the smooth wave and the open sea.
As when a dove, whose home and darling nest
Are in some secret rock, from out her cave
Suddenly startled, toward the field she flies
Affrighted, with loud flapping of her wings;
Then, gliding through the quiet air, she skims
Along her liquid path, nor moves her wings;
So Mnestheus, — so his ship the outer seas
Cuts in her flight, by her own impulse borne.
And first he leaves behind upon the rock
Sergestus, struggling in the shallow flats,
Calling for help in vain, and striving hard
To row with shattered oars. Then Gyas next,
In the Chimæra huge, he overtakes

And passes, he his helmsman having lost.
Cloanthus now alone has nearly won,
Whom he pursues, straining with all his strength.
The clamor then redoubles; with their shouts
All cheer him on. And thus they might have shared,
Perchance, with equal prows, the expected prize;
When to the sea Cloanthus stretched his hands
In prayer, and called upon the deities: —
"Ye gods, whose empire is the watery main,
Whose waves I stem, to you I joyfully
Will place upon your altars, on the shore,
A snow-white bull, bound to fulfill my vow,
And throw the entrails in the sea, and pour
An offering of wine." He said; and all
The band of Nereids and of Phorcus heard,
And virgin Panopea, from the depths
Of ocean; and himself Portunus pushed
With his great hands the ship, which swifter flew
Than wind, or flying dart, and reached the land,
And hid itself within the ample port.

Them, all being summoned, as the custom was,
Æneas by a herald's voice proclaims
Cloanthus victor, and with laurel green
He wreathes his brows. And to the ships he gives
Three steers for each, by choice, and also wines,
And a great silver talent. On the chiefs
Distinguished honors he confers; a cloak
He gives the victor, wrought with work of gold
And Melibœan purple running round
In double windings. Woven through the cloth
The tale of Ganymede, as when he chased,

Eager, with panting breath, the flying stag
With javelins, on the leafy Ida's top;
Or by the thunder-bearing eagle snatched,
While the old guardians stretch their hands in vain
To heaven, 'mid furious barking of the dogs.
Then next, to him who held the second place
In honor, a coat of mail with polished rings
In golden tissue triple-wrought, he gives, —
Which from Demoleos he himself had won
In battle by the Simois, under Troy.
For ornament and for defence alike
He gives it. The two servants Sagaris
And Phegeus scarcely can sustain its weight
Upon their shoulders; and yet, clothed in this,
Demoleos once the scattered Trojans chased.
The third gifts were two caldrons made of brass,
And silver bowls embossed with chasings rich.
The honors now conferred, the rivals all,
Proud of their sumptuous gifts, were moving on,
With scarlet ribbons bound about their brows,
When, with his ship saved from the cruel rock
With difficulty and great skill, his oars
Lost, and disabled by one tier entire,
Sergestus slowly brought his vessel in,
Jeered and unhonored. As when on a road
A serpent by a wheel is crushed, or blow
Dealt by some traveler with a heavy stone,
And left half dead and wounded, all in vain
Seeking escape, it writhes, its foremost part
With flaming eyes defiant, and its head
Raised, hissing; but the other portion, maimed
By its wounds, retards it, twisting into knots,

And doubling on itself, — so moved the ship
With slow and crippled oars, yet set its sails,
And so steered into port. But none the less
Æneas to Sergestus gives a gift
As promised, glad to know his ship is saved,
And crew brought back. To him a female slave
Of Cretan race, called Pholoe, he gives,
Expert to weave, with twins upon her breast.

[Then follows a foot-race, after that a fight between two sturdy champions, and next an archery contest. Last of all comes the review of Ascanius's company of boys.]

But ere the contest closed, Æneas calls
To him Epytides, — the guardian he
Of young Iulus, and companion true, —
And thus his trusty ear addressed: "Go now,
And tell Ascanius, if his band of boys
Be ready, and the movements of their steeds
Arranged in order, to bring up his troop
Of cavalry, to show themselves in arms,
In honor of his grandsire, and his day."
He then commands the crowd to leave the course,
And clear the open field. The boys advance;
With glittering arms and well-reined steeds they shine
In equal ranks before their parents' eyes;
And as they move, the admiring hosts of Troy
And of Trinacria shout in loud applause.
All have their hair confined by crowns of leaves;
Each bears two cornel spears with heads of steel.
Some on their shoulders carry quivers light;
And round their necks, and falling on their breasts,
Circles of soft and twisted gold are worn.

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOR OF ANCHISES

Three bands of riders, with three leaders, go
Coursing upon the plain, twelve boys in each;
And each division has a guide: one band
Led by a little Priam, named for him,
His famous grandsire, and Polites' son,
Destined one day to increase the Italian race.
On a white-dappled Thracian steed he rode,
His forefeet white, and white his forehead held
Aloft in pride. Atys came next, from whom
The house of Latin Atii is derived;
The little Atys, by Iulus loved.
And last, more beautiful than all the rest,
Iulus, borne on a Sidonian horse,
Fair Dido's gift, memorial of her love.
The rest rode on the king's Trinacrian steeds.

The Trojans greet them thrilling with the applause,
And gaze with pleasure, noting on each face
Their parents' features. When the joyous train
Had passed upon their steeds before the throng,
And their proud fathers' eyes, Epytides
Gave from afar a signal by a shout,
And cracked his whip. They equally divide
By threes, in separate bands. Then at command
They wheel, and charge each other with fixed spears,
With many a forward movement and retreat
Opposing, circles within circles mixed,
Through all the mimic battle's changes borne.
And now they turn and fly, now aim their darts
Each at the other; and now, peace restored,
They ride abreast; as once the labyrinth
In lofty Crete is said to have had a path

With blind walls through a thousand ways inwoven
Of doubt and artifice, which whosoe'er
By guarding marks endeavored to explore,
Error unconscious, irretraceable
Deceived his steps. Even so the Trojan youths
Their courses interweave, of sportive flight
And battles; as when dolphins swimming cleave
The Libyan and Carpathian seas, and sport
Amid the waves. These movements and these jousts
Ascanius afterwards revived, when he
The walls of Alba Longa built, and taught
The ancient Latin race to celebrate
The sports which he and Trojan youths with him
Had learned; the Albans taught them to their sons;
And mighty Rome adopted and preserved
Her fathers' honored custom, now called "Troy";
The youths performing it, "the Trojan band."

Thus far, in memory of a sacred sire,
His day was kept, with contests and with games.

THE ARRIVAL OF ÆNEAS IN ITALY

BY VIRGIL

(From translation of Christopher Pearse Cranch)

[After long years of wandering about on the sea, Æneas comes at last to the coast of Latium, sails joyfully up the Tiber, and moors his vessels to the grassy bank. Now Latinus, the King of Latium, has a fair daughter Lavinia, who is sought in marriage by many a suitor. The favored one among them is Turnus; but the gods have declared with terrible omens that not Turnus, but a stranger from over the seas, is to be her husband.

The jesting remark of Iulus that they are eating up their tables recalls to his father Æneas a prophecy that has greatly alarmed him, but, as he now sees, without need: —

> "Your Italy ye shall find, with winds invoked,
> And sail into her ports. But ere ye gird
> Your city with its walls, by famine dire,
> For this your outrage, ye shall be compelled
> To gnaw the very boards on which you eat."
>
> *The Editor.*]

Æneas, fair Iulus, and the chiefs
Under the branches of a tall tree stretched
Their limbs, arranged the banquet, and beneath
Their viands, on the grass, placed wheaten cakes
(Jove so disposed their thought), and on this base
Of Ceres' gifts, wild fruits were heaped. It chanced,
All else being eaten, here their scant supply
Forced them upon their slender biscuit store
To turn their appetites, and violate
With daring hand and hungry tooth the disks
Of fated bread, nor spare their ample squares.

"What! are we eating up our tables too?"
Iulus cried, nor further led the jest.
That word dispelled their cares. His father caught
The meaning from the speaker's lips, amazed
At its divine significance, and mused
Awhile thereon; then suddenly exclaimed: —
"Hail, land for me predestined by the fates!
And you, ye true Penates of our Troy,
Hail! Here our home, and here our country lies.
For now I do recall to mind, my sire
Anchises told this secret of the fates:
'When, O my son, driven upon unknown shores,
Your food exhausted, you are forced to eat
Your tables in your hunger, weary and worn,
Remember then to hope a steadfast home,
And found your walls, and build a rampart round.'
This was that hunger; this remained, the last,
Ending our sufferings. Come then, and blithe
Of heart, soon as to-morrow's sun shall rise,
Let us find out by different ways what men
Inhabit here, and where their cities stand.
Now pour your cups to Jove, and call upon
Anchises, and replace the festal wine."

Thus having spoken, with a leafy branch
He wreathes his brows, the Genius of the place
Invokes, and Tellus, first of gods, — the Nymphs
And Rivers yet unknown; then Night, and all
Night's orient stars, Idæan Jove, and next
The Phrygian Mother, and his parents twain
In heaven, and in the shades of Erebus.
Here the Omnipotent Father in the heights

Thrice thundered, and displayed a cloud that burned
With light and gold, and waved it in his hand
Before them. Suddenly the rumor spread
Among the Trojan bands, that now the day
Had come when they should found their destined walls.
With emulation they renew the feast,
Rejoicing in the mighty omens given,
And set the bowls, and crown the wine with flowers.

Soon as the early morning lit the earth,
The city and the confines, and the coast
By different ways they explore, discovering here
The waters of Numicius' spring, and here
The river Tiber, and the towns where dwelt
The hardy Latins. Then Æneas sends
A hundred envoys, chosen from all ranks,
To the king's city, — bearing in their hands
Branches of Pallas' olive-tree, enwreathed
With fillets, — charged with gifts, and overtures
Of peace. Without delay they haste to do
Their errand, with fleet steps; while he himself
Marks out a rude trench where a wall shall be,
And builds upon the spot, and girds about
His first seat on these shores, with palisade
And rampart, in the fashion of a camp.

And now, their journey o'er, the warriors see
The Latins' lofty houses and their towers,
And pass beneath the wall. Before the gates
Were boys and youths in the first flower of life,
Riding their steeds, or taming them to draw
The chariot on the dusty course; and some

Were bending the stout bow, or hurling spears,
Or challenging each other to the race
Or cestus: when a mounted messenger
Appears, who to the aged king brings word
That men of mighty stature and strange garb
Approach. The king commands them to be called
Into his palace, and there takes his seat
On his ancestral throne.

An edifice
Of stately form and spacious size there stood,
Upon the city's summit, lifting up
A hundred columns, once the royal seat
Of Picus, shadowed round with solemn trees,
And the religion of ancestral times.
Here, to receive the sceptre and to raise
The first signs of their royal sway, was deemed
By kings an omen that betokened good.
This was their senate house; here sacred feasts
Were held, when, having sacrificed a ram,
The fathers at the extended tables sat.
Here statues of their ancestors were ranged,
Of ancient cedar carved; here Italus,
Father Sabinus, planter of the vine,
With crooked pruning-knife, and Saturn old,
And Janus, double-faced, — all stood within
The vestibule; and other kings of old,
Who, fighting for their country, suffered wounds.
And here, upon the sacred pillars hung
Armor and captive chariots, and the keen
Curved battle-axe, and flowing helmet-crests,
And mighty bars of city gates, and spears

And shields, and beaks of ships, torn off.
Here too, his augur's wand held in his hand,
And girt with scanty garment of the seer,
A shield upon his arm, Picus himself,
Tamer of horses, sat; whom Circe once,
Enamored, changed, with touch of golden wand
And charms of magic herbs, into a bird.

Within
This sacred place Latinus takes his seat
On his forefathers' throne, and summons in
The Trojans; and they having entered, thus
With tranquil mien he speaks: "Say, Dardan chiefs,
For you to us are not unknown, — your race,
Your city, and your voyage o'er the deep, —
What seek ye here? What cause, what urgent need
Across such breadths of azure seas has borne
Your ships, and brought you to the Ausonian shores?
If by some error in your course, or driven
By tempests, such as sailors oft endure
Upon the ocean, ye have entered here
Our river-banks, to settle in our ports,
Then do not shun our hospitality,
But know the Latins to be Saturn's race,
Not by constraint of bonds or laws kept just,
But in the fashion of the ancient god
Holding their faith and honor by free will.
And I indeed a legend do recall
To mind, obscured somewhat by lapse of years,
Told by Auruncans old, that from these lands
Came Dardanus, and the Idæan cities reached
Of Phrygia, and the Thracian Samos, now

Called Samothrace. He, leaving Corythus,
Now in the starry courts of heaven is throned,
And adds another altar to the gods."

He said; and Ilioneus thus replied: —
"O king, of Faunus the illustrious son,
We come not to your shores by tempests driven,
Nor from our course direct has any star
Nor any coast misled us. We have all,
With purpose fixed, and of our own free will,
Come to your city, driven out from realms
The mightiest once the sun in all his course
Beheld. From Jove our origin; in Jove
Their ancestor the Dardan youth rejoice.
Our king himself, Trojan Æneas, born
Of that high race, has sent us to your gates.
How great a storm, outpoured by ruthless Greeks
On the Idæan plains, — by what fates driven,
Europe and Asia clashed, e'en he has heard
(If such there be) who in the extremest lands
Of earth, by circling ocean sundered far
From all his kind, or in the midmost heats
Of scorching suns, is shut from other zones.
Swept by that deluge over seas so vast,
Some small abode for our country's gods we ask,
Some inoffensive shore, and what stands free
To all, the waves and air. We shall not bring
Dishonor to your realm; nor lightly esteemed
Shall be your fame, nor for such favor done
Our grateful feelings ever be effaced.
Nor shall the Ausonians ever grieve that Troy

Was taken to their lap. By Æneas' fates
I swear, and by his strong right hand, in faith
Of friendship, and in arms alike approved, —
Many a nation (nay, despise us not
That thus of our free will, with suppliant speech,
We come bearing these fillets in our hands)
Has sought to join us to itself; but fate
Divine commanded us to seek these lands
Of yours. Here Dardanus was born, and here
Apollo calls us back with urgent voice
To Tuscan Tiber and the sacred wave
Of the Numician fount. Gifts too we bring,
Small remnants of our former fortunes, snatched
From burning Troy. Out of this golden bowl
Father Anchises poured the sacred wine.
And these were Priam's, when he sat and gave
The assembled people laws; this sceptre his,
And this tiara; and these robes were wrought
By Trojan women."

While he spoke, the king
Sat motionless, his looks fixed on the ground,
And rolled his eyes in thought. Nor broidery
Of purple wrought, nor Priam's sceptre moved
The monarch, as the marriage of his child
Absorbs his mind, revolving in his breast
The oracle of Faunus: this is he,
Come from a foreign land, by fates foretold
To be his son-in-law, and called to rule
The realm with auspices that equaled his;
Whose future race, for valorous deeds renowned,
Should by its prowess dominate the world.

At length with joy he speaks: "May the great gods
Speed their own augury and our design!
Trojan, we grant what thou dost ask, nor spurn
Thy gifts. While I am king, you shall not want
A fertile soil, or wealth like that of Troy.
But let Æneas come himself, if such
Desire be his to ally himself with us;
Let him not shun our friendly countenance,
Part of our peaceful league 't will be to have touched
Your king's right hand. Now bear this message back
To him: I have a daughter, whom to unite
In marriage with a prince of our own race,
The fateful voices from my father's shrine
And many a warning sign from heaven forbid.
From foreign shores a son-in-law should come
(This fate, they say, for Latium is in store),
Who, mingling race with ours, shall lift our name
To starry heights. That this is he the fates
Require, I must believe; and if my mind
Foreshadow aught of truth, him I desire."

He said; and to each Trojan gives a steed
(Within his royal stall three hundred stood,
With glossy skins); to every one in turn
A swift wing-footed courser overspread
With housings of embroidered purple cloth;
And golden chains are hung upon their breasts;
And, decked with gold, on golden bits they champ.
A chariot to the absent prince he gives,
Also a pair of harnessed steeds of blood
Ethereal, from their nostrils breathing flame, —

THE ARRIVAL OF ÆNEAS IN ITALY

Born of that spurious race which Circe bred
By stealth, without the knowledge of her sire.
With gifts and words like these, the sons of Troy
Upon their steeds return with peaceful news.

HOW ROME WAS FOUNDED

[753 B.C.?]

BY JACOB ABBOTT

[ÆNEAS married Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, and in her honor he gave the name of Lavinium to the city which he built. He was succeeded by Ascanius, who built Alba Longa. Three hundred years later, one Amulius managed to drive from the throne his brother Numitor, the rightful king. He killed Numitor's son and made his daughter, Rhea Sylvia, a priestess of Vesta. These priestesses were forbidden to marry, and therefore Amulius thought that there would be no heir to disturb him. One day, however, he learned that Rhea Sylvia was the mother of twin sons whose father was the god Mars. Amulius put her to death and ordered the babies to be thrown into the Tiber. The man to whom this order was given seems to have felt some compassion for the children and to have left them in a pool made by the overflow of the river. The water soon subsided and left the twins on dry land, but crying with hunger. A she-wolf heard them, bore them to her den, and nursed them as if they had been her own cubs. They were taken away from her by a shepherd named Faustulus, who brought them up as his own children. After they were grown up, they learned that they were grandsons of the king. They called together their shepherd friends, put the usurper to death, and placed their grandfather on the throne. Then they set to work to build a city for themselves.

The Editor.]

THERE were seven distinct hills on the ground which was subsequently included within the limits of Rome. Between and among these hills the river meandered by

sweeping and graceful curves, and at one point, near the center of what is now the city, the stream passed very near the foot of one of the elevations called the Palatine Hill. Here was the spot where the wooden ark in which Romulus and Remus had been set adrift had been thrown upon the shore. The sides of the hill were steep, and between it and the river there was in one part a deep morass. Romulus thought, on surveying the ground with Remus his brother, that this was the best spot for building the city. They could set apart a sufficient space of level ground around the foot of the hill for the houses — inclosing the whole with a wall — while the top of the hill itself might be fortified to form the citadel. The wall and the steep acclivity of the ground would form a protection on three sides of the inclosure, while the morass alone would be a sufficient defense on the part toward the river. Then Romulus was specially desirous to select this spot as the site, as it was here that he and his brother had been saved from destruction in so wonderful a manner.

Remus, however, did not concur in these views. A little farther down the stream there was another elevation called the Aventine Hill, which seemed to him more suitable for the site of a town. The sides were less precipitous, and thus were more convenient for building ground. Then the land in the immediate vicinity was better adapted to the purposes which they had in view. In a word, the Aventine Hill was, as Remus thought, for every substantial reason, much the best locality; and as for the fact of their having been washed ashore at the foot of the other hill, it was in his opinion an insignificant circumstance, wholly unworthy of being taken

seriously into the account in laying the foundation of a city.

The brothers, therefore, having each expressed his preference in respect to the best place for the city, were equally unwilling to recede from the ground which they had taken. Remus thought that there was no reason why he should yield to Romulus, and Romulus was equally unwilling to give way to Remus. Neither could yield, in fact, without in some sense admitting the superiority of the other. The respective partisans of the two leaders began to take sides, and the dissension threatened to become a serious quarrel. Finally, being not yet quite ready for an open rupture, they concluded to refer the question to Numitor, and to abide by his decision. They expected that he would come and view the ground, and so decide where it was best that the city should be built, and thus terminate the controversy.

But Numitor was too sagacious to hazard the responsibility of deciding between two such equally matched and powerful opponents. He endeavored to soothe and quiet the excited feelings of his grandsons, and finally recommended to them to appeal to *augury* to decide the question. Augury was a mode of ascertaining the divine will in respect to questions of expediency or duty, by means of certain prognostications and signs. These omens were of various kinds, but perhaps the most common were the appearances observed in watching the flight of birds through the air.

It was agreed between Remus and Romulus, in accordance with the advice of Numitor, that the question at issue between them should be decided in this way. They were to take their stations on the two hills respec-

tively — the Palatine and the Aventine, and watch for vultures.

It was, to certain appearances, indicated in the flight of these birds — such as the number that were seen at a time, the quarter of the heavens in which they appeared, the direction in which they flew, as from left to right or from right to left — that the people of Numitor's day were accustomed to look for omens and auguries. So Romulus and Remus took their stations on the hills which they had severally chosen, each surrounded by a company of his own adherents and friends, and began to watch the skies. It was agreed that the decision of the question between the two hills should be determined by the omens which should appear to the respective observers stationed upon them.

But it happened, unfortunately, that the rules for the interpretation of auguries and omens were far too indefinite and vague to answer the purpose for which they were now appealed to. The most unequivocal distinctness and directness in giving its responses is a very essential requisite in any tribunal that is called upon as an umpire, to settle disputes; while the ancient auguries and oracles were always susceptible of a great variety of interpretations. When Remus and Romulus commenced their watch no vultures were to be seen from either hill. They waited till evening, still none appeared. They continued to watch through the night. In the morning a messenger came over from the Palatine hill to Remus on the Aventine, informing him that vultures had appeared to Romulus. Remus did not believe it. At last, however, the birds really came into view; a flock of six were seen by Remus, and after-

ward one of twelve by Romulus. The observations were then suspended, and the parties came together to confer in respect to the result; but the dispute, instead of being settled, was found to be in a worse condition than ever. The point now to be determined was whether six vultures seen first, or twelve seen afterward, were the better omen, that is whether numbers, or simple priority of appearance, should decide the question. In contending in respect to this nice point the brothers became more angry with each other than ever. Their respective partisans took sides in the contest, which resulted finally in an open and violent collision. Romulus and Remus themselves seem to have commenced the affray by attacking one another. Faustulus, their foster-father, who, from having had the care of them from their earliest infancy, felt for them an almost parental affection, rushed between them to prevent them from shedding each other's blood. He was struck down and killed on the spot, by some unknown hand. A brother of Faustulus, too, named Plistinus, who had lived near to him, and had known the boys from their infancy, and had often assisted in taking care of them, was killed in the endeavor to aid his brother to appease the tumult.

At length the disturbance was quelled. The result of the conflict was, however, to show that Romulus and his party were the strongest. Romulus accordingly went on to build the walls of the city at the spot which he had first chosen. The lines were marked out, and the excavations were commenced with great ceremony.

In laying out the work, the first thing to be done was to draw the lines of what was called the *pomœrium*. The

pomœrium was a sort of symbolical wall, and was formed simply by turning a furrow with a plough all around the city, at a considerable distance from the real walls, for the purpose, not of establishing lines of defense, but of marking out what were to be the limits of the corporation, so to speak, for legal and ceremonial purposes. The *pomœrium* included a much greater space than the real walls, and the people were allowed to build houses anywhere within this outer inclosure, or even without it, though not very near to it. Those who built thus were, of course, not protected in case of an attack, and of course they would, in such case, be compelled to abandon their houses, and retreat for safety within the proper walls.

So Romulus proceeded to mark out the *pomœrium* of the city, employing in the work the ceremonies customary on such occasions. The plough used was made of copper, and for a team to draw it a bullock and a heifer were yoked together. Men appointed for the purpose followed the plough, and carefully turned over the clods *toward* the wall of the city. This seems to have been considered an essential part of the ceremony. At the places where roads were to pass in toward the gates of the city, the plough was lifted out of the ground and carried over the requisite space, so as to leave the turf at those points unbroken. This was a necessary precaution; for there was a certain consecrating influence that was exerted by this ceremonial ploughing which hallowed the ground wherever it passed in a manner that would very seriously interfere with its usefulness as a public road.

The form of the space inclosed by the *pomœrium*, as

Romulus ploughed it, was nearly square, and it included not merely the Palatine hill itself, but a considerable portion of level land around it.

Though Romulus thus seemed to have conquered, in the strife with Remus, the difficulty was not yet fully settled. Remus was very little disposed to acquiesce in his brother's assumed superiority over him. He was sullen, morose, and ill at ease, and was inclined to take little part in the proceedings which were going on. Finally an occasion occurred which produced a crisis, and brought the rivalry and enmity of the brothers suddenly and forever to an end. Remus was one day standing by a part of the wall which his brother's workmen were building, and expressing, in various ways, and with great freedom, his opinions of his brother's plans; and finally he began to speak contemptuously of the wall which the workmen were building. Romulus all the time was standing by. At length, in order to enforce what he said about the insufficiency of the work, Remus leaped over a portion of it, saying, "This is the way the enemy will leap over your wall." Hereupon Romulus seized a mattock from the hands of one of the laborers, and struck his brother down to the ground with it, saying, "And this is the way that we will kill them if they do." Remus was killed by the blow.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII

[About 650 B.C.?]

BY LIVY

[TULLUS HOSTILIUS, the king who succeeded Numa, thought that his people would become dull and slow if they were always at peace; therefore he seized upon the first excuse for a war. It was not long before the Romans and the men of Alba Longa were drawn up in opposing lines. King Tullus did not have a battle after all, however, for the Alban leader reminded him that if they became weakened by warfare, it would be an easy matter for their enemies to come down upon them and destroy both parties. The plan which he suggested for settling their dispute is told in the following story.

The Editor.]

IT happened that there were in each of the two armies three brothers born at one birth, unequal neither in age nor in strength. That they were called Horatii and Curiatii is certain enough; nor is there any circumstance of antiquity more celebrated; yet in a matter so well ascertained, a doubt remains concerning their names, to which nation the Horatii and to which the Curiatii belonged. Authors claim them for both sides; yet I find more who call the Horatii Romans. My inclination leads me to follow them. The kings confer with the three brothers, that they should fight with their swords, each in defense of their respective country; assuring them that dominion would be on that side on which

victory should be. No objection is made; time and place are agreed on. Before they engaged, a compact is entered into between the Romans and Albans on these conditions, that the state whose champions should come off victorious in that combat should rule the other state without further dispute.

Different treaties are made on different terms, but they are all concluded in the same general method. We have heard that it was then concluded as follows, nor is there a more ancient record of any treaty. A herald asked King Tullus thus: "Do you command me, O king, to conclude a treaty with the *pater patratus* of the Alban people?" After the king had given command, he said, "I demand vervain of thee, O king." To which the king replied, "Take some that is pure." The herald brought a pure blade of grass from the citadel; again he asked the king thus, "Dost thou, O king, appoint me the royal delegate of the Roman people, the Quirites, including my vessels and attendants?" The king answered, "That which may be done without detriment to me and to the Roman people, the Quirites, I do." The herald was Marcus Valerius, who appointed Spurius Fusius *pater patratus*, touching his head and hair with the vervain. The *pater patratus* is appointed "*ad jusjurandum patrandum*," that is, to ratify the treaty; and he goes through it in a great many words, which, being expressed in a long set form, it is not worth while repeating. After setting forth the conditions, he says: "Hear, O Jupiter; hear, O *pater patratus* of the Alban people; and ye, Alban people, hear. As those conditions, from first to last, have been recited openly from those tablets of wax without wicked fraud, and as they have been most cor-

rectly understood here this day, from those conditions the Roman people will not be the first to swerve. If they first swerve by public concert, by wicked fraud, on that day do thou, O Jupiter, so strike the Roman people as I shall here this day strike this swine; and do thou strike them so much the more as thou art more able and more powerful." When he said this, he struck the swine with a flint stone. The Albans likewise went through their own form and oath by their own dictator and priests.

The treaty being concluded, the three brothers on each side, as had been agreed, take arms. Whilst their respective friends exhortingly reminded each party that their country's gods, their country and parents, all their countrymen at home and in the army, had their eyes then fixed on their arms, on their hands; naturally brave, and animated by the exhortations of their friend, they advance into the midst between the two lines.

The two armies sat down before their respective camps, free rather from present danger than from anxiety: for the sovereign power was at stake, depending on the valor and fortune of so few. Accordingly, therefore, eager and anxious, they have their attention intensely riveted on a spectacle far from pleasing. The signal is given and the three youths on each side, as if in battle-array, rush to the charge with determined fury, bearing in their breasts the spirits of mighty armies: nor do the one or the other regard their personal danger; the public dominion or slavery is present to their mind, and the fortune of their country, which was ever after destined to be such as they should now establish it. As soon as their arms clashed on the first en-

counter, and their burnished swords glittered, great horror strikes the spectators; and, hope inclining to neither side, their voice and breath were suspended. Then having engaged hand to hand, when not only the movements of their bodies and the rapid brandishings of their arms and weapons, but wounds also and blood were seen, two of the Romans fell lifeless, one upon the other, the three Albans being wounded. And when the Alban army raised a shout of joy at their fall, hope entirely, anxiety, however, not yet, deserted the Roman legions, alarmed for the lot of the one whom the three Curiatii surrounded. He happened to be unhurt, so that, though alone he was by no means a match for them all together, yet he was confident against each singly. In order, therefore, to separate their attack, he takes to flight, presuming that they would pursue him with such swiftness as the wounded state of his body would suffer each. He had now fled a considerable distance from the place where they had fought, when, looking back, he perceives them pursuing him at great intervals from each other; and that one of them was not far from him. On him he turned round with great fury. And whilst the Alban army shouts out to the Curiatii to succor their brother, Horatius, victorious in having slain his antagonist, was now proceeding to a second attack. Then the Romans encourage their champion with a shout such as is usually given by persons cheering in consequence of unexpected success: he also hastens to put an end to the combat. Wherefore before the other, who was not far off, could come up, he dispatches the second Curiatius also.

And now, the combat being brought to an equality of numbers, one on each side remained, but they were

equal neither in hope nor in strength. The one, his body untouched by a weapon, a double victory made courageous for a third contest; the other dragging along his body exhausted from the wound, exhausted from running, and dispirited by the slaughter of his brethren before his eyes, presents himself to his victorious antagonist. Nor was that a fight. The Roman, exulting, says, "Two I have offered to the shades of my brothers; the third I will offer to the cause of this war, that the Roman may rule over the Alban." He thrusts his sword down into his throat, whilst faintly sustaining the weight of his armor; he strips him as he lies prostrate.

The Romans receive Horatius with triumph and congratulation; with so much the greater joy, as success had followed so close on fear. They then turn to the burial of their friends with dispositions by no means alike; for the one side was elated with the acquisition of empire, the other subjected to foreign jurisdiction. Their sepulchers are still extant in the place where each fell; the two Roman ones in one place nearer to Alba, the three Alban ones towards Rome; but distant in situation from each other, and just as they fought.

Before they parted from thence, when Mettus, in conformity to the treaty which had been concluded, asked what orders he had to give, Tullus ordered him to keep the youth in arms, that he designed to employ them if a war should break out with the Veientes. After this, both armies returned to their homes. Horatius marched foremost, carrying before him the spoils of the three brothers; his sister, a maiden who had been betrothed to one of the Curiatii, met him before the gate Capena, and having recognized her lover's military robe, which

she herself had wrought, on her brother's shoulders, she tore her hair, and with bitter wailings called by name on her deceased lover. The sister's lamentations, in the midst of his own victory and of such great public rejoicings, raised the indignation of the excited youth. Having, therefore, drawn his sword, he ran the damsel through the body, at the same time chiding her in these words: "Go hence with thy unseasonable love to thy spouse, forgetful of thy dead brothers and of him who survives, forgetful of thy native country. So perish every Roman woman who shall mourn an enemy."

This action seemed shocking to the fathers and to the people; but his recent services outweighed its guilt. Nevertheless, he was carried before the king for judgment. The king, that he might not be the author of a decision so melancholy, and so disagreeable to the people, or of the punishment consequent on that decision, having summoned an assembly of the people, said, "I appoint, according to law, duumvirs to pass sentence on Horatius for treason." The law was of dreadful import. "Let the duumvirs pass sentence for treason. If he shall appeal from the duumvirs, let him contend by appeal; if they shall gain the cause, cover his head; hang him by a rope from a gallows; scourge him either within the *pomœrium* or without the *pomœrium*." When the duumvirs appointed by this law, who did not consider that, according to the law, they could acquit even an innocent person, had found him guilty, one of them said, "Publius Horatius, I judge thee guilty of treason. Go, lictor, bind his hands." The lictor had approached him and was fixing the rope. Then Horatius, by the advice of Tullus, a favorable interpreter of the law,

says, "I appeal." Accordingly the matter was contested by appeal to the people.

On that trial persons were much affected, especially by Publius Horatius the father declaring that he considered his daughter deservedly slain; were it not so, that he would by his authority as a father have inflicted punishment on his son. He then entreated that they would not render childless him whom but a little while ago they had beheld with a fine progeny. During these words, the old man, having embraced the youth, pointing to the spoils of the Curiatii fixed up in that place which is now called Pila Horatia, "Romans," said he, "can you bear to see bound beneath a gallows amidst scourges and tortures, him whom you just now beheld marching decorated with spoils and exulting in victory; a sight so shocking as the eyes even of the Albans could scarcely endure? Go, lictor, bind those hands, which but a little while since, being armed, established sovereignty for the Roman people. Go, cover the head of the liberator of this city; hang him on the gallows; scourge him, either within the *pomœrium*, so it be only amid those javelins and spoils of the enemy; or without the *pomœrium*, only amid the graves of the Curiatii. For whither can you bring this youth, where his own glories must not redeem him from such ignominy of punishment?"

The people could not withstand the tears of the father, or the resolution of the son, so undaunted in every danger; and acquitted him more through admiration of his bravery than for the justice of his cause. But that so notorious a murder might be atoned for by some expiation, the father was commanded to make satisfaction

for the son at the public charge. He, having offered certain expiatory sacrifices, which were ever after continued in the Horatian family, and laid a beam across the street, made his son pass under it as under a yoke, with his head covered. This remains even to this day, being constantly repaired at the expense of the public; they call it Sororium Tigillum. A tomb of square stone was erected to Horatia in the place where she was stabbed and fell.

BRUTUS CONDEMNING HIS SONS TO DEATH

BRUTUS CONDEMNING HIS SONS TO DEATH

BY GUILLAUME GUILLON LETHIÈRE

(*France.* 1760–1832)

When the tyranny of King Tarquinius had become unendurable, he was driven into exile. Soon there came from him a request that his property should be sent to him, and to this the Senate agreed. But those whom he had sent as his messengers had another errand, and they plotted with some of the young Romans to restore the house of Tarquinius. This plot was revealed to the consul Brutus, and what was his horror and grief to find his own two sons among the traitors. They were brought before him and Publius Valerius, the other consul, and although some of the Romans pleaded for them, Brutus sternly refused to pardon even in his own dearly loved sons the treason which he would have punished in others, and he bade that they with the other conspirators should first be scourged and then beheaded.

HORATIUS Cocles

[508 B.C.?]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[ACCORDING to legend, there were seven kings of Rome. The last one, Tarquin the Proud, was so cruel and wicked that his own nephew stood out boldly before the people and recounted his evil deeds. The result was that Tarquin was driven out in 510 B.C., and Rome became a republic. Tarquin had no idea of giving up his throne, and he induced various leaders to try to regain it for him. One of these was Lars Porsena of Clusium. The "Lay" is supposed to have been written "about the year of the city CCCLX," or in 393 B.C.

The Editor.]

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,

ROME

When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
  Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
  For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
  Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
  Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
  Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
  Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
  Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
  Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
  Drop in dark Auser's rill;

Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
  Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
  Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
  The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
  Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
  Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the waterfowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
  The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
  Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
  Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
  By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven:
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men:
The foot are fourscore thousand
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gate of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;

A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;

Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
  Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
  The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
  Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light
The long array of helmets bright,
  The long array of spears.

And plainly, and more plainly
  Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
  Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
  Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
  The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
  Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
  Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
  On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield;
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
  By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe.
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
  Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
  And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
  From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
  Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
  To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
  Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
  Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
  Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
  O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
  Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
  From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
  Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
  To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
  And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
  Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
  Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
  Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
  A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
  And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
  Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
  If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
  With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
  And smote with all his might.

With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the night of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;

HORATIUS

When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom, —
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

HOW THE PLEBEIANS WON THEIR RIGHTS

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THE preceding stories of gods and kings and heroes are told of the first two hundred and fifty years after the supposed date of the founding of Rome, that is, from 753 B.C. to 496 B.C. In one way they are false. For instance, there never was a god Mars to be the father of Romulus and Remus; and no nation ever suddenly gave up fighting and began to spend the time in cultivating the ground, as the legends say was done in the days of Numa. Indeed, there is no authentic history of Rome with definite dates until at earliest 309 B.C. Nevertheless, even in the most impossible of these stories there is always some bit of truth for a foundation. By searching for this, we learn that Rome was founded by the Latins to protect them from the Etruscans; that, after much hard fighting, two other villages united with the Romans, took the level space between the two hills for their forum, or public square, and built on the Capitoline Hill a strong citadel, or fort, which should serve to defend them both; and that later they were joined by other settlers who lived on the Cælian Hill. Rome is said to have been founded 753 B.C. A century and a half later, the city walls, then nearly five miles in length, inclosed seven hills, the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Cælian, Aventine, Palatine, and Capitoline. That is why Rome is often spoken of as the seven-hilled city.

The chief reason why Rome grew so rapidly was be-

cause it had so excellent a location. There were other groups of hills in Italy and other settlements on them, but in these other groups, the hills were higher and farther apart, and the settlements could be independent of one another and did not have to unite; therefore they increased in size slowly. In another way the location of Rome was most desirable. It was beside the Tiber, and for that reason the Romans could carry on trade with all the districts through which the Tiber and its branches flowed. Moreover, it was far enough from the sea to be safe from the attacks of pirates. No other town in Italy had so many advantages.

There was one great disadvantage, however, and this was that the people were not united. Servius Tullius had done a good deal to bring them together when he admitted all landowners to the army, but the old distinction of patricians and plebeians was by no means forgotten, and the patricians still had many privileges which were not shared by the plebeians.

In all the fighting between the Romans and the friends of Tarquinius, the plebeians had suffered most. When there was warfare in the summer, most of the patricians could have their land cared for by slaves; but the plebeian had to go to the army and leave his farm with no one to cultivate it or gather in the crops. He was fortunate if the enemy did not destroy the crops altogether, steal the cattle, and burn the house. The plebeian was required to pay taxes, but he received no pay for his service in the army, and no one thought of asking the state to make good his losses. The result was that the plebeian must either starve or borrow of some patrician.

Borrowing was dangerous business in Rome. If a man

did not pay his debt within thirty days of the appointed time, the law was that he should be imprisoned, loaded down with chains, and fed on bread and water for thirty days. If he did not pay then, he might be sold as a slave or even put to death. One day, fifteen years after Tarquinius was driven out, an old man came into the forum. His clothes were nothing but rags, and he was thin and pale. The people gathered around him. "I know him," said more than one of them. "He was an officer and a brave soldier. See on his breast the scars of his wounds." The old man told his pitiful story. "While I was in the army," he said, "the enemy destroyed my crops, drove away my cattle, and burned my house. I had to pay a tax, and the only thing to do was to borrow money. I could not repay it, and my creditor beat me. Behold!" He threw off his robe from his shoulders, and the crowd saw the bloody marks of the whip. The plebeians were furious. "Call the Senate together," they demanded, "and make laws that are just to us." The senators were so frightened that they did not know whether there was more danger in staying at home or going to the Senate house, but at length they came together and began to discuss what should be done. Suddenly some Latin horsemen galloped up to the city. "The enemy is at hand!" they cried. "Call out the army." But the plebeians would not be called out. "Why should we fight for Rome?" they demanded, "when warfare brings us nothing but debt and ruin? Let those fight who gain by war." One of the consuls promised that if they would join the army, he would propose a just law for debtors. The plebeians trusted him, and the enemy was driven away; but the other consul, Appius Claudius, induced

the Senate to refuse to make any change in the laws. Then the plebeians were angry indeed. "Why should we stay in Rome?" they said to one another. "Why not leave the city and found a city of our own?" They decided to do this, and one day they set out for a hill a few miles away and made ready to build themselves houses.

Then the patricians were disturbed, for they had lost the cultivators of the ground. "Let them go," said Appius Claudius scornfully; "we have no need of the rabble." Fortunately, the other chief men were wiser, and it was decided to send three patricians to try to persuade them to return. But they would not be persuaded. Then Menenius Agrippa told them a little story. "Once upon a time," he said, "the members of the body resolved that they would no longer support the belly, which did nothing at all, but lay at ease while they toiled. 'We will not carry it,' said the feet. 'We will do no more work for it,' cried the hands. 'And we will not chew a morsel for it, even if the food is placed between us,' declared the teeth. They kept their word, and the belly suffered; but they suffered with it, and soon they, too, began to waste away."

The plebeians understood the meaning of the fable. They talked together, and finally they said to the patricians, "We will return to Rome if you will agree, first, to forgive the debtors who cannot pay; second, to free those who have been made slaves; and, third, to have two tribunes appointed to see that the patrician magistrates do not wrong us." The patricians agreed to these terms, and they and the plebeians made a treaty as formally as if they had been two nations. The hill where this meeting was held received the name of the Sacred

Mountain. At its summit an altar was built and sacrifices were offered to Jupiter.

It was not long before the number of plebeian tribunes was increased to ten; and, moreover, plebeian œdiles were also chosen who aided the tribunes and cared for the streets and public records, and superintended the public games.

It was a great gain to the plebeians to have tribunes, but their troubles were not over by any means. Many of them were exceedingly poor, and those whose debts had been forgiven had nothing to make a start with, and were almost as wretched as they had been in the first place. This was all the harder to bear because the patricians had a large amount of property which the plebeians felt ought fairly to be shared with them. This property was in land which had been taken in war. The plebeians said, "We have fought to win the land, and we ought to have a part of it." This was not so easy a thing to bring about, because the patricians held possession of it and were not at all inclined to give it up. They cultivated it or used it for pasturage of their flocks and herds as they chose. They were supposed to pay the state for its use, but the collectors were patricians and seldom troubled them. If the owner of flocks and herds can have free pasturage for them, he can hardly help becoming rich. The patricians, then, were growing richer, while the plebeians were growing poorer. The plebeians could not even get employment on the land, for they were liable to be called away to war at any moment; and the patricians naturally preferred slaves who could be kept at their work.

Some, even among the patricians, saw how unfair this

was, and one of them, Spurius Cassius, proposed that the patricians be obliged to pay a fair rental for the land which they were using, and that part of the state lands be divided into small farms and given to needy Romans and Latins. Then there was anger among the patricians. "Spurius Cassius is trying to make himself popular and become king," they declared; and even the plebeians were not especially grateful, for, although the Latins had become their allies, they did not like the idea of giving them Roman lands. This land law, or Agrarian Law, may possibly have been passed, but it was never carried out.

Nevertheless, the plebeians were slowly increasing in power. Their next gain came about by the passing of a law proposed by the tribune, Publilius. The tribunes had always been elected by the assembly of the centuries. Each century had one vote; but as more than half the centuries were made up of wealthy men, no one who would not be inclined to favor the rich rather than the poor could become a tribune. Publilius proposed that the tribunes be elected by a plebeian assembly of tribes, or meeting of plebeians who were landowners. In this assembly of tribes which he proposed, every vote would be of the same value. This law was finally passed, and now the plebeians were free to elect their own tribunes. They had nothing to do with making the laws; but if they did not obey those made by the patricians, the tribunes could protect them from unjust punishment.

The Romans had a great respect for law, but the laws of Rome had never been written. An unjust judge could declare that the law said whatever he wished it to say, and the accused man had no way of proving that the

judge was false. "Give us written laws," demanded the plebeians. "Put them up in the forum, that every man may know if he is breaking them." The patricians refused this demand, and they continued to refuse it for ten long years. The plebeians persisted, and at the end of that time the patricians yielded. Instead of consuls and tribunes, ten men, the decemviri, were chosen to rule the state and also to decide what the laws were. This was done. The laws were engraved on tablets of bronze, and these tablets, the "Twelve Tables," were set up in the forum where every one could read them. Copies of the laws were made to use in the schools, and every boy had to learn them by heart.

The Romans meant to elect new decemviri each year, but a proud and insolent man named Appius Claudius, grandson of the Appius Claudius who so despised the plebeians, contrived to get himself reëlected and to make the other nine yield to whatever he chose to do. He suspected that a brave old soldier was plotting against him, and he had the old man murdered. He wanted to get possession of a free-born maiden named Virginia, and therefore he declared as a judge that she was the slave of one of his followers. Then her father caught up a knife and plunged it into her heart. "This is the only way," he cried, "to keep you from slavery and shame." With the bloody knife still in his hand, he and a great company of citizens hastened to the army and told the terrible story. Then the soldiers left their generals and marched straight back to the city. Once more the plebeians went forth to the Sacred Mountain; and now Appius Claudius was in terror, for they declared that they would not return unless more power and better pro-

tection were given them, and they demanded that he and the other decemviri be burned alive. They finally agreed, however, to return, provided they might have tribunes again. Eight of the "wicked ten" were banished. Appius Claudius and one other committed suicide.

The plebeians had their tribunes; and a little later the "Valerio-Horatian Laws," so named from the consuls Valerius and Horatius, who secured their passage, gave the tribunes the right to sit at the door of the Senate house, listen to whatever went on, and say, *Veto* (*I forbid it*), to any measure of which they did not approve. More than this, they decreed that whatever resolutions the plebeian assembly of tribes passed should become laws. This was in 449 B.C.

The plebeians were gaining in power rapidly. They could pass resolutions which would become laws; they could elect their own tribunes, and those tribunes could listen to whatever went on in the Senate house. Before long, they were allowed to marry among the patricians. There was one office, that of consul, which the patricians were determined they should never hold. They did succeed, however, in holding a new office, that of "military tribune with consular power," which was really almost the same as that of consul. The patricians could not prevent this, but they elected some new patrician officers called "censors" and gave them much of the power which the consuls had held. These censors not only numbered the people and took an account of their property, but they had a right to reduce the rank of a man if they decided that he had been cruel to his family, or extravagant, or dishonest, or was in any way unworthy.

They could also increase his taxes, for they could set whatever valuation they chose upon his vineyards and olive trees and carriages and jewels and slaves. Indeed, while the censor held office and wore his scarlet robe, he was almost as independent in his way as a dictator.

The plebeians had felt that it was a victory when they had won the right to be military tribunes with consular power, but now that these censors held so much of the "consular power," they kept on with the fight to become consuls; and at last a law was passed which really gave them more power than the patricians, for it decreed that one consul must be a plebeian, and both might be. For a while the plebeians had to keep close watch to hold on to their rights, but by 300 B.C. the struggle had come to an end, and patricians and plebeians had equal rights in the state.

II
STORIES OF THE ITALIAN WARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

Up to the sack of Rome by the Gauls, in 390 B.C., the history of the city is chiefly a matter of legend; but every legend has its basis of fact, and a fair idea of the early story of the city may be formed. By the middle of the fourth century before Christ, the Romans had become a united people. But they were by no means the only people of Italy; indeed, all that was really in their possession was their city and a small amount of land around it. Naturally, between this ambitious race and their neighbors there was continual warfare. On the east lay the domain of the Samnites, a stout race of mountaineers, who had no notion of yielding to the men of Rome or of any other place. Three savage wars there were, made all the more difficult by the revolt of the Latin allies of the Romans; but at length both enemies and allies were subdued, and by 266 B.C. Rome had become mistress of Italy from the little rivers Rubicon and Macra to the "toe" of the peninsula.

WHEN CORIOLANUS SPARED ROME

[490 B.C.?]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

CAIUS MARIUS was a noble Roman of the race of that worthy king, Ancus Martius; his father died when he was a child, but his mother, whose name was Volumnia, performed to him the part both of father and mother; and Caius loved her exceedingly, and when he gained glory by his feats of arms, it was his greatest joy that his mother should hear his praises; and when he was rewarded for his noble deeds, it was his greatest joy that his mother should see him receive his crown. And he fought at the battle by the Lake Regillus, against King Tarquinius and the Latins, and he was then a youth of seventeen years of age; and in the heat of the battle he saw a Roman beaten to the ground, and his foe was rushing on him to slay him; but Caius stepped before him, and covered him, and slew the enemy, and saved the life of his fellow-soldier. So Aulus, the general, rewarded him with an oaken wreath, for such was the reward given to those who saved the life of a comrade in battle. And this was his first crown, but after this he won many in many battles, for he was strong and valiant, and none of the Romans could compare with him.

After this there was a war between the Romans and the Volscians; and the Romans attacked the city of Corioli. The citizens of Corioli opened their gates and made a sally, and drove the Romans back to their camp.

Then Caius ran forward with a few brave men, and called back the runaways; and he stayed the enemy, and turned the tide of the battle, so that the Volscians fled back into the city. But Caius followed into the city, and when he saw the gates still open, for the Volscians were still flying into the city, then he called to the Romans, and said, "For us are yon gates set wide rather than for the Volscians; why are we afraid to rush in?" He himself followed the fugitives into the town, and the enemy fled before him; but when they saw that he was but one man, they turned against him, but Caius held his ground, for he was strong of hand, and light of foot, and stout of heart, and he drove the Volscians to the farthest side of the town, and all was clear behind him; so that the Romans came in after him without any trouble, and took the city. Then all men said, "Caius and none else has won Corioli"; and Cominius the general said, "Let him be called after the name of the city." So they called him Coriolanus.

After this there was a great scarcity of corn, and the commons were much distressed for want, and the king of the Greeks in Sicily sent ships laden with corn to Rome: so the Senate resolved to sell the corn to the poor commons, lest they should die of hunger. But Caius hated the commons, and he was angry that they had got tribunes to be their leaders, and he said, "If they want corn, let them show themselves obedient to the burghers, as their fathers did, and let them give up their tribunes; and then will we let them have corn to eat, and will take care of them." The commons, when they heard this, were quite furious, and they would have set upon Caius as he came out of the Senate house and torn him to

pieces, but the tribunes said, "Nay, ye shall judge him yourselves in your comitia, and we will be his accusers." So they accused Camilius before the commons, and Caius knew that they would show him no mercy. Therefore he stayed not for the day of his trial, but fled from Rome, and took refuge among the Volscians. They and Attius Tullius, their chief, received him kindly, and he lived among them a banished man.

[The Volscians determined to make war upon the Romans. They raised a great army and made Attius and Caius Marcius their leaders. They took many cities in Italy, then they advanced upon Rome.]

Within the city, meanwhile, there was a great tumult; the women ran to the temples of the gods to pray for mercy, the poorer people cried out in the streets that they would have peace, and that the Senate should send deputies to Caius and to Attius. So deputies were sent, five men of the chief of the burghers; but Caius answered them, "We will give you no peace till ye restore to the Volscians all the land and all the cities which ye or your fathers have ever taken from them; and till ye make them your citizens, and give them all the rights which ye have yourselves, as ye have done to the Latins." The deputies could not accept such hard conditions, so they went back to Rome. And when the Senate sent them again to ask for gentler terms, Caius would not suffer them to enter the camp.

After this, the Senate sent all the priests of the gods, and the augurs, all clothed in their sacred garments, and bearing in their hands the tokens of the gods whom they served. But neither would Caius listen to these; so they too went back again to Rome.

Yet, when the help of man had failed the Romans, the help of the gods delivered them; for among the women who were sitting as suppliants in the temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, was Valeria, the sister of that Publius Valerius who had been called Poplicola, a virtuous and noble lady whom all held in honor. As she was sitting in the temple as a suppliant before the image of Jupiter, Jupiter seemed to inspire her with a sudden thought, and she immediately rose, and called upon all the other noble ladies who were with her to arise also, and she led them to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Caius. There she found Virgilia, the wife of Caius, with his mother, and also his little children. Valeria then addressed Volumnia and Virgilia, and said, "Our coming here to you is our own doing; neither the Senate nor any other mortal man has sent us; but the god in whose temple we were sitting as suppliants put it into our hearts, that we should come and ask you to join with us, women with women, without any aid of men, to win for our country a great deliverance, and for ourselves a name glorious above all women, even above those Sabine wives in the old time who stopped the battle between their husbands and their fathers. Come, then, with us to the camp of Caius, and let us pray to him to show us mercy." Volumnia said, "We will go with you." And Virgilia took her young children with her, and they all went to the camp of the enemy.

It was a sad and solemn sight to see this train of noble ladies, and the very Volscian soldiers stood in silence as they passed by, and pitied them and honored them. They found Caius sitting on the general's seat in the midst of the camp, and the Volscian chiefs were standing

round him. When he first saw them he wondered what it could be; but presently he knew his mother, who was walking at the head of the train; and then he could not contain himself, but leaped down from his seat, and ran to meet her, and was going to kiss her. But she stopped him and said, "Ere thou kiss me, let me know whether I am speaking to an enemy or to my son; whether I stand in thy camp as thy prisoner or as thy mother." Caius could not answer her, and then she went on and said, "Must it be, then, that had I never borne a son, Rome should never have seen the camp of an enemy; that had I remained childless, I should have died a free woman in a free city? But I am too old to bear much longer either thy shame or my misery. Rather look to thy wife and children, whom if thou persistest thou art dooming to an untimely death, or a long life of bondage." Then Virgilia and his children came up to him and kissed him, and all the noble ladies wept, and bemoaned their own fate and the fate of their country. At last Caius cried out, "O mother, what hast thou done to me?" and he wrung her hand vehemently, and said, "Mother, thine is the victory; a happy victory for thee and for Rome, but shame and ruin to thy son." Then he fell on her neck and embraced her, and he embraced his wife and his children and sent them back to Rome; and led away the army of the Volscians, and never afterwards attacked Rome any more; and he lived on a banished man among the Volscians, and when he was very old, and had neither wife nor children around him, he was wont to say that now in old age he knew the full bitterness of banishment. So Caius lived and died amongst the Volscians.

The Romans, as was right, honored Volumnia and Valeria for their deeds, and a temple was built and dedicated to "Women's Fortune," just on the spot where Caius had yielded to his mother's words, and the first priestess of the temple was Valeria, into whose heart Jupiter had first put the thought to go to Volumnia, and to call upon her to go out to the enemy's camp and entreat her son.

HOW CINCINNATUS SAVED THE CONSUL

[455 B.C.]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

THERE had been peace between the Romans and the Æquians: but the Æquians and Gracchus Clœlius, their chief, broke the peace, and plundered the lands of the people of Lavici and of the people of Tusculum. They then pitched their camp on the top of Algidus; and the Romans sent deputies to them to complain of the wrong which they had done. It happened that the tent of Gracchus was pitched under the shade of a great evergreen oak, and he was sitting in his tent when the deputies came to him. His answer was full of mockery: "I, for my part," said he, "am busy with other matters: I cannot hear you; you had better tell your message to the oak yonder." Immediately one of the deputies answered, "Yea, let this sacred oak hear, and let all the gods hear likewise, how treacherously you have broken the peace! They shall hear it now, and shall soon avenge it; for you have scorned alike the laws of the gods and of men." Then they went back to Rome, and the Senate resolved upon war: and Lucius Minucius, the consul, led his legions towards Algidus, to fight with the proud enemy.

But Gracchus was a skillful soldier, and he pretended to be afraid of the Romans, and retreated before them, and they followed him, without heeding where they were going. So they came into a narrow valley, with hills on either side, high and steep and bare; and then Gracchus

sent men secretly, who closed up the way by which they had entered into the valley, so that they could not get back; and the hills closed round the valley in front of them, and on the right and left, and on the top of these hills Gracchus lay with his army, while the Romans were shut up in the valley below. In this valley there was neither grass for the horses, nor food for the men; but five horsemen had broken out before the road in the rear of the Romans was quite closed up, and these rode to Rome, and told the senate of the great danger of the consul and of the army.

Upon this, Quintus Fabius, the warden of the city, sent in haste for Caius Nautius, the other consul, who was with his army in the country of the Sabines. When he came, they consulted together, and the Senate said, "There is only one man who can deliver us; we must make Lucius Quinctius master of the people." So Caius, as the manner was, named Lucius to be master of the people; and then he hastened back to his army before the sun was risen.

This Lucius Quinctius let his hair grow, and tended it carefully: and was so famous for his curled and crisped locks that men called him Cincinnatus, or the "crisp-haired." He was a frugal man, and did not care to be rich; and his land was on the other side of the Tiber, a plot of four *jugera*[1] where he dwelt with his wife Racilia, and busied himself in the tilling of his ground. So in the morning early the Senate sent deputies to Lucius to tell him that he was chosen to be master of the people. The deputies went over the river, and came to his house, and found him in his field at work without his toga or cloak,

[1] Twelve and one half acres.

and digging with his spade in the ground. They saluted him and said, "We bring thee a message from the Senate, so thou must put on thy cloak that thou mayest receive it as is fitting." Then he said, "Hath aught of evil befallen the state?" and he bade his wife to bring his cloak; and when he had put it on, he went out to meet the deputies. Then they said, "Hail to thee, Lucius Quinctius! the Senate declares thee master of the people, and calls thee to the city, for the consul and the army in the country of the Æquians are in great danger." Then there was a boat made ready to carry him over the Tiber, and when he stepped out of the boat, his three sons came to meet him, and his kinsmen and his friends, and the greater part of the senators. He was thus led home in great state to his house, and the four-and-twenty lictors, with their rods and axes, walked before him. As for the multitude, they crowded round to see him, but they feared his four-and-twenty lictors; for they were a sign that the power of the master of the people was as sovereign as that of the kings of old.

Lucius chose Lucius Tarquitius to be master of the horse, a brave man and of a burgher's house; but so poor withal that he had been used to serve among the foot soldiers instead of among the horse. Then the master of the people and the master of the horse went together into the forum, and bade every man to shut up his booth, and stopped all causes at law, and gave an order that none should look to his own affairs till the consul and his army were delivered from the enemy. They ordered also that every man who was of an age to go out to battle should be ready in the Field of Mars before

sunset, and should have with him victuals for five days, and twelve stakes; and the older men dressed the victuals for the soldiers, whilst the soldiers went about everywhere to get their stakes; and they cut them where they would, without any hinderance. So the army was ready in the Field of Mars at the time appointed, and they set forth from the city, and made such haste that ere the night was half spent, they came to Algidus; and when they perceived that they were near the enemy, they made a halt.

Then Lucius rode on and saw how the camp of the enemy lay; and he ordered his soldiers to throw down all their baggage into one place, but to keep each man his arms and his twelve stakes. Then they set out again in their order of march as they had come from Rome, and they spread themselves round the camp of the enemy on every side. When this was done, upon a signal given they raised a great shout, and directly every man began to dig a ditch just where he stood, and to set in his stakes. The shout rang through the camp of the enemy and filled them with fear; and it sounded even to the camp of the Romans who were shut up in the valley, and the consul's men said to one another, "Rescue is surely at hand, for that is the shout of Romans." They themselves shouted in answer, and sallied to attack the camp of the enemy; and they fought so fiercely that they hindered the enemy from interrupting the work of the Romans without their camp; and this went on all the night, till when it was morning, the Romans who were without had drawn a ditch all round the enemy, and had fenced it with their stakes; and now they left their work, and began to take part in the battle. Then the Æquians

saw that there was no hope, and they began to ask for mercy. Lucius answered, "Give me Gracchus and your other chiefs bound, and then I will set two spears upright in the ground, and I will put a third spear across, and you shall give up your arms and your cloaks, and shall pass, every man of you, under the spear bound across as under a yoke, and then you may go away free." This was done accordingly; Gracchus and the other chiefs were bound, and the Æquians left their camp to the Romans, with all its spoil, and put off their cloaks, and passed each man under the yoke, and then went home full of shame.

But Lucius would not suffer the consul's army to have any share of the spoil, nor did he let the consul keep his power, but made him his own under-officer, and then marched back to Rome. Nor did the consul's soldiers complain; but they were rather full of thankfulness to Lucius for having rescued them from the enemy, and they agreed to give him a golden crown; as he returned to Rome, they shouted after him, and called him their protector and their father.

Great was now the joy in Rome, and the Senate decreed that Lucius should enter the city in triumph, in the order in which the army was returning from Algidus, and he rode in his chariot, while Gracchus and the chiefs of the Æquians were led bound before him; and the standards were borne before him, and all the soldiers, laden with their spoil, followed behind. And tables were set out at the door of every house, with meat and drink for the soldiers, and they and the people feasted together, and followed the chariot of Lucius with singing and great rejoicings. Thus the gods took vengeance

upon Gracchus and the Æquians; and thus Lucius delivered the consul and his army; and all was done so quickly that he went out on one evening, and came home the next day at evening victorious and triumphant.

THE FALL OF VEII

[396 B.C.]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

THE poetical story of the fall of Veii is as follows: —

For seven years and more the Romans had been besieging Veii. Now the summer was far advanced, and all the springs and rivers were very low, when on a sudden the waters of the lake of Alba began to rise; and they rose above its banks, and covered the fields and houses by the water-side; and still they rose higher and higher, till they reached the top of the hills which surrounded the lake as with a wall, and they overflowed where the hills were lowest; and behold, the water of the lake poured down in a mighty torrent into the plain beyond. When the Romans found that the sacrifices which they offered to the gods and powers of the place were of no avail, and their prophets knew not what counsel to give them, and the lake still continued to overflow the hills and to pour down into the plain below, then they sent over the sea, to Delphi, to ask counsel of the oracle of Apollo, which was famous in every land.

So the messengers were sent to Delphi. And meanwhile the report of the overflowing of the lake was much talked of; so that the people of Veii heard of it. Now there was an old Veientian who was skilled in the secrets of the Fates, and it chanced that he was talking from the walls with a Roman centurion whom he had known before in the days of peace; and the Roman spoke of the

ruin that was coming upon Veii, and was sorry for the old man his friend; but the old man laughed and said: "Ah! ye think to take Veii; but ye shall not take it till the waters of the lake of Alba are all spent, and flow out into the sea no more." When the Roman heard this, he was much moved by it, for he knew that the old man was a prophet; and the next day he came again to talk with the old man, and he enticed him to come out of the city, and to go aside with him to a lonely place, saying that he had a certain matter of his own, concerning which he desired to know the secrets of Fate. And while they were talking together, he seized the old man, and carried him off to the Roman camp, and brought him before the generals; and the generals sent him to Rome to the Senate. Then the old man declared all that was in the Fates concerning the overflow of the lake Alba; and he told the Senate what they were to do with the water that it might cease to flow into the sea: "If the lake overflow, and its waters run out into the sea, woe unto Rome; but if it be drawn off, and the waters reach the sea no longer, then it is woe unto Veii." But the Senate would not listen to the old man's words, till the messengers should come back from Delphi.

After a time the messengers came back, and the answers of the god agreed in all things with the words of the old man of Veii. For it said, "See that the waters be not confined within the basin of the lake: see that they take not their own course and run into the sea. Thou shalt let the water out of the lake, and thou shalt turn it to the watering of thy fields, and thou shalt make courses for it till it be spent and come to nothing." Then the Romans believed the oracle, and they sent work-

men, and began to bore through the sides of the hills to make a passage for the water. And the water flowed out through this passage underground; and it ceased to flow over the hills; and when it came out from the passage into the plain below, it was received into many courses which had been dug for it, and it watered the fields, and became obedient to the Romans, and was all spent in doing them service, and flowed to the sea no more. And the Romans knew that it was the will of the gods that they should conquer Veii.

So Marcus Furius Camillus was made dictator; and the Veientians sent to Rome to beg for peace, but the Romans would not grant it. Now the Etruscans are skilled in the secrets of Fate above all other nations; and one of the chief men of Veii, who had gone with the embassy, turned round as he was going out of the Senate house, and looked upon the senators and said: "A goodly answer truly have ye given us, and a generous; for though we humble ourselves before you, ye will show us no mercy, but threaten to destroy us utterly. Ye heed neither the wrath of the gods, nor the vengeance of men. Yet the gods shall requite you for your pride; and as ye destroy our country, so ye shall shortly after lose your own."

Meanwhile Marcus Furius pressed the city on every side, and he was at the head of a mighty army; for the Latins and the Hernicans had brought their aids; and he commanded his men to dig a way underground, which would pass beneath the walls, and come out again to the light within the precinct of the temple of Juno, in the citadel of Veii. The men worked on by night and by day; for they were divided into six bands; and each

band worked in turn and rested in turn; and the secret passage was carried up into the precinct of the temple of Juno; but it had not broken through the surface of the ground; so that the Veientes knew not of it.

Then every man who desired to have a share of the spoil hastened from Rome to the camp at Veii. And Marcus, the dictator, made a vow, and promised to give the tenth part of all the spoil to Apollo, the god of Delphi; and he prayed also to Juno, the goddess of the Veientians, that she would be pleased to depart from Veii, and to follow the Romans home to their city, which from henceforth should be hers, and where a temple worthy of her majesty should be given her for her abode. After this, he ordered the Romans to assault the city on every side; and the Veientians ran to the wall to meet them; and the shout of the battle arose, and the fight was carried on fiercely. But the king of the Veientians was in the temple of Juno in the citadel, offering a sacrifice for the deliverance of the city; and the prophet who stood by, when he saw the sacrifice, cried aloud, "This is an accepted offering; for there is victory for him who offers its entrails upon the altar!" Now the Romans were in the secret passage, and heard the words of the prophet. So they burst forth into the temple, and they snatched away the entrails from those who were sacrificing, and Marcus, the Roman dictator, and not the king of the Veientians, offered them upon the altar. Then the Romans rushed down from the citadel, and ran to the gates of the city, and let in their comrades; and all the army broke into the town, and they sacked and took Veii.

While they were sacking the city, Marcus looked down upon the havoc from the top of the citadel, and

when he saw the greatness of the city and the richness of the spoil, his heart swelled within him, and he said, "What man's fortune was ever so great as mine?" But then in a moment there came the thought, how little a thing and how short a time can bring the greatest fortune down to the lowest; and his pride was turned into fear, and he prayed, if it must be that in return for such great glory and victory, some evil should befall him or his country, yet that it might be light and recoverable. Whilst he prayed he veiled his head, as is the custom of the Romans in prayer, and turned round towards the right. But as he turned, his foot slipped, and he fell upon his back upon the ground. Yet he was comforted rather than annoyed by his fall, for he said, "The gods have heard my prayer, and for the great fortune of my victory over Veii they have sent me only this little evil."

Then he ordered some young men, chosen out from all his army, to approach to the temple of Juno; and they had washed themselves in pure water, and were clothed in white, so that there was on them no sign of stain of blood and of slaughter; and they bowed low as they came to the temple, but were afraid to touch the image of the goddess, for no hand might touch it except the priest's who was born of the house that had the priesthood. So they asked the goddess whether it was her pleasure to go with them to Rome. And then there happened a wonder, for the image spake and answered, "I will go"; and when they touched it, it moved from its place of its own accord, and it was carried to Rome. Thus Juno left her abode in the citadel of Veii, and she dwelt in her temple at Rome, on the hill Aventine, which the Romans built and dedicated to her honor.

After this there were rejoicings in Rome greater than had ever been known before; and there were thanksgivings for four days, and all the temples were filled with those who came to offer their thank-offerings. And Marcus entered the city in triumph, and he rode up to the Capitol in a chariot drawn by four white horses, like the horses of Jupiter and like the horses of the sun. But wise men thought that it was done too proudly, and they said, "Marcus makes himself equal to the blessed gods; see if vengeance come not on him, and he be not made lower than other men."

THE GEESE THAT SAVED THE CAPITOL

[364 B.C.]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

[THE Gauls from the north had pushed down into Italy and had either slain or driven away the Etruscans. In 364 B.C. they pressed on still farther south, forced the gates of Rome, and plundered the city.

The Editor.]

THE mass of the commons had fled from Rome with their wives and children, or having escaped from the route of the Alia had taken refuge at Veii. The flower of the patricians, and of the citizens of the richer classes of an age to bear arms, had retired into the capitol, to defend to the last that sanctuary of their country's gods. The flamen of Quirinus and the Vestal Virgins had departed with the sacred things committed to their charge out of the reach of danger. But there were other ministers of the gods, whom their duty did not compel to leave Rome, whom their age rendered unable to join in the defense of the Capitol, and who could not endure to be a burden upon those whose strength allowed them to defend it. They could not live the few remaining years of their lives in a foreign city, but as they could not serve their country by their deeds, they wished at least to serve it by their deaths. So they, and others of the old patricians who had filled the highest offices in the commonwealth, met together; and Marcus Fabius, the chief pontifex, recited a solemn form of words, which they each

repeated after him, devoting to the spirits of the dead and to the earth, the common grave of all living, themselves and the army of the Gauls together with themselves, for the welfare and deliverance of the people of the Romans and of the Quirites. Then, as men devoted to death, they arrayed themselves in their most solemn dress; they who had held curule offices, in their robes of white with the broad scarlet border; they who had won triumphs, in their robes of triumph overlaid with embroidery of many colors, and with palm branches of gold, and took their seats each on his ivory chair of magistracy in the gateway of his house. When the Gauls saw these aged men in this array of majesty, sitting motionless amidst the confusion of the sack of the city, they at first looked upon them as more than human, and one of the soldiers drew near to Marcus Papirius, and began to stroke reverently his long white beard. Papirius, who was a minister of the gods, could not endure the touch of profane barbarian hands, and struck the Gaul over the head with his ivory scepter. Instantly the spell of reverence was broken, and rage and thirst of blood succeeded to it. The Gaul cut down the old Papirius with his sword; his comrades were kindled at the sight, and all the old men, according to their vow, were offered up as victims to the powers of death.

The enemy now turned their attention to the Capitol. But the appearance of the Capitoline Hill in the fourth century of Rome can ill be judged of by that view which travelers obtain of its present condition. The rock, which is now so concealed by the houses built up against it, or by artificial slopings of the ground, as to be only visible in a few places, formed at that time a natural

defense of precipitous cliff all round the hill; and there was one only access to the summit from below, the *clivus* or ascent to the Capitol. By this single approach the Gauls tried to storm the citadel, but they were repulsed with loss; and after this attempt they contented themselves with blockading the hill, and extending their devastations over the neighboring country of Latium. It is even said that they penetrated into the south of Italy; and a Gaulish army is reported to have reached Apulia, whilst a portion of their forces was still engaged in blockading the Roman garrison in the Capitol.

Meantime, the Romans who had taken refuge at Veii had recovered from their first panic, and were daily becoming more and more reorganized. It was desirable that a communication should be opened between them and the garrison of the Capitol; and a young man named Pontius Cominius undertook the adventure. Accordingly, he set out from Veii, swam down the Tiber, climbed up the cliff into the Capitol, explained to the garrison the state of things at Veii, and returned by the same way unhurt. But when the morning came, the Gauls observed marks on the side of the cliff, which told them that some one had made his way there, either up or down; and the soil had in places been freshly trodden away, and the bushes which grew here and there on the face of the ascent had been crushed or torn from their hold, as if by some one treading on them or clinging to them for support. So, being thus made aware that the cliff was not impracticable, they proceeded by night to scale it. The spot, being supposed to be inaccessible, was not guarded; the top of the rock was not even defended

by a wall. In silence and in darkness the Gauls made their way up the cliff; no sentinel perceived them; even the watchdogs, said the story, heard them not, and gave no alarm. But on the part of the hill by which the enemy were ascending, stood the temple of the three guardian gods of the Capitol and of Rome, — Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; and in this precinct there were certain geese kept, which were sacred to Juno; and even amidst their distress for food, the Romans, said the old story, had spared the birds which were protected by the goddess. So now in the hour of danger, the geese heard the sound of the enemy, and began to cry in their fear, and to flap their wings; and Marcus Manlius, whose house was in the capitol hard by the temple, was aroused by them; and he sprang up and seized sword and shield, and called to his comrades, and ran to the edge of the cliff. And behold a Gaul had just reached the summit, when Marcus rushed upon him and dashed the rim of his shield into his face, and tumbled him down the rock. The Gaul, as he fell, bore down those who were mounting behind him; and the rest were dismayed, and dropped their arms to cling more closely to the rock, and so the Romans, who had been roused by the call of Marcus, slaughtered them easily, and the Capitol was saved. Then all so honored the brave deed of Marcus Manlius that each man gave him from his own scanty store one day's allowance of food, namely, half a pound of corn, and a measure containing five ounces in weight of wine.

III
ROME BECOMES MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

HISTORICAL NOTE

Just across the Mediterranean Sea, on the coast of Africa, was the ancient town of Carthage, a great commercial center, and the most powerful maritime city in the world. Naturally, there was jealousy between Carthage and Rome. Trouble arose in Sicily. The Carthaginians helped one side, the Romans the other. This was the beginning of the Punic Wars, which raged during the greater part of the time between 264 B.C. and 133 B.C. The result was the complete destruction of Carthage.

Meanwhile, Rome acquired Sardinia, Corsica, and Illyria. She also pushed to the north and founded colonies. Spain, Greece, and Macedonia came into her hands, and by 133 B.C. the little village of Romulus and Remus controlled all the countries around the Mediterranean Sea. Rome had become mistress of the world.

Power brought wealth. With the treasures of conquered provinces pouring into Rome, her citizens were no longer satisfied with their former simple ways of living, but imitated the luxurious fashions of the East. They became cruel and often brutal. The fights of the gladiators were their favorite amusement. There was much suffering among the poor, partly because the rich had monopolized the public lands. Two nobles, the Gracchi, succeeded in having laws passed which they hoped would mend matters, but the Gracchi were slain. The slaves were so wretched that in Sicily they revolted against their masters. Barbarians from the north came down upon Italy, but were driven back by Marius.

The army had become stronger than the lawmaking power. Marius was for a while driven into exile, and his former lieutenant Sulla was given command of the war against Mithridates, King of Pontus; but he succeeded in regaining his power and then put to death all who had opposed him. Sulla returned, and now the streets of Rome ran with the blood of those who had favored Marius. A young man named Julius Cæsar barely saved his life.

THE ROMANS OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC AND THEIR WAYS

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

EVEN if there were no truth in the old stories of Rome, they would, nevertheless, tell us much about the character of the Romans. People are always inclined to become like those whom they admire, and therefore the best Romans must have been like the heroes of the legends. They were, then, dignified and somewhat stern in manner, with great respect for the law and strong love of country. So long as the father lived, the son must yield to him in all private matters; but as a citizen the son was free, and if he happened to hold a higher office in the state than his father, the father must show him due honor. There is a story that a famous old general, Fabius Cunctator, had a brilliant son who was made consul. This office put him at the head of the army, and the father was, therefore, under him. The general rode up to greet his son as usual, but the son bade him dismount before he ventured to address a consul. The old general whom all Rome delighted to honor was greatly pleased and said, "My son, I wished to see whether you would remember the respect due you as consul of the Roman people."

In the earlier times, the Romans lived in houses of a single room, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, and a hole in the floor to drain off the rain that leaked in through the roof. The number of rooms

increased, but the heart of the home was the *atrium*, the living-room of the house. Here the wife and her daughters spun and wove. Here was an altar with images of the ancestors of the family who were worshiped as household gods, and were supposed to protect the home. Here were a table, a bed, a hearth for the open fire, and not much besides. Up to the time when Tarentum was captured, even those who were well-to-do lived in houses that had simply added to this atrium a few rooms for sleeping, although as Rome increased in wealth and power, the houses of the rich grew more spacious and more elegant.

The food was as simple as the house. The early Romans ate peas, beans, onions, and other vegetables, and a sort of porridge made of wheat; but meat was not often used.

The dress of a Roman consisted chiefly of a "toga." This was a long oval scarf, perhaps ten feet wide. It was folded lengthwise and draped over the left shoulder, under the right, and over the left again. One end hung down in the back, while the other was tucked into the fold or loop in front. Arranging the toga was an important matter. A man would have been laughed at from one end of the town to the other who ventured out into the streets with his toga draped over the right shoulder instead of the left. Under the toga, the Roman wore a tunic, or kind of shirt without sleeves. If the weather was cold, he put on one or two extra tunics, and perhaps a sort of mantle. Hats were not worn unless a man was traveling and the sun was uncomfortably warm. In the house the Roman wore sandals on his bare feet, but for the street he had shoes somewhat like those of to-day.

The tunic and toga were made of white woolen cloth, but members of the Senate were allowed to have a broad purple stripe running down the front of the tunic. Slaves wore tunics and sometimes, in cold weather, cloaks; but they were never permitted to wear the toga, for that was regarded as the special dress of the Roman citizen. The Roman boy wore a toga with a broad purple border until he was about seventeen. Then his father and a company of friends led him to the forum to enroll his name as a citizen, and after this he was permitted to wear the "manly toga," as it was called.

The Roman woman wore a tunic and vest, and over these another tunic long enough to touch the floor. This was the "stola." It was kept in place by a girdle. When the Roman lady went out of doors, she put on a "palla," or shawl of white woolen, draping it in much the same fashion as the toga of the men.

Children were sent to school, usually in the care of some trusty slave who was to see that they behaved well in the streets. It is not probable that in early times they learned much of books besides reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; but they were taught to ride, swim, and use arms, in order that they might be of value in defending the state, and they were most carefully trained to be honest and truthful, to worship the gods, to love their country, and above all things to be strictly obedient. If a child disobeyed his father, the father might sell him as a slave or even put him to death. If a man broke the law of the state, his fellow-citizens thought he had forfeited all right to live.

The Romans believed that the spirits of the dead lingered around their tombs. If these spirits received

due honor from their descendants, they were happy and kept loving watch over the home. If they were neglected, they were miserable and became mischievous and dangerous. The goddess of the hearth was Vesta, and the fire on the hearth was her symbol. Each family paid respect to Vesta at its own fireside; but besides this, a public temple was built in her honor, and there six maidens watched her sacred fires that they might never be permitted to go out. The Romans worshiped Jupiter as father of the gods. The god of war was Mars; the god of property and commerce was Hercules. These four were the principal gods of the early Romans, but there were hosts of others. There was Juno, wife of Jupiter; Neptune, god of the waters; Minerva the wise; Venus the beautiful; the two-faced Janus, whose temple was open in war and closed in peace — indeed, there was a god for every action. When a Roman was about to carry his corn into the barn, he offered a sacrifice to the god of carrying corn into barns and prayed that he might do it successfully.

The worship of the Romans was practiced as a sort of barter between themselves and the gods. They believed that if they did not worship the gods, some evil would come upon them; but that if they offered up prayers and sacrifices, they would get favors. They thought that it was especially pleasing to the gods to watch athletic games; and therefore if a Roman magistrate wished to make sure of good harvests, or if a military commander was in danger of defeat, he would promise the gods that if they would help him, he would celebrate games, or athletic contests, in their honor, such as wrestling and racing. When any important business was to be

undertaken, the "augur," who interpreted the will of the gods, was always consulted. He went to some high place, prayed, and offered up sacrifices, then seated himself with his face to the east to watch the sky. There were many fixed rules for interpreting what he might see or hear. For instance, it was a good sign if a raven croaked on the right; but if a crow appeared, it must croak on the left to bring good luck. Thunder on the left was fortunate for everything but holding the comitia. A flight of birds in one part of the sky was favorable to any proposed plan, but in another part, unfavorable. There were other omens than these appearances in the sky. To spill salt or stumble or sneeze was sure to bring bad luck unless the suppliant made some gift to the gods to ward off their displeasure.

In celebrating a marriage, the augur was always called upon to "take the *auspices*," that is, to watch the various omens and see whether they were favorable. This was done before sunrise, for the wedding ceremonies required a whole day. The guests came together at the house of the parents of the bride and listened eagerly while the augur reported what he had seen, and explained its meaning. Then all eyes were turned upon the bride and bridegroom, for the words of marriage were now to be spoken. The bride wore a snow-white tunic. Her hair had been parted into six locks with the point of a spear, and over it was thrown a red veil. After the words of marriage had been said, some woman friend of the bride's family led the couple to the altar. They walked around it hand in hand and offered up a cow, a pig, and a sheep. Then the guests cried, "Feliciter! Feliciter!" that is, "Good wishes!" or "May you be

happy!" and the feast began. At nightfall the bride pretended to cling to her mother, while the bridegroom tore her away and carried her to her new home. This show of force was perhaps in memory of the stealing of the Sabine women in the days of Romulus. The journey to the home of the bridegroom was not a solitary one by any means, for anybody followed who chose. Torch-bearers led the procession, men played on flutes, and the people sang songs. There were always many boys in the company, for the bridegroom carried a supply of nuts to scatter among them. This was to show that he was throwing away all childish things. At the threshold the bride paused, for there the evil goddesses called the Furies were supposed to dwell. If she were to stumble, it would be a most unlucky omen; and therefore she was always lifted into the atrium. On the following day the wedding guests came together again, for now it was the turn of the bridegroom to give a feast. The household gods were not forgotten, and the bride offered a sacrifice to them to show that she was now a member of her husband's family and joined in the worship of his ancestors.

It is no wonder that the Romans wanted the gods to favor their enterprises, for they undertook works of great magnitude. As has been said before, they did not hesitate to set to work to drain a lake by means of a tunnel, the building of which would be no small undertaking even with modern machinery. The Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer built by Tarquinius Priscus, is twenty-five centuries old and still does its work. They built channels under ground and mighty aqueducts on lofty arches above ground to bring fresh water into the city. In the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, they built the

Circus Maximus, — a race-course in a valley, with seats rising in tiers on the slopes of the hills. This was large enough to hold many thousand spectators. The Romans were also famous builders of roads. If a city came under their rule, they immediately built a direct road to it. The most famous of the Roman roads is the one leading from Rome to Capua. It is called the Via Appia or Appian Way, because it was built while Appius Claudius Cæcus was censor. The roadway was first covered with broken stone and cement; then upon this were laid exceedingly large blocks of hard rock, cut so smooth and square that the pavement seems almost as if made in one piece.

The one aim of the Romans was to make Rome powerful; and the chief object of these roads was to enable them to march bodies of soldiers to any given place without delay. Therefore they did not trouble themselves to search out easy grades for their roads; they made them as straight as possible. If a valley was in the way, they built a lofty viaduct across it. If a mountain stood before them, they dug a tunnel through it. If it had not been for these roads, the Romans could never have held Italy under their rule; but every conquered city knew that at the suspicion of a revolt, the terrible Roman troops would come down upon them, and that the punishments of Rome were swift and severe.

Another method by which Rome kept her conquests was a much pleasanter one than fighting or threatening, that is, founding colonies. When Rome overcame a district, part of the land was always given to Roman citizens who would go there to found colonies. These colonies were not mere military camps; they were

founded by men who had come to live quietly on their farms. They governed the colonies as Rome was governed, and they practiced the manners and customs of Rome. The result was that the conquered people soon learned to talk Latin and to understand Roman ways of living and thinking and ruling. Just as far as possible the Romans made it difficult for these conquered towns to have much to do with one another, but easy to have dealings with Rome. As their people came to know more of Rome, they could hardly help learning to admire her and wishing to become citizens. So it was that Rome held fast whatever country came into her hands. It is wonderful that a tiny settlement surrounded by enemies should have been able to grow into a state strong enough to overcome all these enemies. It is still more wonderful that having overcome them, she should have succeeded in making them not only obedient to her rule, but proud of being governed by a city that they had come to look upon with respect and admiration.

HOW HANNIBAL MADE HIS WAY TO ITALY

[218 B.C.]

BY LIVY

[THE second Punic War broke out in 218 B.C. Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, determined to come down upon Rome from the north. To do this, he was obliged to cross the river Rhone, and then the Alps. The following account pictures his difficulties and how he overcame them.

The Editor.]

HANNIBAL, the other states being pacified by fear or bribes, had now come into the territory of the Volcæ, a powerful nation. They, indeed, dwell on both sides of the Rhone: but doubting that the Carthaginians could be driven from the higher bank, in order that they might have the river as defense, having transported almost all their effects across the Rhone, they occupied in arms the farther bank of the river. Hannibal, by means of presents, persuaded the other inhabitants of the riverside, and some even of the Volcæ themselves, whom their homes had detained, to collect from every quarter and build ships; and they at the same time themselves desired that the army should be transported, and their country relieved, as soon as possible, from the vast multitude of men that burdened it. A great number, therefore, of ships and boats rudely formed for the neighboring passages, were collected together; and the Gauls, first beginning the plan, hollowed out some new ones from single trees; and then the soldiers themselves, at

once induced by the plenty of materials and the easiness of the work, hastily formed shapeless hulks, in which they could transport themselves and their baggage, caring about nothing else, provided they could float and contain their burden.

And now, when all things were sufficiently prepared for crossing, the enemy over against them occupying the whole bank, horse and foot, deterred them. In order to dislodge them, Hannibal orders Hanno, the son of Hamilcar, at the first watch of the night, to proceed with a part of the forces, principally Spanish, one day's journey up the river; and having crossed it where he might first be able, as secretly as possible, to lead round his forces, that when the occasion required, he might attack the enemy in the rear. The Gauls given him as guides for the purpose inform him that about twenty-five miles from thence, the river, spreading round a small island, broader where it was divided, and therefore with a shallower channel, presented a passage. At this place timber was quickly cut down and rafts formed, on which men, horses, and other burdens might be conveyed over. The Spaniards, without making any difficulty, having put their clothes in bags of leather, and themselves leaning on their bucklers placed beneath them, swam across the river. And the rest of the army, after passing on the rafts joined together, and pitching their camp near the river, being fatigued by the journey of the night and the labor of the work, are refreshed by the rest of one day, their leader being anxious to execute his design at a proper season. Setting out next day from this place, they signify by raising a smoke that they had crossed, and were not far distant; which when Hannibal understood,

that he might not be wanting on the opportunity, he gives the signal for passing. The infantry already had the boats prepared and fitted; a line of ships higher up transporting the horsemen for the most part near their horses swimming beside them, in order to break the force of the current, rendered the water smooth to the boats crossing below. A great part of the horses were led across swimming, held by bridles from the stern, except those which they put on board saddled and bridled, in order that they might be ready to be used by the rider the moment he disembarked on the strand.

The Gauls ran down to the bank to meet them with various whoopings and songs, according to their custom, shaking their shields above their heads, and brandishing their weapons in their right hands, although such a multitude of ships in front of them alarmed them, together with the loud roaring of the river, and the mingled clamors of the sailors and soldiers, both those who were striving to break through the force of the current, and those who from the other bank were encouraging their comrades on their passage. While sufficiently dismayed by this tumult in front, more terrifying shouts from behind assailed them, their camp having been taken by Hanno; presently he himself came up, and a twofold terror encompassed them, both such a multitude of armed men landing from the ships, and this unexpected army pressing on their rear. When the Gauls, having made a prompt and bold effort to force the enemy, were themselves repulsed, they break through where a way seemed most open, and fly in consternation to their villages around. Hannibal, now despising these tumultuary onsets of the Gauls, having transported the rest of

his forces at leisure, pitches his camp. I believe that there were various plans for transporting the elephants; at least there are various accounts of the way in which it was done. Some relate that after the elephants were assembled together on the bank, the fiercest of them being provoked by his keeper, pursued him as he swam across the water, to which he had run for refuge, and drew after him the rest of the herd; the mere force of the stream hurrying them to the other bank, when the bottom had failed each, fearful of the depth. But there is more reason to believe that they were conveyed across on rafts; which plan, as it must have appeared the safer before execution, is after it the more entitled to credit.

. . . . . .

Whilst the elephants were conveyed over, Hannibal, in the mean time, had sent five hundred Numidian horsemen towards the camp of the Romans, to observe where and how numerous their forces were, and what they were designing. The three hundred Roman horsemen sent, as was before said, from the mouth of the Rhone, meet this band of cavalry; and a more furious engagement than could be expected from the number of the combatants takes place. For, besides many wounds, the loss on both sides was also nearly equal; and the flight and dismay of the Numidians gave victory to the Romans, now exceedingly fatigued. There fell of the conquerors one hundred and sixty, not all Romans, but partly Gauls: of the vanquished more than two hundred. This commencement, and at the same time omen of the war, as it portended to the Romans a prosperous issue of the whole, so did it also the success of a doubtful and by no means bloodless contest.

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE RHONE

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE RHONE

BY HENRI PAUL MOTTE

(*Modern French painter*)

The invasion of Italy by Hannibal was one of the most brilliant military feats in all history. This picture shows how the great Carthaginian general was able to overcome his war-elephants' natural dread of boats, and to ferry them all safely across the river Rhone.

Of this incident Polybius, in his history of Rome, writes: "Having made a great number of rafts, they joined two of them together strongly and made them fast to the land on the bank; the breadth of the two thus united being about fifty feet. They then fastened two more to the extremity of these, which advanced out into the river; they secured also that side which was on the stream by cables from the land, fastened to some trees which grew on the bank, in order that they might not be forced away by the strength of the current. Having made this raft in the form of a bridge about two hundred feet in length, they added to the end of it two other larger floats very firmly joined together, but fastened to the rest in such a manner that the cable by which they were held might easily be cut asunder. They next spread a great quantity of earth upon the rafts, laying it on until they had rendered them level, and similar in color with the road on the land that led to the passage. The elephants being accustomed to obey the Indians did so till they approached the water, but never daring to venture in, they first led forward two female elephants along the rafts, when the rest presently followed. Upon reaching the extreme rafts, the cables which fastened them to the rest were cut, and they were instantly towed by the boats towards the other side. At this, the elephants being thrown into great disorder, turned every way, and rushed to every part of the raft. But being surrounded on all sides by water, their fears subsided, and they were constrained to remain where they stood. In this manner were the greater part of the elephants brought over, two rafts being thus continually fitted to the rest."

HENRI MOTTE. 1878.

When, after the action had thus occurred, his own men returned to each general, Scipio could adopt no fixed plan of proceeding, except that he should form his measures from the plans and undertakings of the enemy; and Hannibal, uncertain whether he should pursue the march he had commenced into Italy, or fight with the Roman army which had first presented itself, the arrival of ambassadors from the Boii, and of a petty prince called Magalus, diverted from an immediate engagement; who, declaring that they would be the guides of his journey and the companions of his dangers, gave it as their opinion, that Italy ought to be attacked with the entire force of the war, his strength having been nowhere previously impaired. The troops indeed feared the enemy, the remembrance of the former war not being yet obliterated; but much more did they dread the immense journey and the Alps, a thing formidable by report, particularly to the inexperienced.

Hannibal, therefore, when his own resolution was fixed to proceed in his course in advance on Italy, having summoned an assembly, works upon the minds of the soldiers in various ways, by reproof and exhortation. He said that he wondered what sudden fear had seized breasts ever before undismayed: that through so many years they had made their campaigns with conquest; nor had departed from Spain before all the nations and countries which two opposite seas embrace were subjected to the Carthaginians. That then, indignant that the Romans demanded those, whosoever had besieged Saguntum, to be delivered up to them, as on account of a crime, they had passed the Iberus to blot out the name of the Romans, and to emancipate the world. That

then the way seemed long to no one, though they were pursuing it from the setting to the rising of the sun. That now, when they saw by far the greater part of the journey accomplished, the passes of the Pyrenees surmounted, amid the most ferocious nations, the Rhone, that mighty river, crossed, in spite of the opposition of so many thousand Gauls, the fury of the river itself having been overcome, when they had the Alps in sight, the other side of which was Italy, should they halt through weariness at the very gates of the enemy, imagining the Alps to be — what else than lofty mountains? That supposing them to be higher than the summits of the Pyrenees, assuredly no part of the earth reached the sky, nor was insurmountable by mankind. The Alps in fact were inhabited and cultivated, — produced and supported living beings. Were they passable by a few men and impassable to armies? That those very ambassadors whom they saw before them had not crossed the Alps borne aloft through the air on wings; neither were their ancestors indeed natives of the soil, but settling Italy from foreign countries, had often as emigrants safely crossed these very Alps in immense bodies, with their wives and children. To the armed soldier, carrying nothing with him but the instruments of war, what in reality was impervious or insurmountable? That Saguntum might be taken, what dangers, what toils were for eight months undergone! Now, when their aim was Rome, the capital of the world, could anything appear so dangerous or difficult as to delay their undertaking? That the Gauls had formerly gained possession of that very country which the Carthaginians despair of being able to approach. That they must, therefore, either

yield in spirit and valor to that nation which they had so often during those times overcome; or look forward, as the end of their journey, to the plain which spreads between the Tiber and the walls of Rome.

He orders them, roused by these exhortations, to refresh themselves and prepare for the journey. Next day, proceeding upward along the bank of the Rhone, he makes for the inland part of Gaul: not because it was the more direct route to the Alps, but believing that the farther he retired from the sea, the Romans would be less in his way; with whom, before he arrived in Italy, he had no intention of engaging. After four days' march he came to the Island: there the streams of the Aar and the Rhone, flowing down from different branches of the Alps, after embracing a pretty large tract of country, flow into one. The name of the Island is given to the plains that lie between them. The Allobroges dwell near, a nation even in those days inferior to none in Gaul in power and fame. They were at that time at variance. Two brothers were contending for the sovereignty. The elder, named Brancus, who had before been king, was driven out by his younger brother and a party of the younger men, who, inferior in right, had more of power. When the decision of this quarrel was most opportunely referred to Hannibal, being appointed arbitrator of the kingdom, he restored the sovereignty to the elder, because such had been the opinion of the Senate and the chief men. In return for this service, he was assisted with a supply of provisions, and plenty of all necessaries, particularly clothing, which the Alps, notorious for extreme cold, rendered necessary to be prepared. After composing the dissensions of the Allobroges, when he

now was proceeding to the Alps, he directed his course thither, not by the straight road, but turned to the left into the country of the Tricastini, thence by the extreme boundary of the territory of the Vocontii he proceeded to the Tricorii; his way not being anywhere obstructed till he came to the river Druentia. This stream, also arising amid the Alps, is by far the most difficult to pass of all the rivers in Gaul; for though it rolls down an immense body of water, yet it does not admit of ships; because, being restrained by no banks, and flowing in several and not always the same channels, and continually forming new shallows and new whirlpools (on which account the passage is also uncertain to a person on foot), and rolling down, besides, gravelly stones, it affords no firm or safe passage to those who enter it; and having been at that time swollen by showers, it created great disorder among the soldiers as they crossed, when, in addition to other difficulties, they were of themselves confused by their own hurry and uncertain shouts.

Publius Cornelius the consul, about three days after Hannibal moved from the bank of the Rhone, had come to the camp of the enemy, with his army drawn up in square, intending to make no delay in fighting: but when he saw the fortifications deserted, and that he could not easily come up with them so far in advance before him, he returned to the sea and his fleet, in order more easily and safely to encounter Hannibal when descending from the Alps. But that Spain, the province which he had obtained by lot, might not be destitute of Roman auxiliaries, he sent his brother Cneius Scipio with the principal part of his forces against Hasdrubal, not only to defend the old allies and conciliate new, but also to drive

Hasdrubal out of Spain. He himself, with a very small force, returned to Genoa, intending to defend Italy with the army which was around the Po. From the Druentia, by a road that lay principally through plains, Hannibal arrived at the Alps without molestation from the Gauls that inhabit those regions. Then, though the scene had been previously anticipated from report (by which uncertainties are wont to be exaggerated), yet the height of the mountains when viewed so near, and the snows almost mingling with the sky, the shapeless huts situated on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts of burden withered by the cold, the men unshorn and wildly dressed, all things, animate and inanimate, stiffened with frost, and other objects more terrible to be seen than described, renewed their alarm. To them, marching up the first acclivities, the mountaineers appeared occupying the heights overhead; who, if they had occupied the more concealed valleys, might, by rushing out suddenly to the attack, have occasioned great flight and havoc. Hannibal orders them to halt, and having sent forward Gauls to view the ground, when he found there was no passage that way, he pitches his camp in the wildest valley he could find, among places all rugged and precipitous. Then, having learned from the same Gauls, when they had mixed in conversation with the mountaineers, from whom they differed little in language and manners, that the pass was only beset during the day, and that at night each withdrew to his own dwelling, he advanced at the dawn to the heights, as if designing openly and by day to force his way through the defile. The day then being passed in feigning a different attempt from that which was in preparation, when they had fortified the camp in

the same place where they had halted, as soon as he perceived that the mountaineers had descended from the heights, and that the guards were withdrawn, having lighted for show a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the number that remained, and having left the baggage in the camp, with the cavalry and the principal part of the infantry, he himself with a party of light-armed, consisting of all the most courageous of his troops, rapidly cleared the defile, and took post on those very heights which the enemy had occupied.

At dawn of light the next day the camp broke up, and the rest of the army began to move forward. The mountaineers, on a signal being given, were now assembling from their forts to their usual station, when they suddenly beheld part of the enemy overhanging them from above, in possession of their former position, and the others passing along the road. Both these objects, presented at the same time to the eye and the mind, made them stand motionless for a little while; but when they afterwards saw the confusion in the pass, and that the marching body was thrown into disorder by the tumult which itself created, principally from the horses being terrified, thinking that whatever terror they added would suffice for the destruction of the enemy, they scramble along the dangerous rocks, as being accustomed alike to pathless and circuitous ways. Then, indeed, the Carthaginians were opposed at once by the enemy and by the difficulties of the ground; and each striving to escape first from the danger, there was more fighting among themselves than with their opponents. The horses in particular created danger in the lines, which, being terrified by the discordant clamors which

the groves and reëchoing valleys augmented, fell into confusion; and if by chance struck or wounded, they were so dismayed that they occasioned a great loss both of men and baggage of every description: and as the pass on both sides was broken and precipitous, this tumult threw many down to an immense depth, some even of the armed men; but the beasts of burden, with their loads, were rolled down like the fall of some vast fabric. Though these disasters were shocking to view, Hannibal, however, kept his place for a little, and kept his men together, lest he might augment the tumult and disorder; but afterwards, when he saw the line broken and that there was danger that he should bring over his army, preserved to no purpose if deprived of their baggage, he hastened down from the higher ground; and though he had routed the enemy by the first onset alone, he at the same time increased the disorder in his own army: but that tumult was composed in a moment, after the roads were cleared by the flight of the mountaineers; and presently the whole army was conducted through, not only without being disturbed, but almost in silence. He then took a fortified place, which was the capital of that district, and the little villages that lay around it, and fed his army for three days with the corn and cattle he had taken; and during these three days, as the soldiers were neither obstructed by the mountaineers, who had been daunted by the first engagement, nor yet much by the ground, he made considerable way.

He then came to another state, abounding, for a mountainous country, with inhabitants; where he was nearly overcome, not by open war, but by his own arts of treachery and ambuscade. Some old men, governors

of forts, came as deputies to the Carthaginian, professing, "that having been warned by the useful example of the calamities of others, they wished rather to experience the friendship than the hostilities of the Carthaginians: they would, therefore, obediently execute his commands, and begged that he would accept of a supply of provisions, guides of his march, and hostages for the sincerity of their promises." Hannibal, when he had answered them in a friendly manner, thinking that they should neither be rashly trusted nor yet rejected, lest if repulsed they might become enemies, having received the hostages whom they proffered, and made use of the provisions which they of their own accord brought down to the road, follows their guides, by no means as among a people with whom he was at peace, but with his line of march in close order. The elephants and cavalry formed the van of the marching body; he himself, examining everything around, and intent on every circumstance, followed with the choicest of the infantry. When they came into a narrower pass, lying on one side beneath an overhanging eminence, the barbarians, rising at once on all sides from their ambush, assail them in front and rear, both at close quarters, and from a distance, and roll down huge stones on the army. The most numerous body of men pressed on the rear; against whom the infantry, facing about and directing their attack, made it very obvious that had not the rear of the army been well supported, a great loss must have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was they came to the extremity of danger, and almost to destruction: for while Hannibal hesitates to lead down his division into the defile, because, though he himself was a protec-

tion to the cavalry, he had not in the same way left any aid to the infantry in the rear; the mountaineers, charging obliquely, and on having broken through the middle of the army, took possession of the road; and one night was spent by Hannibal without his cavalry and baggage.

Next day, the barbarians running in to the attack between [the two divisions] less vigorously, the forces were reunited, and the defile passed, not without loss, but yet with a greater destruction of beasts of burden than of men. From that time the mountaineers fell upon them in smaller parties, more like an attack of robbers than war, sometimes on the van, sometimes on the rear, according as the ground afforded them advantage, or stragglers advancing or loitering gave them an opportunity. Though the elephants were driven through steep and narrow roads with great loss of time, yet wherever they went they rendered the army safe from the enemy, because men unacquainted with such animals were afraid of approaching too nearly. On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides, or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random, on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting: and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army arrived at the camp. A fall of snow, it being now the season for the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades, caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships. On the stand-

ards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains; and said, "that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and down-hill; that after one, or, at most, a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their own power and possession." The army then began to advance, the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps being generally shorter on the side of Italy is consequently steeper; for nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place, but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges, that a light-armed soldier, carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around, could with difficulty lower himself. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here when the cavalry had halted,

as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around. But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through the dirty fluid formed by the melting snow. Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any hold to the step, and giving way beneath the foot more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again; nor were there any stumps or roots near, by pressing against which, one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amid the melted snow. The beasts of burden sometimes also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it; at others they broke it completely through, by the violence with which they struck in their hoofs in their struggling, so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, the ground being cleared for that purpose with great difficulty, so much snow was there to be dug

out and carried away. The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it, and, pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a way with iron instruments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants could be led down it. Four days were spent about this rock, the beasts nearly perishing through hunger: for the summits of the mountains are for the most part bare, and if there is any pasture the snows bury it. The lower parts contain valleys, and some sunny hills, and rivulets flowing beside woods, and scenes more worthy of the abode of man. There the beasts of burden were sent out to pasture, and rest given for three days to the men, fatigued with forming the passage; they then descended into the plains, the country and the dispositions of the inhabitants being now less rugged.

HOW ARCHIMEDES DEFENDED SYRACUSE

[212 B.C.]

BY LIVY

[In the course of the war with Carthage, the Romans attacked Syracuse. The following extract gives Livy's story of its defense by the mathematician Archimedes. Besides Livy's account, there is also a tradition that Archimedes set the fleet afire by arranging mirrors to reflect the rays of the sun. In spite of the brilliant defense, Syracuse was finally captured. It is said that while the pillage and destruction were going on, Archimedes sat calmly working on a problem. "Don't disturb me," he said to the soldier who had burst in upon him. The soldier was angry and struck him down.

The Editor.]

The siege of Syracuse then commenced by sea and land at the same time; by land on the side of the Hexapylum; by sea on the side of the Achradina, the wall of which is washed by its waves; and as the Romans felt a confidence that as they had taken Leonitini by the terror they occasioned on the first assault, they should be able in some quarter to effect an entrance into a city so desert, and diffused over so large an extent of ground, they brought up to the walls every kind of engine for besieging cities.

And an attempt made with so much energy would have succeeded, had it not been for one person then at Syracuse. That person was Archimedes, a man of unrivaled skill in observing the heavens and the stars,

but more deserving of admiration as the inventor and constructor of warlike engines and works, by means of which, with a very slight effort, he turned to ridicule what the enemy effected with great difficulty. The wall, which ran along unequal eminences, most of which were high and difficult of access, some low and open to approach along level vales, he furnished with every kind of warlike engine, as seemed suitable to each particular place.

Marcellus attacked from the quinquiremes the wall of the Achradina, which, as before stated, was washed by the sea. From the other ships the archers and slingers and light infantry, whose weapon is difficult to be thrown back by the unskillful, allowed scarce any person to remain upon the wall unwounded. These, as they required room for the discharge of their missiles, kept their ships at a distance from the wall. Eight more quinquiremes joined together in pairs, the oars on their inner sides being removed, so that side might be placed to side, and which formed as it were ships, carried turrets built up in stories, and other engines employed in battering walls.

Against this naval armament Archimedes placed on different parts of the walls engines of various dimensions. Against the ships which were at a distance he discharged stones of immense weight. Those which were nearer he assailed with lighter, and therefore more numerous missiles. Lastly, in order that his own men might heap their weapons upon the enemy without receiving any wounds themselves, he perforated the wall from the top to the bottom with a great number of loopholes, about a cubit in diameter, through which some

with arrows, others with scorpions of moderate size, assailed the enemy without being seen. Certain ships which came nearer to the walls in order to get within the range of the engines, he placed upon their sterns, raising up their prows by throwing upon them an iron grapple, attached to a strong chain, by means of a tolleno which projected from the wall and overhung them, having a heavy counterpoise of lead which forced back the lever to the ground; then the grapple being suddenly disengaged, the ship falling as it were from the wall, was, by these means, to the utter consternation of the mariners, dashed in such a manner against the water that, even if it fell back in an erect position, it took in a great quantity of water.

Thus the attack by sea was foiled, and their whole efforts were directed to an attack by land with all their forces. But on this side also the place was furnished with a similar array of engines of every kind, procured at the expense of Hiero, who had given his attention to this object through a course of many years, and constructed by the unrivaled abilities of Archimedes. The nature of the place also assisted them; for the rock which formed the foundation of the wall was for the most part so steep that not only materials discharged from engines, but such as were rolled down by their own gravity, fell upon the enemy with great force; the same cause rendered the approach to the city difficult and the footing unsteady. Wherefore, a council being held, it was resolved, since every attempt was frustrated, to abstain from assaulting the place, and keeping up a blockade, only to cut off the provisions of the enemy by sea and land.

MARIUS TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE

[106 B.C.]

BY SALLUST

[At the close of the Carthaginian wars, the Romans had promised to protect the rightful rulers of the various provinces of Numidia. One Jugurtha had succeeded in putting these rulers to death and seizing upon the whole country. The Romans were helpless, for the reason that both commissioners and commanders sent against him accepted his bribes. Finally, Marius, a man of humble birth, who had risen to the consulship, was sent, and he brought the war to a close. The following extract is given by Sallust, the Roman historian, as the speech made by Marius to encourage enlistments in his army.

The Editor.]

I am aware, my fellow-citizens, that most men do not appear as candidates before you for an office, and conduct themselves in it when they have obtained it under the same character; that they are at first industrious, humble, and modest, but afterwards lead a life of indolence and arrogance. But to me it appears that the contrary should be the case, for, as the whole state is of greater consequence than the single office of consulate or prætorship, so its interests ought to be managed with greater solicitude than these magistracies are sought. Nor am I sensible how great a weight of business I am, through your kindness, called upon to sustain. To make preparations for war, and yet be sparing of the treasury; to press those into the service whom I am unwilling to

offend; to direct everything at home and abroad; and to discharge these duties when surrounded by the envious, the hostile, and the factious, is more difficult, my fellow-citizens, than is generally imagined. In addition to this, if others fail in their undertakings, their ancient rank, the heroic actions of their ancestors, the power of their relatives and connections, their numerous dependents, are all at hand to support them; but as for me, my whole hopes rest upon myself, which I must sustain by good conduct and integrity; for all other means are unavailing.

I am sensible, too, my fellow-citizens, that the eyes of all men are turned upon me; that the just and good favor me, as my services are beneficial to the state, but that the nobility seek occasion to attack me. I must, therefore, use the greater exertion, that you may not be deceived in me, and that their views may be rendered abortive. I have led such a life, indeed, from my boyhood to the present hour, that I am familiar with every kind of toil and danger; and that exertion, which, before your kindness to me, I practiced gratuitously, it is not my intention to relax after having received my reward. For those who have pretended to be men of worth only to secure their election, it may be difficult to conduct themselves properly in office; but to me, who have passed my whole life in the most honorable occupations, to act well had from habit become nature.

You have commanded me to carry on the war against Jugurtha; a commission at which the nobility are highly offended. Consider with yourselves, I pray you, whether it would be a change for the better, if you were to send to this, or to any other such appointment, one of yonder

crowd of nobles, a man of ancient family, of innumerable statues, and of no military experience; in order, forsooth, that in so important an office, and being ignorant of everything connected with it, he may exhibit hurry and trepidation, and select one of the people to instruct him in his duty. For so it generally happens, that he whom you have chosen to direct, seeks another to direct him. I know some, my fellow-citizens, who, after they have been elected consuls, have begun to read the acts of their ancestors, and the military precepts of the Greeks; persons who invert the order of things; for though to discharge the duties of the office is posterior in point of time to election, it is in reality and practical importance prior to it.

Compare now, my fellow-citizens, me, who am but a new man, with those haughty nobles. What they have but heard or read, I have witnessed or performed. What they have learned from books, I have acquired in the field; and whether deeds or words are of greater estimation, it is for you to consider. They despise my humbleness of birth; I contemn their imbecility. My condition is made an objection to me; their misconduct is a reproach to them. The circumstance of birth, indeed, I consider as one and the same to all; but think that he who best exerts himself is the noblest. And could it be required of the fathers of Albinus and Bestia, whether they would rather be the parents of them or of me, what do you suppose that they would answer, but that they would wish the most deserving to be their offspring? If the patricians justly despise me, let them also despise their own ancestors, whose nobility, like mine, had its origin in merit. They envy me the toils, the abstinence,

and the perils, by which I obtained that honor. But they, men eaten up with pride, live as if they disdained all the distinctions that you can bestow, and yet sue for those distinctions as if they had lived so as to merit them. Yet those are assuredly deceived, who expect to enjoy at the same time things so incompatible as the pleasures of indolence and the rewards of honorable exertion.

When they speak before you or in the Senate, they occupy the greater part of their orations in extolling their ancestors; for they suppose that by recounting the heroic deeds of their forefathers, they render themselves more illustrious. But the reverse of this is the case; for the more glorious were the lives of their ancestors, the more scandalous is their own inaction. The truth, indeed, is plainly this, that the glory of ancestors sheds a light on their posterity, which suffers neither their virtues nor their vices to be concealed. Of this light, my fellow-citizens, I have no share, but I have what confers much more distinction, the power of relating my own actions. Consider, then, how unreasonable they are; what they claim to themselves for the merit of others, they will not grant to me for my own; alleging, forsooth, that I have no statues, and that my distinction is newly acquired; but it is surely better to have acquired such distinction myself than to bring disgrace on that received from others.

I am not ignorant that, if they were inclined to reply to me, they would make an abundant display of eloquent and artful language. Yet, since they attack both you and myself, on occasion of the great favor which you have conferred upon me, I did not think proper to

be silent before them, lest any one should construe my forbearance into a consciousness of demerit. As for myself, indeed, nothing that is said of me, I feel assured, can do me injury; for what is true must of necessity speak in my favor; what is false, my life and character will refute. But since your judgment, in bestowing on me so distinguished an honor and so important a trust, is called in question, consider, I beseech you, again and again, whether you are likely to repent of what you have done. I cannot, to raise your confidence in me, boast of the statues, or triumphs, or consulships of my ancestors; but if it be thought necessary, I can show you spears, a banner, caparisons for horses, and other military rewards; besides the scars of wounds on my breast. These are my statues; this is my nobility; honors, not left, like theirs, by inheritance, but acquired amidst innumerable toils and dangers.

My speech, they say, is inelegant; but that I have ever thought of little importance. Worth sufficiently displays itself; it is for my detractors to use studied language, that they may palliate base conduct by plausible words. Nor have I learned Greek; for I had no wish to acquire a tongue that adds nothing to the valor of those who teach it. But I have gained other accomplishments, such as are of the utmost benefit to a state; I have learned to strike down an enemy; to be vigilant at my post; to fear nothing but dishonor; to bear cold and heat with equal endurance; to sleep on the ground; and to sustain at the same time hunger and fatigue. And with such rules of conduct I shall stimulate my soldiers, not treating them with rigor and myself with indulgence, nor making their toils my glory. Such a mode of com-

manding is at once useful to the state and becoming to a citizen. For to coerce your troops with severity while you yourself live at ease, is to be a tyrant, not a general.

It was by conduct such as this, my fellow-citizens, that your ancestors made themselves and the republic renowned; our nobility, relying on their forefathers' merits, though totally different from them in conduct, disparage us who emulate their virtues; and demand of you every public honor, as due, not to their personal merit, but to their high rank. Arrogant pretenders, and utterly unreasonable! For though their ancestors left them all that was at their disposal, their riches, their statues, and their glorious names, they left them not, nor could leave them, their virtue; which alone, of all their possessions, could neither be communicated nor received.

They reproach me as being mean and of unpolished manners, because, forsooth, I have but little skill in arranging an entertainment, and keep no actor, nor give my cook higher wages than my steward; all which charges, I must, indeed, acknowledge to be just; for I learned from my father, and other venerable characters, that vain indulgences belong to women, and labor to men; that glory, rather than wealth, should be the object of the virtuous; and that arms and armor, not household furniture, are marks of honor. But let the nobility, if they please, pursue what is delightful and dear to them; let them devote themselves to licentiousness and luxury; let them pass their age as they have passed their youth, in revelry and feasting, the slaves of gluttony and debauchery; but let them leave the toil and dust of the field and other such matters to us, to whom they are

more grateful than banquets. This, however, they will not do; for when these most infamous of men have disgraced themselves by every species of turpitude, they proceed to claim the distinctions due to the most honorable. Thus it most unjustly happens that luxury and indolence, the most disgraceful of vices, are harmless to those who indulge in them, and fatal only to the innocent commonwealth.

As I have now replied to my calumniators, as far as my own character required, though not so fully as their flagitiousness deserved, I shall add a few words on the state of public affairs. In the first place, my fellow-citizens, be of good courage with regard to Numidia; for all that hitherto protected Jugurtha, avarice, inexperience, and arrogance, you have entirely removed. There is an army in it, too, which is well acquainted with the country, though, assuredly, more brave than fortunate, for a great part of it has been destroyed by the avarice or rashness of its commanders. Such of you, then, as are of military age, coöperate with me, and support the cause of your country; and let no discouragement from the ill fortune of others, or the arrogance of the late commanders, affect any one of you. I myself shall be with you, both on the march and in the battle, both to direct your movements and to share your dangers. I shall treat you and myself on every occasion alike; and, doubtless, with the aid of the gods, all good things, victory, spoil, and glory, are ready to our hands; though, even if they were doubtful or distant, it would still become every able citizen to act in defense of his country. For no man, by slothful timidity, has escaped the lot of mortals; nor has any parent wished for his

children that they might live forever, but rather that they might act in life with virtue and honor. I would add more, my fellow-citizens, if words could give courage to the faint-hearted; to the brave I think that I have said enough.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

[73 B.C.]

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG

[THE Romans had always been stern, and now they had become brutal. In the athletic contests they were no longer satisfied with racing and wrestling; they demanded to see real fights and the spilling of real blood. At first they were entertained by watching battles between wild beasts, lions, leopards, panthers, and elephants, sometimes hundreds of them fighting together in the same arena; but this soon ceased to be interesting. Those who are cruel to animals always become cruel to people; and the Romans soon wanted the excitement of seeing *men* fight and die. These fighters were called gladiators. At first they were all slaves and criminals. Sometimes they were promised freedom if they fought for a certain number of years and were not slain. Schools were established where they were trained to fight, and from which they could be obtained at any moment. At the close of a gladiatorial combat, the victor stood proudly beside the vanquished and waited for the spectators to say what should be done with him. If the man had made a brave fight, they stretched out their hands with the thumbs up; but if he had shown himself awkward or cowardly, the thumbs were pointed down, and he was put to death on the instant.

In 73 B.C. the gladiators revolted and many escaped from the school at Capua, with no weapons save those of the arena. Slaves and other gladiators joined them, and they were successful in some engagements with the Roman troops. Spartacus had been chosen as their leader, and he sensibly urged them to go to their homes in Gaul and Thrace; but they were so elated with their victories that they refused in the wild hope of conquering Rome. The result was that they were

overcome by the Romans, and Spartacus was slain. The following is his supposed speech to them at the time of their escape.

The Editor.]

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheater a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them: —

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet has lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare to face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus — a

hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta and settled among the vineclad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime.

"We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together of our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the warhorse, the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling.

"To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold, he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away his body, to burn it on a funeral pile

and mourn over its ashes. Aye, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber flows red as frothing wine, and there in its deepest ooze thy lifeblood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'T is three days since he has tasted flesh, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ!

Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? Oh, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky; by the bright waters; in noble, honorable battle."

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW

BY CATULLUS

[It is good to know that even in the midst of wars and proscriptions such a delightful little poem as the following, in memory of a pet bird, could have been written.

The Editor.]

Loves and Graces mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow, that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother, never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her, to and fro,
And to her, and her alone,
Chirrup'd with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track,
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 't is, that now
My loved one's eyes are swollen and red,
With weeping for her darling dead.

IV
JULIUS CÆSAR

HISTORICAL NOTE

JULIUS CÆSAR was born of a noble family in the year 100 B.C. He was obliged to flee from Rome during the civil wars of Marius and Sulla, but returned at the latter's death and soon made a name for himself as a daring leader of the people in their struggle against the nobility. In 59 B.C. he united with Pompey, a successful general, and Crassus, a man of immense wealth, in a political alliance known as the First Triumvirate. They divided the Roman world between them, Cæsar, for his share, taking the province of Gaul (France).

During the nine years that Cæsar spent in Gaul he subdued the whole province, invaded Germany and Britain, and established a reputation as one of the world's greatest generals. Meanwhile the Roman Senate, jealous of his success, ordered him to disband his army and appointed Pompey to protect the state against him. For answer, Cæsar invaded Italy, defeated Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, put down revolts in Asia and Africa, and returned to Rome in 46 B.C., the undisputed master of the empire. A series of far-reaching reforms was inaugurated, but his vast designs were cut short by his assassination in the year 44 B.C.

Julius Cæsar was not only a soldier and statesman of the first rank, but a great historian and orator as well. "Taking him as the statesman who built on the ruins of the Republic the foundations of the Empire, as the patron of learning who founded libraries in all the great towns, and filled Rome with men of science, culture and letters; as the legislator who drafted laws which still control the world; as the profound scholar who dictated the correction of the calendar; as the thinker, for the grasp of whose mind nothing was too intricate, nothing too broad, Cæsar was, indeed, 'the foremost man in all the world.'"

CICERO DENOUNCING CATILINE IN THE ROMAN SENATE

CICERO DENOUNCING CATILINE IN THE ROMAN SENATE

BY CESARE MACCARI

(*Italian painter*, 1840)

TOWARD the end of 63 B.C., Lucius Sergius Catiline formed a conspiracy to overthrow the government of Rome, murder many distinguished citizens, and burn the city. Cicero, who was one of the consuls for the year, discovered the nefarious scheme and charged him with it in the presence of the Senate, as follows: —

"Just now you entered this Senate Chamber. In this great assemblage, where sit so many of your friends and relatives, who gave you any sign of greeting? If such a thing has never happened to any one before, no, not within the memory of mankind, why do you wait for me to pronounce your disgrace in so many words when your guilt has been already exposed by the far more impressive judgment of a silence like this? At your coming, the ex-consuls — whose names you have often noted down for murder — left the seats around you vacant. What more need I say? How do you think you ought to interpret a thing like that?"

This is the moment of the picture, which is a reproduction of a mural painting on the walls of the present Senate Chamber at Rome. Catiline attempted to clear himself, but the room was filled with cries of "Enemy! Parricide!" He succeeded in escaping from Rome, but the other conspirators sought to carry out his plans. Cicero discovered all the details of the plot and disclosed it to the Senate. The conspirators still in the city were seized and put to death. Catiline had established a camp in Etruria, to which large numbers of his friends had resorted, but when what had taken place in Rome became known, many of these deserted. Against the others Antonius was sent in command of a body of troops, and Catiline was defeated and slain.

WHEN CÆSAR CROSSED THE RUBICON[1]

[49 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[THE Rubicon was a little river separating Italy from the province of Gaul, of which Cæsar was governor. To cross it at the head of his army without the consent of the Senate was equivalent to declaring war against Rome. On the other hand, to leave his army behind would mean putting himself in the hands of enemies who were determined to rid themselves of so dangerous an opponent. On his decision rested the fate of Rome.

The Editor.]

THERE were not about him at that time above three hundred horse, and five thousand foot; for the rest of his army, which was left behind the Alps, was to be brought after him by officers who had received orders for that purpose. But he thought the first motion towards the design which he had on foot did not require large forces at present, and that what was wanted was to make this first step suddenly, and so as to astound his enemies with the boldness of it; as it would be easier, he thought, to throw them into consternation by doing what they never anticipated, than fairly to conquer them, if he had alarmed them by his preparations. And therefore, he commanded his captains and other officers to go only with their swords in their hands, without any other arms, and make themselves masters of Ariminum, a large city of Gaul, with as little disturbance and bloodshed as possible. He committed the care of these forces

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

to Hortensius, and himself spent the day in public as a stander-by and spectator of the gladiators, who exercised before him. A little before night he attended to his person, and then went into the hall, and conversed for some time with those he had invited to supper, till it began to grow dusk, when he rose from table, and made his excuses to the company, begging them to stay till he came back, having already given private directions to a few immediate friends, that they should follow him, not all the same way, but some one way, some another. He himself got into one of the hired carriages, and drove at first another way, but presently turned towards Ariminum. When he came to the river Rubicon, which parts Gaul within the Alps from the rest of Italy, his thoughts began to work, now he was just entering upon the danger, and he wavered much in his mind, when he considered the greatness of the enterprise into which he was throwing himself. He checked his course, and ordered a halt, while he revolved with himself, and often changed his opinion one way and the other, without speaking a word. This was when his purposes fluctuated most; presently he also discussed the matter with his friends who were about him (of which number Asinius Pollio was one), computing how many calamities his passing that river would bring upon mankind, and what a relation of it would be transmitted to posterity. At last, in a sort of passion, casting aside calculation and abandoning himself to what might come, and using the proverb frequently in their mouths who enter upon dangerous and bold attempts, "The die is cast," with these words he took the river. Once over, he used all expedition possible, and before it was day reached Ariminum, and took it.

CÆSAR AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER [1]

[48–44 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[CÆSAR could be stern when the occasion required, but he abhorred unnecessary bloodshed. The Romans, who remembered the cruel revenge that Marius and Sulla took on their enemies, were astonished at the moderation now shown by Cæsar.

The Editor.]

AND they had good reason to decree a temple to Clemency, in token of their thanks for the mild use he made of his victory. For he not only pardoned many of those who fought against him, but, further, to some gave honors and offices; as particularly to Brutus and Cassius, who both of them were prætors. Pompey's images that were thrown down, he set up again, upon which Cicero also said that by raising Pompey's statues he had fixed his own. When his friends advised him to have a guard, and several offered their services, he would not hear of it; but said it was better to suffer death once, than always to live in fear of it. He looked upon the affections of the people to be the best and surest guard, and entertained them with public feasting, and general distributions of corn; and to gratify his army, he sent out colonies to several places, of which the most remarkable were Carthage and Corinth; which as before they had been

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

ruined at the same time, so now were restored and repeopled together.

As for the men of high rank, he promised to some of them future consulships and prætorships, some he consoled with other offices and honors, and to all held out hopes of favor by the solicitude he showed to rule with the general good-will; insomuch that upon the death of Maximus one day before his consulship was ended, he made Caninius Revilius consul for that day. And when many went to pay the usual compliments and attentions to the new consul, "Let us make haste," said Cicero, "lest the man be gone out of his office before we come."

Cæsar was born to do great things, and had a passion after honor, and the many noble exploits he had done did not now serve as an inducement to him to sit still and reap the fruit of his past labors, but were incentives and encouragements to go on, and raised in him ideas of still greater actions, and a desire of new glory, as if the present were all spent. It was, in fact, a sort of emulous struggle with himself, as if it had been with another, how he might outdo his past actions by his future. In pursuit of these thoughts, he resolved to make war upon the Parthians, and when he had subdued them, to pass through Hyrcania; thence to march along by the Caspian Sea to Mount Caucasus, and so on about Pontus, till he came into Scythia; then to overrun all the countries bordering upon Germany, and Germany itself; and so to return through Gaul into Italy, after completing the whole circle of his intended empire, and bounding it on every side by the ocean. While preparations were making for this expedition, he proposed to dig

through the isthmus on which Corinth stands; and appointed Anienus to superintend the work. He had also a design of diverting the Tiber, and carrying it by a deep channel directly from Rome to Circeii, and so into the sea near Tarracina, that there might be a safe and easy passage for all merchants who traded to Rome. Besides this, he intended to drain all the marshes by Pomentium and Setia, and gain ground enough from the water to employ many thousands of men in tillage. He proposed further to make great mounds on the shore nearest Rome, to hinder the sea from breaking in upon the land, to clear the coast at Ostia of all the hidden rocks and shoals that made it unsafe for shipping, and to form ports and harbors fit to receive the large number of vessels that would frequent them.

These things were designed without being carried into effect; but his reformation of the calendar in order to rectify the irregularity of time, was not only projected with great scientific ingenuity, but was brought to its completion, and proved of very great use. For it was not only in ancient times that the Romans had wanted a certain rule to make the revolutions of their months fall in with the course of the year, so that their festivals and solemn days for sacrifice were removed by little and little, till at last they came to be kept at seasons quite the contrary to what was at first intended, but even at this time the people had no way of computing the solar year; only the priests could say the time, and they, at their pleasure, without giving any notice, slipped in the intercalary month, which they called Merecdonius. Numa was the first who put in this month, but his expedient was but a poor one and quite inadequate to correct all

the errors that arose in the returns of the annual cycles, as we have shown in his life. Cæsar called in the best philosophers and mathematicians of his time to settle the point, and out of the systems he had before him, formed a new and more exact method of correcting the calendar, which the Romans use to this day, and seem to succeed better than any other nation in avoiding the errors occasioned by the inequality of the cycles. Yet even this gave offense to those who looked with an evil eye on his position, and felt oppressed by his power. Cicero, the orator, when some one in his company chanced to say, the next morning Lyra would rise, replied, "Yes, in accordance with the edict," as if even this were a matter of compulsion.

But that which brought upon him the most apparent and mortal hatred, was his desire of being king; which gave the common people the first occasion to quarrel with him, and proved the most specious pretense to those who had been his secret enemies all along.

THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[44 B.C.]

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

THE Ides of March drew near. Cæsar was to set out in a few days for Parthia. Decimus Brutus was going, as governor, to the north of Italy, Lepidus to Gaul, Marcus Brutus to Macedonia, and Trebonius to Asia Minor. Antony, Cæsar's colleague in the consulship, was to remain in Italy. Dolabella, Cicero's son-in-law, was to be consul with him as soon as Cæsar should have left for the East. The foreign appointments were all made for five years, and in another week the party would be scattered. The time for action had come, if action there was to be. Papers were dropped in Brutus's room, bidding him awake from his sleep. On the statue of Junius Brutus some hot republican wrote, "Would that thou wast alive!" The assassination in itself was easy, for Cæsar would take no precautions. So portentous an intention could not be kept entirely secret; many friends warned him to beware; but he disdained too heartily the worst that his enemies could do to him to vex himself with thinking of them, and he forbade the subject to be mentioned any more in his presence. Portents, prophecies, soothsayings, frightful aspects in the sacrifices, natural growths of alarm and excitement, were equally vain. "Am I to be frightened," he said, in answer to some report of the haruspices, "because a sheep is without a heart?"

An important meeting of the Senate had been called for the Ides (the 15th) of the month. The Pontifices, it was whispered, intended to bring on again the question of the kingship before Cæsar's departure. The occasion would be appropriate. The Senate house itself was a convenient scene of operations. The conspirators met at supper the evening before at Cassius's house. Cicero, to his regret, was not invited. The plan was simple, and was rapidly arranged. Cæsar would attend unarmed. The senators not in the secret would be unarmed also. The party who intended to act were to provide themselves with poniards, which could be easily concealed in their paper boxes. So far all was simple; but a question rose whether Cæsar only was to be killed, or whether Antony and Lepidus were to be dispatched along with him. They decided that Cæsar's death would be sufficient. To spill blood without necessity would mar, it was thought, the sublimity of their exploits. Some of them liked Antony. None supposed that either he or Lepidus would be dangerous when Cæsar was gone. In this resolution Cicero thought that they made a fatal mistake; fine emotions were good in their place, in the perorations of speeches and such like; Antony, as Cicero admitted, had been signally kind to him; but the killing Cæsar was a serious business, and his friends should have died along with him. It was determined otherwise. Antony and Lepidus were not to be touched. For the rest, the assassins had merely to be in their places in the Senate in good time. When Cæsar entered, Trebonius was to detain Antony in conversation at the door. The others were to gather about Cæsar's chair on pretense of presenting a petition, and so could make an end. A

gang of gladiators were to be secreted in the adjoining theater to be ready should any unforeseen difficulty present itself.

That evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a "last supper" at the house of Lepidus. The conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Cæsar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one." When great men die, imagination insists that all nature shall have felt the shock. Strange stories were told in after years of the uneasy labors of the elements that night.

> "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves did open, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and jibber in the Roman streets."

The armor of Mars, which stood in the hall of the Pontifical palace, crashed down upon the pavement. The door of Cæsar's room flew open. Calpurnia dreamt her husband was murdered, and that she saw him ascending into heaven, and received by the hand of God. In the morning the sacrifices were again unfavorable. Cæsar was restless. Some natural disorder affected his spirits, and his spirits were reacting on his body. Contrary to his usual habit, he gave way to depression. He decided, at his wife's entreaty, that he would not attend the Senate that day.

The house was full. The conspirators were in their places with their daggers ready. Attendants came in to remove Cæsar's chair. It was announced that he was not coming. Delay might be fatal. They conjectured that he already suspected something. A day's respite, and all might be discovered. His familiar friend whom

he trusted — the coincidence is striking! — was employed to betray him. Decimus Brutus, whom it was impossible for him to distrust, went to entreat his attendance, giving reasons to which he knew Cæsar would listen, unless the plot had been actually betrayed. It was now eleven in the forenoon. Cæsar shook off his uneasiness and rose to go. As he crossed the hall, his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servant, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to forewarn him. As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken. As Cæsar had lived to reconstruct the Roman world, so his death was necessary to finish the work. He went on to the Curia, and the senators said to themselves that the augurs had foretold his fate, but he would not listen; he was doomed for his "contempt of religion."

Antony, who was in attendance, was detained, as had been arranged, by Trebonius. Cæsar entered, and took his seat. His presence awed men, in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favor to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made governor of Bithynia, then came close

to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word. Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Cæsar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum. The crowd outside caught the words that Cæsar was dead, and scattered to their houses. Antony, guessing that those who had killed Cæsar would not spare himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding some of them from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Cæsar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him!

AT THE FUNERAL OF CÆSAR

[44 B.C.]

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[On the morning after the murder of Cæsar, the Senate tried to pacify his friends by granting him the honors due to a god; and to gratify the conspirators by naming them for positions of honor. Mark Antony, a friend to Cæsar, showed no indignation against the assassins, and so won what he wanted, permission to speak at Cæsar's funeral. Brutus was so sure that his own speech, which was to precede that of Antony, would convince the Romans that it was wise and right to slay Cæsar that he did not hesitate to allow Antony to speak, provided, as he said to him (according to Shakespeare), —

"You shall not in your funeral speech blame us."

The Editor.]

The Forum

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of Citizens*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rend'red
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rend'red.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory

not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain!
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cri'd, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will: we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Several Cit. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave.
[ANTONY *comes down.*
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
[*Lifting* CÆSAR'S *mantle.*
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

V
THE AUGUSTAN AGE

HISTORICAL NOTE

After the murder of Julius Cæsar, the Romans were aroused by Antony's oration against the conspirators, and the murderers fled from Rome. Cæsar's soldiers were eager to avenge his death, and chose Antony for their leader. Cæsar's will had made his grandnephew Octavianus emperor, and the Senate stood by him. War followed, and Antony was defeated. Octavianus then asked Antony and also Lepidus to share the Roman world with him. To make themselves safe, they killed all who were likely to oppose them, the great orator Cicero among the number. They overcame the conspirators at Philippi. Next, Lepidus was dropped from the Triumvirate. It was decided that Antony should rule the East and Octavianus the West; but Antony was overcome by the charms of Cleopatra and, according to report, aimed at establishing a kingdom of his own and then trying to conquer Rome. Octavianus, or Augustus (the Revered), as he was afterwards called, defeated him in a naval battle off the coast of Actium. Antony committed suicide and the Roman world was now in the hands of one man, the shrewd young Octavianus.

Augustus wisely made no attempt to increase the broad territories of Rome, but urged his people to strengthen what they already had. He was interested in art and architecture and literature. He added so many fine buildings to Rome that he said with justice, "I found Rome a city of brick; I left it a city of marble." It was the custom of the land to throw open the gates of the temple of Janus in war, and with only two exceptions they had been open during the whole history of the city. During the reign of Augustus, however, they were closed three times. It was during one of these periods of peace that Christ was born in the little far-away province of Judea.

AUGUSTUS, THE SHREWD YOUNG EMPEROR

[Emperor 31 B.C. – 14 A.D.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR OCTAVIANUS was an exceedingly wise young man. He had seen his uncle lose his life, not because he did not govern well, but because the Romans suspected that he meant to take the title of king. This new ruler believed that it was far more desirable to have power than to have any especial title. Moreover, he had learned that a large number of citizens were startled at any suggestion of new laws or abrupt changes, but were contented if the old names and forms of government were kept up. Therefore he called himself simply "imperator," a military title meaning hardly more than commander. He never spoke of his victory over Antonius as the triumph of any party, but merely as the successful ending of an Eastern war. He was made consul; and he voted in the Senate just as any consul might do. He wore no royal robes, but the ordinary dress of a Roman. His house was like the dwellings of other men of good position, but not pretentious in any way. The people believed that the Government was moving on in the old fashion, the senators held their regular meetings and felt that they were deciding all important matters; and yet, little by little, the control of every division of the Government was coming into the hands of Octavianus.

Apparently, he held his power with a loose grasp. Sometimes he would offer to give up some of it. Surely, there was no reason to be jealous of a ruler who seemed to have no ambition but to do his best to govern well; and so he came to be at the head of one branch of the Government after another. He became censor; princeps, or first senator; and pontifex maximus, or chief priest. Finally, he was given the title of "Augustus," or the "Majestic," the "Revered," and it is by this title that he is usually spoken of in history. Sextilis, the name of the month in which his first consulate began, was changed to August in his honor.

By this quiet way of controlling the state, the clear-headed imperator, or emperor, was able to bring about what he wanted. One thing that both he and his people wanted was peace. He was obliged to carry on warfare to some extent during his reign, but he did not attempt to make the empire larger. He believed rather that Rome had as wide a dominion as she could well govern, but that it ought to be bounded by mountains, rivers, deserts, or seas, that is, by natural boundaries. As far as possible, he carried out this scheme. He would have liked to take the Elbe for part of the northern boundary; but the German tribes south of that river rebelled, and the Roman army under Varus was utterly destroyed. This almost broke the Emperor's heart. It is said that he used to cry out in agony even in his dreams, "O Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" The Rhine and the Danube became the northern limits of the empire; and if a line be drawn from the mouth of the Rhine to Cape St. Vincent in Portugal, and that line be moved on to the southeast until it has gone beyond Syria and

Egypt, the boundaries so marked will include little that was not under Roman rule.

To make the most of what Rome already held was Augustus's aim. The newer and less peaceful provinces he kept in his own hands. He appointed a governor for each, paid him a salary, and forbade the oppression of the natives. If a governor disobeyed, he was punished. The other provinces were left in the hands of the senate, but they were not forgotten, for Augustus kept close watch of their governors and saw that the provincials were fairly treated. He was always ready to listen to any complaint from them. After the Social War, a man in Italy or in the provinces who had been made a Roman citizen, had a right to vote, but in reality he was ruled by the people who lived in Rome, as has been said before, because they alone could conveniently be present at the assemblies. Now that Augustus had become the one power in Rome, it was gradually coming about that the citizens in Rome had no more power than those hundreds of miles away, for the emperor ruled them all.

The Romans thought it an important part of a ruler's duty to amuse them, and this duty Augustus never neglected. Unfortunately, their favorite amusement was the gladiatorial contest. The emperor made most liberal arrangements for this. He provided wild beasts by the hundred and gladiators by the thousand. "Bread and the games of the circus!" was the cry of the people of Rome, and the state supplied both. The laws of Caius Gracchus, passed more than a century earlier, allowed every Roman citizen to buy grain of the state at half price or less. The privilege had been continued, and the number who depended upon this charity had

increased until in the time of Augustus it is probable that fully half of Rome received their food or part of it from the Government. Of course some of these people were not able to earn their support, but the others deliberately preferred to ask bread of the state rather than earn it. There was the same old desire of the poor to avoid work; and with it went the eagerness of the rich to find new luxuries.

Augustus was interested in architecture, and he put up many temples, for men were forgetting their old reverence for the gods, and he wished to do all that he could to restore it. Any one walking through the city would see handsome buildings, such as the Capitol, the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, the Senate house, and Basilica, or hall of justice. There were now several handsome forums in the city; and these public squares, as well as the temples, were adorned with statues. There were beautiful parks and public gardens, and along the Campus Martius were porticoes, whose roofs were upheld by columns, and here people might walk in the shade. On the Palatine Hill were the luxurious homes of the wealthy; but the city as a whole must have been a vast collection of little houses and shops, with lanes, rather than streets, winding in and out among them.

The homes of the wealthy were most splendid. Even those that were in town were so surrounded by gardens and trees and vineyards that one within them might fancy himself many miles away from a city. The houses were full of luxury and gorgeousness, even though they were not always in the best of taste. The vestibule was often adorned with busts and statues, perhaps brought from some conquered city. The walls were painted

with some bright color and frescoed. There were tables veneered with plates of gold, silver, or ivory, chairs of cedar, floors of marble or of mosaic work, couches on which to recline at meals, sometimes of bronze, and sometimes of wood inlaid with ivory or gold. The beds had silver legs, mattresses stuffed with down, silken pillows, and richly embroidered purple coverlets. There were beautiful ornaments, vases, and exquisite work in glass. There were most graceful lamps of terra-cotta, bronze, or gold.

At meals the Romans loaded the table as nations do that have more money than good taste, and a slave who could cook perfectly was worth one thousand times as much as an ordinary slave. Vegetables, eggs, fish, fowls of many sorts, peacocks, and wild boars roasted whole, pastries and fruits were used; but the Roman idea of a luxurious meal was one at which many strange dishes appeared. The farther these were brought and the rarer they were, the more delicious they were supposed to be. A dinner of six or seven elaborate courses followed by much drinking of wine was not thought to be a sufficient entertainment for guests, and they were amused by rope-dancers, conjurers, and singers.

To learn Greek was so much the fashion that a Greek slave was usually chosen to attend boys to school that he might talk with them in his own language. They learned chiefly reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the reading class, the boys repeated together after the teacher, first the letters, then the syllables of a word, and finally the whole word. The books were of parchment folded into leaves or scrolls of papyrus. The text had been copied on them by slaves. When it was time

for the writing lesson, the boys took their tablets covered with wax and followed with a sharp point, or stilus, the letters that the teacher had traced. When they could do this well, they were allowed to make letters on the wax for themselves; and when they could write fairly well, they were promoted to use pens made of reeds, ink, and paper made from papyrus. Arithmetic they learned from an abacus, on whose wires little balls were strung. When the boys grew older, they attended more advanced schools, and in these the masterpieces of Greek literature were taught. Then many of them went on further and studied oratory. They must have Greek teachers, and those who could afford the expense went to Greece to complete their education.

The emperor was interested in literature, and the greatest of all the Latin writers lived during his reign. They were Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Ovid. Virgil, or Publius Virgilius Maro, wrote a long poem, the "Æneid," or story of Æneas and his coming to Italy after the fall of Troy. The Romans had been so well pleased with his shorter poems that when they heard of his plan to write the "Æneid," they were delighted. They had a long time to wait before seeing the book, for Virgil was not at all strong, and it was seven years before it was half done. Then the emperor asked him to read what he had written. He read first about the night when the Greeks slid softly down from the wooden horse and Troy was taken and burned; then he read about Æneas's stay in Carthage; and last, about his visit to the land of the dead. Here, the poem says, was the young Marcellus, whom the fates would "only show to the earth" and then snatch away.

"Fling lilies with o'erflowing hands, and let
Me strew his grave with violets," —

Virgil repeated. Marcellus was the name of a favorite nephew whom the emperor had adopted to be his successor. The young man had died only a little while before this, and the emperor was grateful that his name had been made immortal by the poet. In his will, Virgil directed the "Æneid" to be burned, because he had not yet made it as perfect as he wished, but Augustus forbade that such a thing should be done. He gave the manuscript to three friends of Virgil, all of them poets, telling them to strike out any phrase that they thought Virgil would have omitted on revision, but to add nothing. So it was that the "Æneid" was saved.

Horace, or Quintus Horatius Flaccus, had studied in Greece, according to the fashion, and when a young man, had fought in the army of Brutus. Virgil introduced him to Mæcenas, a wealthy statesman who knew how to be a warm friend. Through Mæcenas he met the emperor, and here he was sure to find appreciation. He wrote no lengthy poem, but many short ones, graceful odes to Mæcenas, to Virgil, to the emperor, to the state, to a beautiful fountain. He understands so well how people feel that one might almost fancy his poems were written yesterday. He thoroughly likes a jest or an unexpected turn. In one poem, a usurer, or money-lender, tells how he longs to live in the country. "Happy is the man," he says, "who dwells on his own farm, far away from the troubles of the city. He can train his vines, or graft his trees, or shear his sheep, or lie on the soft grass and hear the birds sing and the little streams murmur." Then Horace ends, "So said the money-lender. He

called in all his money on the fifteenth of the month to buy a home in the country — but he forgot the country and loaned it again on the first of the following month." When Mæcenas was dying, he said to Augustus, "Take care of Horace as if he were myself"; but Horace lived only a few months longer than his good friend.

Livy, or Titus Livius, liked to think and talk of the days before the aristocratic notions of the Romans were overthrown by Cæsar, and Augustus playfully called him a follower of Pompey. Livy's great work was a history of the Roman people; and in his preface he says that it will be reward enough for his labor in writing it if he can only forget for a while the troubles of his own times. This sounds rather mournful, but the history is charming. In reading it we almost feel that we are listening to Livy himself, for he writes his stories of the olden times as if he were telling them to a group of friends. He describes something that pleases him as if he were sure that his readers would enjoy it with him; and he is as grieved over a lost battle of a century earlier as if the defeated general were his own dear friend.

Even when Ovid, or Publius Ovidius Naso, was a small boy, he was eager to write poetry. His father wished him to become an orator and win some high position in the Government, and the boy tried his best to learn to argue. His teacher said that he spoke in a poetical sort of prose and did not arrange his arguments well. After a while a fortune was left him, and then he was free to write as much poetry as he chose. He was liked by the emperor, and life moved on most pleasantly. He wrote the "Metamorphoses," or stories of the gods. One is the tale of the visit of Jupiter and Mercury to Baucis

and Philemon. It is so simply and naturally told that we can almost see old Baucis building a fire on the hearth, putting a piece of a broken dish under one leg of the table so it will stand even, then rubbing the board with mint to make it smell sweet. Ovid was revising his manuscript one evening when an order for his banishment to the mouth of the Danube suddenly arrived from the emperor. No one ever knew why this was done. Ovid was torn from his family and sent to spend the rest of his life among the barbarians. In his despair he burned the "Metamorphoses," but fortunately his friends had made copies of it long before. He died in exile.

It is because these great writers lived in the times of Augustus that his reign is called the Golden, or Augustan, Age of Latin literature.

THE LETTER OF A ROMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENT

[44 B.C.]

BY CICERO THE YOUNGER

[No Roman youth was thought to have completed his education until he had studied with some of the famous Grecian teachers, and young men went to Greece as those of to-day go to a university. The following extract is a translation of a letter written by the son of Cicero while a student in Athens in 44 B.C. to Tiro, his father's man of business.

The Editor.]

AFTER I had been anxiously expecting letter-carriers day after day, at length they arrived forty-six days after they left you. Their arrival was most welcome to me: for while I took the greatest possible pleasure in the letter of the kindest and most beloved of fathers, still your most delightful letter put a finishing stroke to my joy. So I no longer repent of having suspended writing for a time, but am rather rejoiced at it; for I have reaped a great reward in your kindness from my pen having been silent. I am therefore exceedingly glad that you have unhesitatingly accepted my excuse. I am sure, dearest Tiro, that the reports about me which reach you answer your best wishes and hopes. I will make them good and will do my best that this belief in me, which day by day becomes more and more *en évidence*, shall be doubled. Wherefore you may with confidence and assurance fulfill your promise of being the trumpeter of my reputation.

For the errors of my youth have caused me so much remorse and suffering, that not only does my heart shrink from what I did, my very ears abhor the mention of it. And for this anguish and sorrow I know and am assured that you have taken your share. And I don't wonder at it! for while you wished me all success for my sake, you did so also for your own; for I have ever meant you to be my partner in all my good fortunes. Since, therefore, you have suffered sorrow through me, I will now take care that through me your joy shall be doubled. Let me assure you that my very close attachment to Cratippus is that of a son rather than a pupil: for though I enjoy his lectures, I am also specially charmed with his delightful manners. I spend whole days with him, and often part of the night: for I induce him to dine with me as often as possible. This intimacy having been established, he often drops in upon us unexpectedly while we are at dinner, and laying aside the stiff airs of a philosopher joins in our jests with the greatest possible freedom. He is such a man — so delightful, so distinguished — that you should take pains to make his acquaintance at the earliest possible opportunity. I need hardly mention Bruttius, whom I never allow to leave my side. He is a man of a strict and moral life, as well as being the most delightful company. For in him fun is not divorced from literature and the daily philosophical inquiries which we make in common. I have hired a residence next door to him, and as far as I can with my poor pittance I subsidize his narrow means. Furthermore, I have begun practicing declamation in Greek with Cassius; in Latin I like having my practice with Bruttius. My intimate friends and daily companions are those whom Cratippus brought

with him from Mitylene — good scholars, of whom he has the highest opinion. I also see a great deal of Epicrates, the leading man at Athens, and Leonides, and other men of that sort. So now you know how I am going on.

You remark in your letter on the character of Gorgias. The fact is, I found him very useful in my daily practice of declamation; but I subordinated everything to obeying my father's injunctions, for he had written ordering me to give him up at once. I would n't shilly-shally about the business, for fear my making a fuss should cause my father to harbor some suspicion. Moreover, it occurred to me that it would be offensive for me to express an opinion on a decision of my father's. However, your interest and advice are welcome and acceptable. Your apology for lack of time I quite accept; for I know how busy you always are. I am very glad that you have bought an estate, and you have my best wishes for the success of your purchase. Don't be surprised at my congratulations coming in at this point in my letter, for it was at the corresponding point in yours that you told me of your purchase. You are a man of property! You must drop your city manners: you have become a Roman country gentleman. How clearly I have your dearest face before my eyes at this moment! For I seem to see you buying things for the farm, talking to your bailiff, saving the seeds at dessert in the corner of your cloak. But as to the matter of money, I am as sorry as you that I was not on the spot to help you. But do not doubt, my dear Tiro, of my assisting you in the future, if fortune does but stand by me; especially as I know that this estate has been purchased for our joint advantage.

LETTER OF A ROMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENT

As to my commissions about which you are taking trouble — many thanks! But I beg you to send me a secretary at the earliest opportunity — if possible a Greek; for he will save me a great deal of trouble in copying out notes. Above all, take care of your health, that we may have some literary talk together hereafter. I commend Anteros to you.

A ROMAN BORE

BY HORACE

[I HAVE not the least doubt that this poem was read aloud by its author at the house of Mæcenas, when Bolanus and Viscus and Varius and Tigellius and Aristius were all present, and that it was listened to with shouts of laughter.

The Editor.]

ALONG the Sacred Road I strolled one day,
Deep in some bagatelle (you know my way),
When up comes one whose name I scarcely knew —
"The dearest of dear fellows! how d' ye do?"
He grasped my hand — "Well, thanks: the same to you."
Then, as he still kept walking by my side,
To cut things short, "You've no commands?" I cried.
"Nay, you should know me: I'm a man of lore."
"Sir, I'm your humble servant all the more."
All in a fret to make him let me go,
I now walk fast, now loiter and walk slow,
Now whisper to my servant, while the sweat
Ran down so fast, my very feet were wet.
"O had I but a temper worth the name,
Like yours, Bolanus!" inly I exclaim,
While he keeps running on at a hand-trot,
About the town, the streets, I know not what.
Finding I made no answer, "Ah! I see,
You're at a strait to rid yourself of me;
But 't is no use: I'm a tenacious friend,
And mean to hold you till your journey's end."

"No need to take you such a round: I go
To visit an acquaintance you don't know:
Poor man! he's ailing at his lodging, far
Beyond the bridge where Cæsar's gardens are."
"Oh, never mind: I've nothing else to do,
And want a walk, so I'll step on with you."
Down go my ears, in donkey-fashion, straight;
You've seen them do it, when their load's too great.
"If I mistake not," he begins, "you'll find
Viscus not more, nor Varius, to your mind:
There's not a man can turn a verse so soon,
Or dance so nimbly when he hears a tune:
While, as for singing — ah! my forte is there:
Tigellius' self might envy me, I'll swear."
He paused for breath: I falteringly strike in:
"Have you a mother? have you kith or kin
To whom your life is precious?" "Not a soul:
My line's extinct! I have interred the whole."
O happy they! (so into thought I fell)
After life's endless babble they sleep well:
My turn is next: dispatch me: for the weird
Has come to pass which I so long have feared,
The fatal weird a Sabine beldame sung,
All in my nursery days, when life was young:
"No sword or poison e'er shall take him off,
Nor gout, nor pleurisy, nor racking cough:
A babbling tongue shall kill him: let him fly
All talkers, as he wishes not to die."
We got to Vesta's temple, and the sun
Told us a quarter of the day was done.
It chanced he had a suit, and was bound fast
Either to make appearance or be cast.

"Stop here a moment, if you love me." "Nay;
I know no law: 't would hurt my health to stay,
And then my call." "I'm doubting what to do,
Whether to give my lawsuit up or you."
"Me, pray!" "I will not." On he strides again:
I follow, unresisting, in his train.
"How stand you with Mæcenas?" he began:
"He picks his friends with care; a shrewd wise man;
In fact, I take it, one could hardly name
A head so cool in life's exciting game.
'T would be a good deed done, if you could throw
Your servant in his way; I mean, you know,
Just to play second: in a month, I'll swear,
You'd make an end of every rival there."
"Oh, you mistake: we don't live there in league:
I know no house more sacred from intrigue:
I'm never distanced in my friend's good grace
By wealth or talent: each man finds his place."
"A miracle! if 't were not told by you,
I scarce should credit it." "And yet 't is true."
"Ah, well, you double my desire to rise
To special favor with a man so wise."
"You've but to wish it: 't will be your own fault,
If, with your nerve, you win not by assault:
He can be won: that puts him on his guard,
And so the first approach is always hard."
"No fear of me, sir: a judicious bribe
Will work a wonder with a menial tribe:
Say, I'm refused admittance for to-day;
I'll watch my time; I'll meet him in the way,
Escort him, dog him. In this world of ours
The path to what we want ne'er runs on flowers."

A ROMAN BORE

'Mid all this prate there met us, as it fell,
Aristius, my good friend, who knew him well.
We stop: inquiries and replies go round:
"Where do you hail from?" "Whither are you bound?"
There as he stood, impassive as a clod,
I pull at his limp arms, frown, wink, and nod,
To urge him to release me. With a smile
He feigns stupidity: I burn with bile.
"Something there was you said you wished to tell
To me in private." "Ay, I mind it well;
But not just now: 't is a Jews' fast to-day:
Affront a sect so touchy: nay, friend, nay."
"Faith, I've no scruples." "Ah! but I've a few:
I'm weak, you know, and do as others do:
Some other time: excuse me." Wretched me!
That ever man so black a sun should see!
Off goes the rogue, and leaves me in despair,
Tied to the altar with the knife in air:
When, by rare chance, the plaintiff in the suit
Knocks up against us: "Whither now, you brute?"
He roars like thunder: then to me: "You'll stand
My witness, sir?" "My ear's at your command."
Off to the court he drags him: shouts succeed:
A mob collects: thank Phœbus, I am freed.

WHY OVID WAS BANISHED

[10 A.D.]

BY MAURICE BARING

[This is an imaginary letter, purporting to have been written in Rome in the days of Virgil and Horace. The old question why the poet Ovid was suddenly banished from Rome to a land of barbarians is here answered by the suggestion that he criticized the verses of the emperor.

The Editor.]

My work, or rather, the business which called me to Rome, is now accomplished, and the Caryatids which I was commissioned to make for the Pantheon of Agrippa are now in their place. But in what a place! Alas, they have been set up so high that their whole effect is lost, and the work might just as well be that of any Roman bungler. The Romans are indeed barbarians. They consider that as long as a thing is big and expensive it is beautiful; they take luxury for comfort, notoriety for fame, eccentricity for genius, and riches for wisdom; or rather they deem that wealth is the only thing that counts in the modern world, and here at Rome this is true. Their attempts at art are in the highest degree ludicrous. Yesterday I visited the studio of Ludius, who is renowned in this city for his decorative work. He paints walls and ceilings, and the emperor has employed him to decorate his villa at Naples.

His work, which is not devoid of a certain talent, is disciplined by no sense of proportion. It would not be

tolerated in Greece for a moment, owing to an extravagance and an exaggeration which, so far from displaying any originality, merely form the futile mask of a fundamental banality. The man himself wears his hair yards long like a Persian, and favors a pea-green toga. I could not help saying to him that in Greece artists took pains to dress like everybody but to paint like no one.

Last night I supped with Mæcenas at his house on the Esquiline. Let me do justice to my host and give praise where praise is due; here are no jarring notes and no foolish display. Mæcenas has exquisite taste; his house is not overcrowded with ornaments or overwhelmed by useless decoration. By a cunning instinct he has realized that art should be the servant of necessity. Everything in his house has a use and a purpose; but where a vase, a bowl, a cup, a chair, or seat is needed, there you will find a beautiful vase, a beautiful bowl, and so forth.

Mæcenas himself is bald, genial, and cultivated; he looks older than he is, and dresses with a very slight affectation of coxcombry; his manner is a triumph of the art which conceals art. He talks to you as though you were the one person in the world he had been anxious to see, and as if the topic you were discussing were the preponderating interest of his life. As I entered his hall I found him pacing up and down in eager conversation with Agrippa, the famous admiral; my ears are sharp, and I just caught a fragment of their conversation, which happened to concern the new drains of Rome. Yet as Mæcenas approached me, he greeted me with effusion, and turning to Agrippa he said, "Ah, here he is," as if their whole talk had been of me.

We reclined almost immediately. The fare was deli-

cious, and distinguished by the same supreme simplicity and excellence as the architecture and the ornamentation of his dwelling. There were many celebrities present besides Agrippa — Ludius the painter, most grotesquely clothed, several officials and politicians, Cinna, Grosphus, three minor poets, Horatius Flaccus, Propertius, and Crassus; Ovidius Naso, the fashionable writer; Vergilius the poet, and many young men whose names escape me. Naso is by far the most prominent figure in the Roman literary world at present. He is the arbiter of taste, and sets the criterion of what is to be admired or not. Heaven forbid that I should read his verse, but there is no doubt about the flavor of his conversation, which is more interesting than his work.

The literary world despises Vergilius (the only Roman poet living worthy of the name!); on the other hand they admire this Crassus, who writes perfectly unintelligible odes about topics barren of interest. He has invented a novel style of writing, which is called symbolism. It consists of doing this: If you are writing about a tree and the tree seem to you to have the shape of an elephant, you call it an elephant. Hence a certain chaos is produced in the mind of the reader, which these young men seem to find delectable. If you mention Vergilius to them, they say: "If he only knew how to write. His ideas are good, but he has no sense of form, no ear for melody, and no power of expression."

This, of course, is ridiculous; for although Vergilius is a writer who has no originality, his style is felicitous, delicate, and lofty, and often musical. In fact he writes really well. With regard to the other poets, they are of little or no account. Horatius Flaccus has a happy

knack of translation; Propertius writes amiable, sentimental stuff, and Tibullus babbles of pastures; but they are all of them decadent in that they, none of them, have anything to say. And they either display a false simplicity and a false archaism, or else they are slavishly imitative or hopelessly obscure.

At first the conversation turned on naval matters. It was debated at some length whether the Romans needed a fleet at all, and, if they did, whether it should be a small fleet composed of huge triremes, or a large fleet of smaller and swifter vessels. Agrippa, who has the great advantage of practical experience in naval warfare, was in favor of the latter type of vessel. But another sailor, a friend of Cinna's, who was present, and who was also experienced, said that the day of small vessels was over. The conversation then veered to literary matters.

Ovidius — a little man with twinkling eyes, carefully curled hair, and elaborately elegant clothes — he has his linen washed at Athens — excelled himself in affable courtesy and compliment to Crassus, whom he had never met hitherto. He had always been so anxious, he said, to meet the author of odes that were so interesting, although they were to him a little difficult.

"I'm afraid you must be deeply disappointed," said Crassus, blushing — he is a shy, overgrown youth with an immense tuft of tangled hair and a desperately earnest face.

"No," said Ovidius, "I am never disappointed in men of letters. I always think they are the most charming people in the world. It is their works which I find so disappointing. Everybody writes too much," he continued, "and, what is worse still, everybody writes.

Even the dear emperor writes hexameters; they do not always scan, but they are hexameters for all that. It has even been hinted that he has written a tragedy. Of course, it does n't matter how much verse a young man writes, as long as he burns it all, but our dear master's hexameters are preserved by the empress. She told me herself with pride that she often 'mends' his verses for him. And they need mending sadly, because so many stitches in them are dropped. But how delightful it is to have a literary emperor. He was good enough to ask me to read him a little poetry the other day. I did so. I chose the passage from the 'Iliad' where Hector says farewell to Andromache. He said it was very fine, but a little old-fashioned. I then recited an ode of Sappho's, perhaps the loveliest of all of them. He seemed to enjoy it, but said that it was not nearly as good as the original, and that he preferred that kind of song when it was set to music. What the 'original' might be to which he alluded I did not ask, as I have always held that a monarch's business is to have a superficial knowledge of everything, but a thorough knowledge of nothing. And therefore I say it is an excellent thing, Vergilius, that our dear emperor is aware that you and Crassus and myself all write verse. But it would be in the highest degree undesirable that he should know so much about the business as to command you to write verses of society, and myself to write a Georgic.

"But, you will say, he is a poet himself, and the empress mends his verses. It is true she mends his verses, but she also mends his socks, and a sensible monarch no more bothers to write his own verse than he bothers to make his own socks, or else what would be

the use of being a monarch? But, again, you will object: if they are written for him, why don't they scan? The answer is simple. The man who makes them knows his business, and he knows that if they did scan nobody would believe that our dear master had written them.

"And in having his verse written for him by a professional, and a bad professional, — I hope, Horatius, it is not you, by the way, — the emperor displays not only sense but a rare wisdom. For a gentleman should never bother to acquire technical skill. If he loves music, let him hire professional flute-players, but do not let him waste his time in practicing ineffectual scales; and if he wants poetry let him order of Vergilius an epic, and if he wishes to pose as a literary monarch let him employ our friend Horatius to write him a few verses without sense or scansion — although I am afraid Horatius would find this difficult. You are too correct, Horatius. That is your fault and mine. We write verse so correctly that I sometimes think that in the far distant future, when the barbarians shall have conquered us, we shall be held up as models somewhere in Scythia or Thule by pedagogues to the barbarian children of future generations! Horrible thought! When Rome falls may our language and our literature perish with us. May we be utterly forgotten. My verse at least shall escape the pedagogues, for it is licentious; and yours, Crassus, I fear they will scarcely understand across the centuries. But, O, Vergilius, the spirit of your poetry, so noble and so pure, is the very thing to be turned into a bed of Procrustes for little Dacians!"

"You are unfair to the emperor," said Vergilius; "he has excellent taste."

"In poets certainly," said Ovidius, "but not in poetry."

The conversation then turned to other topics: the games, the new drains, the theater of Balbus, the Naumachia, and the debated question whether the emperor was right in having caused Vedius Pollio's crystal beakers to be broken because the latter had condemned a slave, who had accidentally dropped one of them, to be thrown into his pond of lampreys and eaten. The sentence would have been carried out had not the emperor interfered and caused the slave to be released. Horatius said that Vedius Pollio deserved to be eaten by lampreys himself, but Ovidius and Ludius considered the punishment to be out of all proportion to the crime. Agrippa could not understand his minding the goblet being broken, as there were plenty of goblets in the world. Cinna said that the slave was his own. Mæcenas considered that although it was a reprehensible act (and such deeds created dangerous precedents), nobody but a collector knew how terribly severe the provocation was.

We sat talking till late in the night. I cannot write any more, but I have just heard a piece of startling news. Ovidius Naso had been banished *for life* to some barbarous spot near Tauris. The reason of his disgrace is unknown. Hail!

VI
ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE use of the name "Cæsar" changed, and instead of being simply a name it became a title of honor. Julius Cæsar and the eleven emperors who next succeeded him are known as the Twelve Cæsars. Their reign extended to 96 A.D. Those following Augustus ruled in perhaps much the same way that any ten men taken at random and made masters of unlimited power might have done. Tiberius and Caligula were despots of the worst character; the latter, at least, was probably insane. Under Claudius, 41–54 A.D., colonies were founded in Britain. Nero was a man of fine education and some natural talent; but his tyranny and almost incredible cruelty became unendurable, and to save himself from death by scourging, he committed suicide. Galba, Otho, and Vitellius were in turn placed upon the imperial throne by the army. Vespasian's reign was marked by war in Judea. Under his son Titus, Jerusalem was destroyed, and the treasures of the Temple were carried to Rome. Titus afterwards completed the Colosseum, which Vespasian had begun. It was during the reign of Titus that the eruption of Vesuvius occurred which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. He was followed by his brother Domitian, whose rule was so execrable that after his murder the Senate struck out his name from their records, and even cut it away from the monuments. He had set up many statues of himself, and because the Christians refused to worship them, they had been terribly persecuted.

THE FALL OF SEJANUS

[27 A.D.]

BY S. BARING-GOULD

[In A.D. 27, the Emperor Tiberius withdrew to the island of Capreæ, and left Rome in the hands of Sejanus, his chief minister and trusted favorite, never suspecting that this very man was secretly plotting to gain the throne himself.

The Editor.]

Sejanus might flatter himself that he had but to put forth his hand to pluck the fruit which he had labored to gain. The Empress Livia was no more; the Julian house was desolate. His enemies and opponents — Drusus, the son of the emperor, Agrippina and her sons Nero and Drusus — were swept aside. The only representative of the Julian house as yet untouched was Caius (Caligula), Agrippina's youngest son, then living under the care of his grandmother, Antonia, and of the Claudian house was Tiberius Gemellus, the grandson of Tiberius, but he was a mere child.

The Senate lavished honors on the favorite of the emperor; coins were struck in Spain bearing his effigy beside that of Tiberius. An altar was erected to friendship, with the representations of Tiberius and Sejanus on it. As neither the emperor nor his minister came to Rome, the senators, the knights, all solicitous of obtaining favors, crowded to Campania to obtain interviews with Sejanus, who was harder of access than his master. This augmented his arrogance. As long as Sejanus

remained in the presence of the Prince at Capreæ, it was impossible for any one to open the eyes of Tiberius to the treachery of his favorite minister, for he controlled every avenue by which access could be had to his master. All the correspondence passed through his hands. But the conditions were altered when Sejanus went to Rome, sent there by Tiberius, but for what reasons we do not know. A late authority, perhaps for the purpose of drawing a lively picture, describes the parting. "The emperor embraced and kissed him, weeping, and exclaimed that he felt as though he were losing a part of himself."

As yet no suspicion that Sejanus could be unfaithful had entered the mind of Tiberius; if there had, he would not have sent him to Rome, where he commanded the Prætorian Guard.

On reaching the capital, the great vizier was received with abject respect. His busts and portraits were everywhere exhibited side by side with those of the emperor, and like sacrifices were offered before both. Men swore by the "lucky star of Sejanus," as they did by that of Tiberius. Two golden seats were placed side by side in the theater, one for the sovereign, the other for his minister. A decree of the Senate invested both with the consulship for five years, and required all future consuls to model their conduct on that of Sejanus. Already, in the society of the nobility, Tiberius was spoken of as the "King of the Isle," and Sejanus as his "Tutor." Crowds assembled before the palace of the favorite, elbowing themselves into prominence, fearful of not being noticed, or of being noticed too late. It flattered the son of the Vulsinian knight to see the proud nobles

cringe before him, and he observed their countenances attentively. Dio Cassius says truly enough: "Men born to honor do not set such store on outward demonstrations of respect, and do not resent lack of respect towards their persons so keenly as do new men, because the former know well that their worth is properly appreciated by others. He, however, who struts in borrowed plumes lays the greatest stress on outward demonstrations, and holds as a galling slight any carelessness or neglect in the attribution of honor. Consequently people are more on their guard to show honor to new men than to aristocrats by birth, for these latter consider it rather becoming in them to disregard an act of discourtesy, whereas the former consider such as a challenge, to be resented with all their might."

If the enemies of Sejanus purposed to excite the jealousy of the prince by their exaggerated homage, they gained in part their object. The emperor, who addressed him as his "companion in the labors of government," repeated his former order forbidding divine honors to be paid to himself or any other man. But Tiberius did not mistrust the minister, he was vexed at the baseness of the Roman nobility. He had nominated Sejanus as consul for the ensuing year, and had finally yielded to his persuasion, and consented to his betrothal to the princess Julia. "If a god had declared how sudden and complete would be the transformation of affairs at this time," says Dio Cassius, "no one would have believed him."

On the last New Year's Day, when all the sycophants in Rome poured to the palace to offer their best wishes and presents to Sejanus, a bench gave way under those

seated upon it, and when the great man issued from his doors, a cat ran across his path. When he offered sacrifice on the Capitol, so dense was the mass of people there packed, with a wave of his hand he signed to his attendants to take with his litter the "Traitors' Way" and the Gemonian Steps, down which the bodies of criminals recently executed were cast, and the bearers slipped and fell as they bore their master. It was noticed that ravens croaked and fluttered above his head, and perched on the roof of the prison.

On reaching home Sejanus cast incense on the altar before an ancient statue of Good Fortune, and — so it was said afterwards — the goddess turned her head from him.

Sejanus had made himself too many enemies, and enlisted in his cause too many confederates, for his safety, the moment he ceased to keep guard in person over the prince. Women had helped him in his crimes, and women brought him to his punishment. After Sejanus had left Capreæ, Tiberius had sent for his grandson Tiberius Gemellus, and for Caius, the youngest son of Germanicus, to be with him and divert him in his solitude. Antonia, the grandmother of Caius, the daughter of the triumvir, seized the opportunity to dispatch a letter to the emperor, confided to the care of her most trusty servant, Pallas; and in this letter she made Tiberius aware of the cruel manner in which Sejanus, whom he had trusted, had betrayed his interests and wrought the dishonor of some of his family. But the letter told something more — that Sejanus had gone to Rome to ripen his deeply laid schemes for a *coup de main*, which would subvert Tiberius, and enthrone himself. The scales fell

from his eyes, and the old man saw plainly at last how he had been deceived.

Sejanus, from the tenor of a letter received by the Senate from the Prince, began to suspect that some forces were working secretly against his interest. Confident in his own powers of cajolery, he resolved to return to Capreæ and meet these antagonistic influences and break them. He asked permission to leave Rome and revisit his master, alleging as his reason that he had heard tidings that Julia, his betrothed, was ill.

The desired permission was refused; the Prince said in reply that he himself proposed to come to Rome; which was true. Under the circumstances, Tiberius believed he could trust none but himself. The position of the old emperor was as alarming as it was difficult. He knew that a large party of the most influential families in Rome were hostile to his government, either because they clung to the phantom hope of a restoration of the Republic, or were attached to the cause of Agrippina. Others he had reason to suspect were so involved with Sejanus that they must stand by him at all costs. Sejanus was head of the Prætorian Guard, and he had brought his men together, to the number of ten thousand, and established them in a permanent camp on the most salubrious portion of the heights which radiate into the Esquiline, Viminal, and Pincian Hills. To what extent the soldiers were likely to obey their commanding officer against himself and their oath, that Tiberius could not conjecture. He made out a new commission over the Prætorians, and gave it to Macro, an officer of his guard, and dispatched him at once to Rome.

Tiberius wrote to the Senate to say that he was very

ill, and that he had not long to live; then sent tidings that he was better. This was probably true. He was thoroughly unhinged by the discovery of the treachery of Sejanus, and by his nervous terrors. In one letter he praised Sejanus, and then dropped words of blame; so that the favorite was himself perplexed and did not know what to make of these extraordinary communications. "His anxiety," says Dio Cassius, "did not drive him into open rebellion, nor, indeed, had he sufficient confidence to stake all on an appeal to arms. Every one in Rome shared his uncertainty, the result of these conflicting tidings. Every one hesitated whether to pay homage to, or to shrink from Sejanus."

It was expected one day that Tiberius would be on his way to Rome, and the next that his death would be announced.

Tiberius now dealt a master-stroke. He commended Caius, the youngest son of Agrippina, to the Senate and the people, as his successor. He reckoned doubtless on the enthusiasm which this announcement would produce among a people who had still the greatest love for the memory of Germanicus. And the people received the decision of the emperor with tumultuous delight. This was a fresh blow dealt Sejanus, who had reckoned on himself succeeding Tiberius. He felt instinctively that his chance of an appeal to the soldiers and to the people was cut away from him. It was noticed that in the imperial orders, the minister was named Sejanus, without any honorable prefix, contrary to the former habit of Tiberius. But occasionally tokens of favor were shown. Sejanus was nominated along with Caius to be priest in a college of which the Emperor was himself a

member, and Tiberius allowed the Senate to confer on Sejanus, as it had formerly on Germanicus, the proconsular power.

Bewildered by these contradictions in the behavior of the Prince, cast from an extremity of hope to one of despair, uncertain about himself and those who surrounded him, Sejanus let slip the opportunity of taking that decided and bold step which Tiberius had dreaded. The emperor had played with him as with a fish, till he was ready to land him. This craft was a necessity under the circumstances. But on October 17, A.D. 31, Nævius Sertorius Macro arrived in Rome late in the evening, with his commission to supersede Sejanus in the command of the Prætorians. Still uncertain as to the result of an appeal to the soldiers, Tiberius had caused to be circulated a report that Sejanus was about to have the tribunician authority granted him, which was equivalent to his appointment to be regent along with himself. All Rome believed the tidings. Sejanus, elated with pride, considered that he had reached the last step but one to sovereignty. His followers were filled with exultation, and those who had lately hesitated to show him honor crowded about his doors to offer their tardy homage.

Macro, on his arrival in Rome, betook himself at once to the house of the new consul Regulus, known to be hostile to Sejanus, and summoned thither to meet him Græcinus Laco, commander of the seven cohorts who acted as the night police of the capital, and were lodged in barracks in the different quarters of the city. To the consul and the commander of the cohorts Macro communicated the emperor's private orders, and pre-

pared the requisite measures. The decisive blow was to be struck next day.

A session of the Senate was appointed to meet in the morning at the temple of Apollo, near the imperial palace on the Palatine Hill. As Macro was on his way thither at daybreak he encountered Sejanus, also on his way to the same point, surrounded by a large retinue of servants, clients, and friends. A suspicion of evil crossed the mind of the minister at the sight of Macro, whom he had supposed to be in Capreæ. He asked him eagerly if he had come from the emperor with letters to him, and was answered in the negative. Sejanus changed color and halted. Macro noticed his alarm, and drawing him aside whispered that he was the bearer of a dispatch to the Senate relative to the tribunician authority for Sejanus. The minister in great delight hastened to the place of session, with head erect and face beaming with expectation. All present saw in his bearing a confirmation of the rumor that had reached their ears, and starting from their seats pressed round him with their congratulations; these he received with gracious condescension.

Macro had not entered the Senate house. As soon as he had seen the last flicker of the scarlet shoes of Sejanus as he passed within, he announced to the division of the guards sent to keep order, and to the Prætorians who had attended the minister, that the command had been transferred to himself. To the latter he promised a gratuity from the emperor, and bade them withdraw to the camp. They obeyed without demur. Then promptly and silently the police under Laco surrounded the place of session.

When this measure was complete, Macro entered the temple and delivered the imperial order, then retired before it had been opened, in order to make the best of his way to the Prætorian camp and secure the fidelity of the guards.

The scene that ensued was probably the most dramatic that had ever occurred in the Senate.

As soon as the imperial messenger had left the assembly they proceeded to open and consider the letter. It was long and verbose. It began with comments on matters of no vital importance, and then proceeded to blame Sejanus. But the words leveled against the minister were not written consecutively, but were mixed up with remarks on other matters of public business. Then came a whole paragraph devoted to Sejanus, and a categorical demand for his impeachment on several grounds. The letter concluded with requiring the arrest first of two senators closely allied to Sejanus and then of the minister himself. Tiberius renewed his declaration that he proposed returning to Rome, and stated that, as he was surrounded by enemies, he required the attendance of one of the consuls for his protection. The letter was written by the emperor in a tumult of nervous terrors, and with his mind unhinged by loss of confidence in the last man to whom he had clung and in whom he had believed.

The reading of this letter struck not Sejanus only, but the whole Senate as a bolt from heaven. The consternation, the bewilderment were general, and the greater because the senators had just vied with each other in adulation of the man who was thus struck before their eyes. Those who sat nearest him rose in silence, vacated

their seats, and placed themselves elsewhere, and the prætors and the tribunes of the people stepped into the empty places to surround the doomed man and prevent his escape.

But the suddenness with which he had been hurled from the highest pinnacle into the abyss was too great to allow Sejanus to exercise any presence of mind and decide on what was to be done. He sat, looking stonily before him, unmoved. The Consul Regulus rose from his seat and ordered him to stand up. Sejanus heard, but did not comprehend what was said. "This was not due to pride," says Dio, "but to the fact that he was unaccustomed to obey." The order was repeated, and repeated a third time by the consul in louder tones and with upraised arm. "Sejanus! dost thou hear me?" he asked.

Then, as though roused from a trance, the unhappy man replied, "What — do you call me?" He slowly rose, looking round for some one on whose shoulder to rest, but saw Laco, captain of the police, with sword unsheathed before him, and knew he was already a prisoner and a lost man.

Now ensued a scene of basest, most cowardly recrimination. From all sides rose hoots, curses, abuse, the wildest expressions of pent-up jealousy, hate, and thirst for revenge; and loudest of all yelled those who had crouched lowest but half an hour ago to kiss his hand. Those who had been his closest friends made themselves now most conspicuous as his enemies.

Nevertheless, the consul did not venture on an accusation of *majestas*, as he could not calculate on the strength and determination of the party of Sejanus in

the Senate. They might combine in the danger that menaced all, through their head. He demanded a formal charge to be made on which he might proceed legally to arrest Sejanus. One senator rose, and in a shrill voice above the tumult, impeached the minister; thereupon Regulus at once ordered Laco to remove his prisoner to the Tullianum, the Capitoline prison. The whole proceeding was precipitate, so as not to allow the adherents of the fallen minister time to concert measures of resistance.

Already tidings of what had taken place had spread like wild-fire through the city; and when Sejanus came out between the guards on the descent of the Via Nova to the forum, he could see that the entire space was filled with an agitated sea of heads. His way led down the slope, the dip in the hill under the Porta Mugionis, past the temple of Jupitor Stator and the height now crowned with the convent and covered by the gardens of S. Sebastiano. On reaching the bottom of the hill the road turned sharply to the left above the house of the vestals. For a while hope flattered him. A vestal virgin might come out of the doors, meet him, and thereby obtain his reprieve if not his pardon. But none appeared. As the crowd pressed on his guards, spitting, throwing earth, cursing him, Sejanus endeavored to cover his ghastly face with the fold of his purple-bordered mantle. A rude hand tore it away, another smote him in the face. His ears were deafened with cries, imprecations, jeers at his recent elation, reproaches for the violence, the judicial murders, he had wrought. As he came out above the temple of Castor and Pollux he could see the crowds engaged in tearing down his statues and pounding them

to pieces. Then he was led across the forum past the Umbilicus, the supposed center of the world, and the iron door of the prison closed on him.

Hard by, a few paces off, stood the temple of Concord, with the splendid arcade of the Capitoline Tabularium rising high above it. Hither a few hours later the trembling senators came, called together by the consul Regulus to decree the death of the shivering man now lying in the "cold bath of Hercules," a stone's-throw distant. Not an arm had been lifted, not a voice raised, in defense of the fallen minister; even the prætorians, on whose fidelity to his person he had reckoned, remained motionless. The people had declared with one voice against him. The Senate hurriedly passed the necessary forms, and Sejanus was condemned to death.

A few minutes later the door of the Tullianum was opened, and down the Gemonian steps was cast the corpse of the man who a few hours before had been the most dreaded and respected in Rome. Hooks were driven into the still warm flesh, and it was dragged about the city, given up to insult by the people, and not till the third day after the execution was the mangled and disfigured mass cast into the Tiber.

IN THE TIME OF NERO

IN THE TIME OF NERO

BY E. FORTI

The illustration represents a Roman lady of rank and position about to enter her boat. Slaves follow her, one with an umbrella to shield her from the sun. Before her steps, children scatter flowers, as she walks upon the costly rugs to the magnificently decorated boat which awaits her.

For all this extravagance of luxury Nero himself set the example. He built himself a superb palace which covered the whole Palatine Hill. In the burning of Rome this was destroyed, and then he began another far more costly than the old one. It covered not only the Palatine Hill but also the greater part of the Esquiline and the valley between them. This was called the Golden House. Suetonius says that many parts of this house were entirely overlaid with gold and adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The supper-rooms were vaulted, and compartments of the ceilings, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve and scatter flowers; moreover they were provided with pipes which shed essences upon the guests. The chief banqueting-room was circular, and revolved perpetually, night and day, in imitation of the motion of the celestial bodies. The baths were supplied from the sea and from Albula. Upon the dedication of this magnificent house, when finished, all that Nero said was, "Well, now at last I am housed as a man should be."

There was but one excuse for the extreme luxury of the times, and that was the few ways of spending money. Charity had not come into fashion, devotion to the state was past, travel offered many hardships and few attractions, opportunities for making safe investments were rare. A man who had a large income could buy more land, build more palaces for himself, or beautify those that he already possessed — in short, he could increase his luxuries; and this was all that the spirit of the age expected or required of him.

Copyright by Fishel, Adler & Schwartz Co., N.Y.

THE EMPEROR NERO ON THE STAGE

[67 A.D.]

BY S. BARING-GOULD

FROM day to day a more intense longing came over the emperor to exhibit his powers, and that before a discriminating, highly cultured public. His performances at the Juvenalia, and before the aristocracy and the mob of Rome did not suffice. What artistic perception had they? The Greeks gave the tone to art, they were the only truly æsthetically gifted people on earth; he would therefore submit his performances to their criticism. The applause of the Roman people was purchased, or was given in adulation; that of the Greeks would surely be granted according to judgment, and would be independent.

"The Greeks," said he, "were the only people who had an ear for music, and were the only good judges of him and his attainments."

In preparing for the ordeal he was affected with genuine nervousness. He labored hard to acquire perfect skill and to give to his voice full tone. He practiced with Terpnus from dinner till late in the night; he lay for hours on his back with a sheet of lead on his chest, he took emetics, he abstained from bread and fruit, he consumed leeks and oil; on the days before he performed he took nothing else. He practiced vigorously at dancing, and because he could not kick about his feet with the nimbleness of his master, he had the latter put to death.

At length he conceived that his "heavenly voice" had attained incomparable richness and volume, and that his skill was complete; so he sallied forth to confound the Greeks of Naples in a great concert.

A few words may here be given to Nero's personal appearance at this period. When shaved smooth, he affected to resemble Apollo, and to have a voice which would enchant the world as a second Orpheus. He was a little below middle size, without any striking deformity. His body was covered with blotches. His neck was fat and short, and, indeed, he was too fleshy and stout to make a figure as Apollo, and his stomach was unduly large and protruding, whilst his legs were small and short. His fair hair he wore cut in stages and arranged in short curls, but during the Greek "tour" he wore it long, flowing down over his shoulders.

He usually wore a light kerchief round his throat, as a protection to his voice, and a loose dress ungirded.

The most particular account of his vocal powers we derive from Lucian, who, though living long after, no doubt quoted from some contemporary authority. He says that nature had given Nero a voice of very ordinary compass, but that he was bent on straining to reach high notes, and growl out bass tones beyond his proper range. When he sang bass, the sound was muffled and like a buzzing of wasps or bees. However, this was helped out or disguised by the accompaniment, and might have passed as a tolerable performance had it been given by any one else but a sovereign. But when he would reach high notes like one of the great masters of song, then involuntarily the audience exploded into fits of laughter, however dangerous it was to do so. For he shook himself,

gasped for breath, strained himself to the toe-tips to help out his high notes, made contortions like a criminal bound to the wheel, and his naturally red face turned to the color of copper.

Thoroughly prepared to electrify the world with his song, Nero set off for Neapolis, taking with him the Augustal band of five thousand men, all handsome fellows with long locks, in gay uniform and with gold rings on their left hands, under an officer who received as his wage forty thousand sesterces (about three hundred pounds) per annum. They were divided into bands: the Hummers, who buzzed approval, the Patterers, who clapped their hands, and the Clashers, who more riotously banged earthenware pot-covers together, or perhaps kicked the earthenware jars on which the seats at a theater were raised. He was attended by a thousand baggage-carts, the mules all shod with silver, and the drivers dressed in scarlet jackets of finest Canusian cloth. A body of Africans with glittering bracelets, mounted on their jennets in splendid trappings, also attended him. Over the theatrical wardrobe was installed Calvia Crispinella, a noble Roman lady. As for Nero, he never wore the same garment a second time. On reaching Naples, some Alexandrians presented themselves before him; they were the inventors of a musical applause, something like the long-drawn-out "Amens" in fashion in churches nowadays. This so delighted Nero that the men were engaged on the spot, and commissioned to drill the Augustals in this new department of applause.

Neapolis was crowded; all the great men and small from the neighborhood, with wives and children, had

poured into the place to see and hear their emperor sing and act on the boards — it was a new form of sensation altogether.

His reception was enthusiastic. He sang for whole days in succession, and hardly allowed himself time for rest. The fever of excitement and desire not to deny the audience any of what they had come to hear drove him on to the stage from his bed or from table. He did not even allow himself the time to take a bath. He had his meals served him in the orchestra, and dined and supped before the spectators, apologizing to them in Greek for the pause, saying he would only drink another drop, and then treat them to something really of the first quality. Whilst he was performing, an earthquake shook the theater, but Nero sang through it all, undisturbed, thus evoking deafening cheers. Finally, it appeared as though the gods approved of this amateur-dramatic prince, for, after the theater was cleared of performers and spectators, shaken by the earthquake it collapsed without injury to any one. Nero regarded this as a good omen, and, inspired by the muse of poetry, he composed and sang a hymn to the gods, thanking them for the success of this first performance.

Intoxicated with applause, Nero now resolved to visit Greece itself, and make that classic land the judge of his execution, and to strive there with the most famous artists for the crowns given in the world-famous contests. . . .

When it was announced that he was actually about to visit Greece, all the states hastened to proclaim that the contests which were recurrent in successive years at Olympia, Nemea, Delphi, and Corinth should be

crowded into the space of time during which the Emperor resided on Greek soil, so that he might achieve the distinction of being a Periodonicus, or victor in the whole circle.

He started, attended by courtiers and court followers of all descriptions, and with the cunning of a madman he invited as a favor to attend his triumphal progress all such members of the nobility and Senate whom he had marked for death, that he might destroy them at his leisure and with more security, at a distance from the city.

He left behind him in Rome a freedman, Helios, without definite instructions, but empowered to act as regent. That was a wonderful expedition. Dio says: "He started for Greece not as had his predecessors, Flaminius, Mummius, Agrippa, and Augustus, but as a chariot-driver, a lyre-twanger, a herald, a dramatic performer in tragedies. His army that he led consisted not of the Augustians only but of so many that, as far as numbers went, he might have been marching against the Parthians. But these heroes under Nero's banner, in place of the weapons of war, brandished fiddles and fiddle-sticks, masks and buskins. And the victories won were worthy of the host; those subdued were not a Philip, a Perseus, an Antiochus, but a Terpnus, a Diodoris, and a Parmenes, a dancing-master, a fiddler, and a mime. Parmenes had enjoyed some fame in the time of Caius; now the old fellow was dragged on to the stage to give Nero the opportunity of triumphing over him, and as victor of upsetting his statues.

"If this had been all, he would have been laughed at for his pains. But it was intolerably humiliating for

Romans to hear of, let alone see, the reigning emperor enter the lists against other candidates, practice his voice, go through rehearsals, march on to the stage with shaven chin and curly locks, and naked, with mantle cast back, attended by one or two companions only; and to see him glower at his rivals, attack them with contumely, bribe the judges and officers keeping order not to turn him out and to show him some favor — and all this to win the prize for lyre-playing when he was pitching away his credit as emperor. Could a disgrace be greater? Sulla degraded others; Nero degraded himself. Could a victory be more contemptible than one which was crowned with a few olive twigs, laurels, ivy, or fir — when he sacrificed for such the civic crown? How miserable must have been his appearance when he strutted forward on high buskins, and sank his imperial dignity in the dust! Or when he put on his mask and cast off his sovereignty! What more contemptible than the parts which he picked out for himself; when he was led about as a blind man, simulated a madman, acted the part of a woman in travail, or of a vagabond. He spoke, moved, endured all, like a common strolling player, with one exception, that he wore, when taking the rôle of a captive, golden fetters, for he said it did not become a Roman prince to wear such as were of iron.

"One day in the Olympian games while chariot-racing he was pitched out and almost run over; nevertheless he was crowned as victor, in thanks for which he made a present to the judges of two hundred thousand denarii. To the Pythian prophetess he gave a hundred thousand, because she pronounced an oracle that gratified him. But with Apollo he was so irate because his oracle was

unfavorable, that he killed a number of men and flung their carcasses into the cleft out of which the sacred vapor arose. In all those places where there were contests he strove for the prize, employing the consular, Cluvius Rufus, as his herald, who trumpeted forth the announcement, 'The Cæsar Nero has conquered in this contest also, and crowns the Roman people and the Universe!'"

He excepted Sparta and Athens from his visits. The laws of Lycurgus were not to his taste, and therefore he did not go to Lacedæmon; and he was afraid lest the wrath of the avenging Athene should light on him for the murder of his mother, if he entered the city sacred to her. Moreover, he shrank from initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries, from a sense of his unworthiness, or rather from fear of the consequences.

The first Greek island on which Nero landed was Corcyra, and there he initiated his tour of performances by a song sung before the altar of Jupiter Cassius.

At Olympia there was no theater, only a hippodrome; Nero had it adapted for his dramatic performances as well as for horse-racing. Before he entered he showed the greatest deference to the judges, and assured them "he had done all in his power to prepare for the ordeal. The result was in the hands of fate. He requested them as men of taste and culture, to overlook all accidents and consider the general perfection of the performance." But though they encouraged him, he was afflicted with nervousness or suspicion, and thought that any reserve in the umpires was a token of disaffection. In every particular he obeyed the rules laid on dramatic performers, not to spit, or blow the nose, and to use his

sleeve only for wiping the sweat from his brow, nor to seat himself, however weary he might be. As on one occasion in the course of tragic declamation he dropped his staff, he trembled with nervousness lest through this accident he should forfeit the prize; and he could only be pacified when the mime who accompanied him on the cithara swore to him that no one had observed it, so engrossed were all in admiration of his voice.

But he was not content with even the loud voice of Cluvius, as his herald. He competed with others as to who could bellow loudest, and having gained the victory in this also, he took to announcing his victories himself. . . .

On reaching Corinth, nothing would content him but that he must cut through the isthmus. The idea of uniting the Ionian and Adriatic seas had been mooted before, and had been entertained by Demetrius, by Cæsar, and by Caius. Nero undertook the task, not from any consideration of utility, but to show that he could do what others had failed to accomplish. "He thought," says Lucian, "on that old Achæan king who, on his expedition against Troy, passed through the canal he had dug between Chalcis and Aulis, and had cut Bœotia from Eubœa; on Darius, who had cast a bridge over the Thracian Bosphorus, in his expedition against the Scythians; and even more on the undertaking of Xerxes, in its magnitude never equaled. Beside all this he conceived that he would be giving no grander boon to all Greece than by removing the small impediment which interfered with the traffic between Greece and Italy. For, however intoxicated and disorderly the capricious power of tyrants may make them, there are

moments when it does occur to them to do something great by which they may become famous."

The day on which the first sod was turned was appointed to be a great festival. The emperor left Corinth, where he was then residing, at the head of a great train. On the morning he issued in gorgeous apparel from his tent. First he snatched up the lyre and sang a hymn in honor of Amphitrite and Neptune, and threw in as well an ode on Leucothea and Melicertes. Then the præfect of Greece handed him a golden spade. Amidst shouts and the strains of music he turned three clods, collected the earth in a basket, put it on his shoulder, and after having made a magniloquent address to the laborers, returned in triumph to Corinth, as pleased with himself as if he had performed the twelve labors of Hercules. The work was begun energetically; innumerable laborers had been collected on the spot. Vespasian had sent him six thousand sturdy young Jews for the purpose; and the jails of the empire had been emptied to furnish him with a sufficiency of workmen. However, after five days of work, Nero's interest cooled, was turned in another direction — and the undertaking was abandoned. Those about his person hastened to find excuses — bad omens were easily manufactured — to cover the retreat of the emperor from a task begun with such a flourish and so speedily given up.

A year and a half were spent by Nero in Greece. The expenditure was enormous, and to supply his private treasury he had recourse to plundering temples of their stores of precious metal, and what was worse, to the execution of wealthy men, that he might possess himself of their fortunes. His progress through Greece, says

Dio, was like that of a conqueror over a subjugated land. "He plundered it to exhaustion, and had men, women, and children murdered. At first he required the children and freedmen of those whom he sentenced to death to give him half what his victims had left; and those condemned were allowed to make wills so as to let it appear that they were not put to death for the sake of their fortunes. But presently he took to himself either all or the major part, and finally he swept the whole into his pocket, and by decree banished all the children of his victims from the country. But even this did not content him, and he had many of them assassinated in their exile. It would not be possible to form an estimate of the sums he took from those whom he allowed to live, and drew from the Roman temples. Messengers were flying in all directions with no other commissions than sentences of death. Indeed, no letters passed among people then, the post being entirely occupied by the imperial correspondence."

To make the situation more grimly ludicrous, in emulation of Flaminius, Nero had proclaimed the freedom of Greece!

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

[79 A.D.]

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

THE sudden catastrophe [the eruption of Mount Vesuvius] which had, as it were, riven the very bonds of society, and left prisoner and jailer alike free, had soon rid Calenus of the guards to whose care the prætor had consigned him. And when the darkness and the crowd separated the priest from his attendants, he hastened with trembling steps towards the temple of his goddess. As he crept along, and ere the darkness was complete, he felt himself suddenly caught by the robe, and a voice muttered in his ear,—

"Hist! — Calenus! — an awful hour!"

"Aye! by my father's head! Who art thou? — thy face is dim, and thy voice is strange!"

"Not know thy Burbo? — fie!"

"Gods! — how the darkness gathers! Ho, ho; — by yon terrific mountain, what sudden blazes of lightning! — How they dart and quiver! Hades is loosed on earth!"

"Tush! — thou believest not these things, Calenus! Now is the time to make our fortune!"

"Ha!"

"Listen! Thy temple is full of gold and precious mummeries! — let us load ourselves with them, and then hasten to the sea and embark! None will ever ask an account of the doings of this day."

"Burbo, thou art right! Hush! and follow me into the

temple. Who cares now — who sees now — whether thou art a priest or not? Follow, and we will share."

In the precincts of the temple were many priests gathered around the altars, praying, weeping, groveling in the dust. Impostors in safety, they were not the less superstitious in danger! Calenus passed them, and entered the chamber yet to be seen in the south side of the court. Burbo followed him — the priest struck a light. Wine and viands strewed the table; the remains of a sacrificial feast.

"A man who has hungered forty-eight hours," muttered Calenus, "has an appetite even in such a time." He seized on the food, and devoured it greedily. Nothing could, perhaps, be more unnaturally horrid than the selfish baseness of these villains; for there is nothing more loathsome than the valor of avarice. Plunder and sacrilege while the pillars of the world tottered to and fro! What an increase to the terrors of nature can be made by the vices of man!

"Wilt thou never have done?" said Burbo, impatiently; "thy face purples and thine eyes start already."

"It is not every day one has such a right to be hungry. Oh, Jupiter! what sound is that? — the hissing of fiery water! What! does the cloud give rain as well as flame! Ha! — what! shrieks? And, Burbo, how silent all is now! Look forth!"

Amidst the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full, where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and

pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed; that cry had been of death — that silence had been of eternity! The ashes — the pitchy stream — sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!

"They are dead," said Burbo, terrified for the first time, and hurrying back into the cell. "I thought not the danger was so near and fatal."

The two wretches stood staring at each other — you might have heard their hearts beat! Calenus, the less bold by nature, but the most griping, recovered first.

"We must do our task, and away!" he said, in a low whisper, frightened at his own voice. He stepped to the threshold, paused, crossed over the heated floor and his dead brethren to the sacred chapel, and called to Burbo to follow. But the gladiator quaked, and drew back.

"So much the better," thought Calenus; "the more will be *my* booty." Hastily he loaded himself with the more portable treasures of the temple; and thinking no more of his comrade, hurried from the sacred place. A sudden flash of lightning from the mount showed to Burbo, who stood motionless at the threshold, the flying and laden form of the priest. He took heart; he stepped forth to join him, when a tremendous shower of ashes fell right before his feet. The gladiator shrank back once more. Darkness closed him in. But the shower continued fast — fast; its heaps rose high and suffocatingly — deathly vapors steamed from them. The wretch gasped for breath — he sought in despair again to fly —

the ashes had blocked up the threshold — he shrieked as his feet shrank from the boiling fluid. How could he escape? — he could not climb to the open space; nay, were he able he could not brave its horrors. It were best to remain in the cell, protected, at least, from the fatal air. He sat down and clenched his teeth. By degrees, the atmosphere from without — stifling and venomous — crept into the chamber. He could endure it no longer. His eyes, glaring round, rested on a sacrificial axe, which some priest had left in the chamber: he seized it. With the desperate strength of his gigantic arm, he attempted to hew his way through the walls.

Meanwhile, the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but, here and there, you heard the steps of fugitives cranching them warily, or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds, rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them.

In the street that leads to the gate of Herculaneum, Clodius now bent his perplexed and doubtful way. "If I can gain the open country," thought he, "doubtless there will be various vehicles beyond the gate, and Herculaneum is not far distant. Thank Mercury! I have little to lose, and that little is about me!"

"Holla! — help there — help!" cried a querulous and frightened voice. "I have fallen down — my torch

has gone out — my slaves have deserted me. I am Diomed — the rich Diomed; — ten thousand sesterces to him who helps me!"

At the same moment, Clodius felt himself caught by the feet. "Ill fortune to thee, — let me go, fool!" said the gambler."

"Oh, help me up! — give me thy hand!"

"There — rise!"

"Is this Clodius? I know the voice! Whither fliest thou?"

"Towards Herculaneum."

"Blessed be the gods! our way is the same, then, as far as the gate. Why not take refuge in my villa? Thou knowest the long range of subterranean cellars beneath the basement, — that shelter, what shower can penetrate?"

"You speak well," said Clodius, musingly. "And by storing the cellar with food, we can remain there even some days, should these wondrous storms endure so long."

"Oh, blessed be he who invented gates to a city!" cried Diomed. "See! — they have placed a light within yon arch: by that let us guide our steps."

The air was now still for a few minutes: the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear: the fugitives hurried on — they gained the gate — they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood, amidst the crashing

elements: he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape.

. . . . . .

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes: now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky — now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily

forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticos of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the

land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild — haggard — ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps — in vain: they could not discover her — it was evident she had been swept along in some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia

had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? all was rayless to them — a maze without a clue. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

"Alas! alas!" murmured Ione, "I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest! — beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!"

"Hush, my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! Yet, whither — oh! whither can we direct ourselves through the gloom? Already, it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago."

"Oh gods! yon rock — see, it hath riven the roof before us! it is death to move through the streets!"

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione, — see! the portico of the temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers."

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labor gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time!

"Who is there?" said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge.

"Yet, what matters? — the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes."

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus; and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes — the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple — and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed couched beneath the pillars; and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them — the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator as for companionship and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors as well as her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple. They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed, according to the error of the early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand; they imagined now that the Day had come.

"Woe! woe!" cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. "Behold! the Lord descendeth to judgment! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men!"

A VISIT TO POMPEII

[Nineteenth century]

BY CHARLES DICKENS

STAND at the bottom of the great market-place of Pompeii, and look up the silent streets, through the ruined temples of Jupiter and Isis, over the broken houses with their inmost sanctuaries open to the day, away to Mount Vesuvius, bright and snowy in the peaceful distance; and lose all count of time, and heed of other things, in the strange and melancholy sensation of seeing the destroyed and destroyer making this quiet picture in the sun.

Then ramble on, and see, at every turn, the little familiar tokens of human habitation and everyday pursuits; the chafing of the bucket-rope in the stone rim of the exhausted well; the track of carriage wheels in the pavement of the street; the marks of drinking-vessels on the stone counter of the wine shop; the amphoræ in private cellars, stored away so many hundred years ago, and undisturbed to this hour — all rendering the solitude and deadly loneliness of the place ten thousand times more solemn than if the volcano, in its fury, had swept the city from the earth, and sunk it in the bottom of the sea.

After it was shaken by the earthquake, which preceded the eruption, workmen were employed in shaping out, in stone, new ornaments for temples and other buildings that had suffered. Here lies their work, outside the city gate, as if they would return to-morrow. . . .

Next to the wonder of going up and down the streets, and in and out of the houses, and traversing the secret chambers of the temples of a religion that has vanished from the earth, and finding so many traces of remote antiquity, — as if the course of Time had been stopped after this desolation, and there had been no nights and days, months, years, and centuries since, — nothing is more impressive and terrible than the many evidences of the searching nature of the ashes, as bespeaking their irresistible power, and the impossibility of escaping them.

In the wine cellars, they forced their way into the earthen vessels, displacing the wine and choking them, to the brim, with dust. In the tombs, they forced the ashes of the dead from the funeral urns, and rained new ruin even into them. The mouths and eyes and skulls of all the skeletons were stuffed with this terrible hail. In Herculaneum, where the flood was of a different and heavier kind, it rolled in like a sea. Imagine a deluge of water turned into marble, at its height — and that is what is called "the lava" here. . . .

Many of the paintings on the walls in the roofless chambers of both cities, or carefully removed to the museum at Naples, are as fresh and plain as if they had been executed yesterday. Here are the subjects of still life, as provisions, dead game, bottles, glasses, and the like; familiar classical stories, or mythological fables, always forcibly and plainly told; conceits of Cupids, quarreling, sporting, working at trades; theatrical rehearsals; poets reading their productions to their friends, inscriptions chalked upon the walls; political squibs, advertisements, rough drawings by schoolboys; every-

thing to people and restore the ancient cities, in the fancy of the wondering visitor.

Furniture, too, you see, of every kind — lamps, tables, couches; vessels for eating, drinking, and cooking; workmen's tools, surgical instruments, tickets for the theatre, pieces of money, personal ornaments, bunches of keys found clenched in the grasp of skeletons, helmets of guards and warriors; little household bells, yet musical with their old domestic tones.

The least among these objects lends its aid to swell the interest of Vesuvius, and invest it with a perfect fascination. Then looking, from either ruined city, into the neighboring grounds overgrown with beautiful vines and luxuriant trees, and remembering that house upon house, temple on temple, building after building, and street after street, are still lying underneath the roots of all the quiet cultivation, waiting to be turned up to the light of day, is something so wonderful, so full of mystery, so captivating to the imagination, that one would think it would be paramount, and yield to nothing else.

To nothing but Vesuvius: but the mountain is the genius of the scene. From every indication of the ruin it has worked, we look, again, with an absorbing interest, to where its smoke is rising up into the sky. It is beyond us, as we thread the ruined streets; above us, as we stand upon the ruined walls; we follow it through every vista of broken columns, as we wander through the empty courtyards of the houses; and through the garlandings and interlacings of every wandering vine.

HOW TO TREAT THE CHRISTIANS

[112 A.D.]

A LETTER OF PLINY THE YOUNGER TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN, AND TRAJAN'S REPLY

[PLINY was governor of Bithynia in 112 A.D. The Christians had become numerous, and he wrote to the emperor about them and asked his advice in regard to their treatment. This is given in the emperor's reply, which follows Pliny's letter.

The Roman persecutions of the Christians arose chiefly from the fact that, while other sects and nationalities were ready to accept the gods of the Romans as well as their own, the Christians declared that there was but one God. They bore terrible tortures and the most agonizing forms of death rather than in worship cast a handful of incense before the statue of some Roman deity or of a deified emperor. Such scorn of the gods would arouse their wrath, thought the Romans, and would bring down upon the state some awful disaster. This is why the severest persecutions often took place during the reigns of those emperors who were most anxious to do well by their people.

The Editor.]

IT is my custom, Sire, to refer to you in all cases where I do not feel sure, for who can better direct my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any legal examination of the Christians, and I do not know, therefore, what are the usual penalties passed upon them, or the limits of those penalties, or how searching an inquiry should be made. I have hesitated a great deal in considering whether any distinctions should be

drawn according to the ages of the accused; whether the weak should be punished as severely as the more robust; whether if they renounce their faith they should be pardoned, or whether the man who has once been a Christian should gain nothing by recanting; whether the name itself, even though otherwise innocent of crime, should be punished, or only the crimes that gather round it.

In the mean time, this is the plan which I have adopted in the case of those Christians who have been brought before me. I ask them whether they are Christians; if they say yes, then I repeat the question a second and a third time, warning them of the penalties it entails, and if they still persist, I order them to be taken to prison. For I do not doubt that, whatever the character of the crime may be which they confess, their pertinacity and inflexible obstinacy certainly ought to be punished. There were others who showed similar mad folly whom I reserved to be sent to Rome, as they were Roman citizens. Subsequently, as is usually the way, the very fact of my taking up this question led to a great increase of accusations, and a variety of cases were brought before me. A pamphlet was issued anonymously, containing the names of a number of people. Those who denied that they were or had been Christians and called upon the gods in the usual formula, reciting the words after me, those who offered incense and wine before your image, which I had given orders to be brought forward for this purpose, together with the statues of the deities, — all such I considered should be discharged, especially as they cursed the name of Christ, which, it is said, those who are really Christians cannot

be induced to do. Others, whose names were given me by an informer, first said that they were Christians and afterwards denied it, declaring that they had been but were so no longer, some of them having recanted many years before, and more than one so long as twenty years back. They all worshiped your image and the statues of the deities, and cursed the name of Christ. But they declared that the sum of their guilt or their error only amounted to this, that on a stated day they had been accustomed to meet before daybreak and to recite a hymn among themselves to Christ, as though he were a god, and that so far from binding themselves by oath to commit any crime, their oath was to abstain from theft, robbery, adultery, and from breach of faith; and not to deny trust money placed in their keeping when called upon to deliver it. When this ceremony was concluded, it had been their custom to depart and meet again to take food, but it was of no special character and quite harmless, and they had ceased this practice after the edict in which, in accordance with your orders, I had forbidden all secret societies. I thought it the more necessary, therefore, to find out what truth there was in these statements by submitting two women, who were called deaconesses, to the torture, but I found nothing but a debased superstition carried to great lengths. So I postponed my examination, and immediately consulted you.

The matter seems to me worthy of your consideration, especially as there are so many people involved in the danger. Many persons of all ages, and of both sexes alike, are being brought into peril of their lives by their accusers, and the process will go on. For the contagion

of this superstition has spread not only through the free cities, but into the villages and the rural districts, and yet it seems to me that it can be checked and set right. It is beyond doubt that the temples, which have been almost deserted, are beginning again to be thronged with worshipers, that the sacred rites which have for a long time been allowed to lapse are now being renewed, and that the food for the sacrificial victims is once more finding a sale, whereas, up to recently, a buyer was hardly to be found. From this it is easy to infer what vast numbers of people might be reclaimed, if only they were given an opportunity of repentance.

THE REPLY OF THE EMPEROR

You have adopted the proper course, my dear Pliny, in examining into the cases of those who have been denounced to you as Christians, for no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down to meet a question of such wide extent. The Christians are not to be hunted out; if they are brought before you and the offense is proved, they are to be punished, but with this reservation, — that if any one denies that he is a Christian and makes it clear that he is not, by offering prayers to our deities, then he is to be pardoned because of his recantation, however suspicious his past conduct may have been. But pamphlets published anonymously must not carry any weight whatever, no matter what the charge may be, for they are not only a precedent of the very worst type, but they are not in consonance with the spirit of our age.

VII
HOW THE ROMANS AMUSED THEMSELVES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE amusements of the Romans were theatrical entertainments, the games of the circus, and, far more interesting to them than these, the gladiatorial exhibitions. At first captives or criminals condemned to death were made to fight one another in the arena for the delight of the spectators. Then regular schools were established, and not only slaves, spurred on by the hope of freedom, but desperadoes of all ranks flocked thither to learn how to meet either men or wild beasts in life-and-death conflict. The people were mad for these brutal shows, and no one could hope for political preferment who did not amuse them by such entertainments.

The shows became more and more expensive as the eagerness for bloody spectacles increased. Sometimes the vast expanse of the amphitheater was flooded with water and warships filled with gladiators engaged in desperate battles. Occasionally whole forests of trees were set up in it and thousands of rare animals turned loose to be hunted down. Bears, wolves, tigers, leopards, lions, even crocodiles were brought to Rome at enormous expense from the ends of the earth. The people demanded more and more, and at length matters reached such a point that an emperor who wished to be popular sometimes provided many thousands of both men and beasts for the arena. As Christianity increased in power, every effort was made to suppress these awful scenes, and at length, in 404 A.D., they were abolished by imperial edict.

"POLLICE VERSO"

("*Thumbs Down*")

THE DYING GLADIATOR

BY LORD BYRON

[THE poem describes the famous statue known as the Dying Gladiator, or the Dying Gaul.

The Editor.]

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday —
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN THE ARENA[1]

[64 A.D.]

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

[DURING the reign of Nero occurred the terrible fire which destroyed more than half of the Roman capital. There were rumors abroad that Nero himself had set fire to the city in order that its burning might afford him a new amusement. These rumors became so threatening that the emperor thought it the part of wisdom to avert suspicion from himself by charging the crime upon the Christians. In the savage persecution which followed, St. Paul was beheaded.

The Editor.]

MEANWHILE the trumpets announced the end of the interval. People began to leave the passages where they had assembled to straighten their legs and converse. A general movement set in with the usual dispute about seats occupied previously. Senators and patricians hastened to their places. The uproar ceased after a time, and the amphitheater returned to order. On the arena a crowd of people appeared to dig out here and there lumps of sand formed with stiffened blood.

The turn of the Christians was at hand. But since that was a new spectacle for people, and no one knew how they would bear themselves, all waited with a certain curiosity. The disposition of the audience was attentive but unfriendly; they were waiting for uncommon scenes. Those people who were to appear had

[1] From *Quo Vadis*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1896–1897, by Jeremiah Curtin.

burned Rome and its ancient treasures. They had drunk the blood of infants, and poisoned water; they had cursed the whole human race, and committed the vilest crimes. The harshest punishment did not suffice the roused hatred; and if any fear possessed people's hearts, it was this, that the torture of the Christians would not equal the guilt of those ominous criminals.

Meanwhile the sun had risen high; its rays, passing through the purple velarium, had filled the amphitheater with a bloody light. The sand assumed a fiery color, and in those gleams, in the faces of people, as well as in the empty arena, which after a time was to be filled with the torture of people and the rage of savage beasts, there was something terrible. Death and terror seemed hovering in the air. The throng, usually gladsome, became moody under the influence of hate and silence. Faces had a sullen expression.

Now the prefect gave a sign. The same old man appeared, dressed as Charon, who had called the gladiators to death, and, passing with slow step across the arena amid silence, he struck three times again on the door.

Throughout the amphitheater was heard the deep murmur, —

"The Christians! The Christians!"

The iron gratings creaked; through the dark openings were heard the usual cries of the scourgers, "To the sand!" and in one moment the arena was peopled with crowds as it were of satyrs covered with skins. All ran quickly, somewhat feverishly, and, reaching the middle of the circle, they knelt one by another with raised hands. The spectators, judging this to be a prayer for pity, and enraged by such cowardice, began to stamp,

whistle, throw empty wine-vessels, bones from which the flesh had been eaten, and shout, "The beasts! the beasts!" But all at once something unexpected took place. From out the shaggy assembly singing voices were raised, and then sounded that hymn heard for the first time in a Roman amphitheater, "Christus regnat!"

Astonishment seized the spectators. The condemned sang with eyes raised to the velarium. The audience saw faces pale, but as it were inspired. All understood that those people were not asking for mercy, and that they seemed not to see the circus, the audience, the Senate, or Cæsar. "Christus regnat!" rose ever louder, and in the seats, far up to the highest, among the rows of spectators, more than one asked himself the question, "What is happening, and who is that Christus who reigns in the mouths of those people who are about to die?" But meanwhile a new grating was opened, and into the arena rushed, with mad speed and barking, whole packs of dogs, — gigantic, yellow Molossians from the Peloponnesus, pied dogs from the Pyrenees, and wolflike hounds from Hibernia, purposely famished; their sides were lank, and their eyes bloodshot. Their howls and whines filled the amphitheater. When the Christians had finished their hymn, they remained kneeling, motionless, as if petrified, merely repeating in one groaning chorus, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!" The dogs, catching the odor of people under the skins of beasts, and surprised by their silence, did not rush on them at once. Some stood against the walls of the boxes, as if wishing to go among the spectators; others ran around barking furiously, as though chasing some unseen beast. The people were angry. A thousand voices

began to call; some howled like wild beasts; some barked like dogs; others urged them on in every language. The amphitheater was trembling from uproar. The excited dogs began to run to the kneeling people, then to draw back, snapping their teeth, till at last one of the Molossians drove his teeth into the shoulder of a woman kneeling in front, and dragged her under him.

Tens of the dogs rushed into the crowd now, as if to break through it. The audience ceased to howl, so as to look with greater attention. Amidst the howling and the whining were heard yet the plaintive voices of men and women, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!" but on the arena were formed quivering masses of the bodies of dogs and people. Blood flowed in streams from the torn bodies. Dogs dragged from each other the bloody limbs of people. The odor of blood and torn entrails was stronger than Arabian perfumes, and filled the whole circus.

At last only here and there were visible single kneeling forms, which were soon covered by moving, squirming masses.

Vinicius, who at that moment when the Christians ran in, stood up and turned so as to indicate to the quarryman, as he had promised, the direction in which the apostle was hidden among the people of Petronius, sat down again, and with the face of a dead man continued to look with glassy eyes on the ghastly spectacle. At first fear that the quarryman might have been mistaken, and that perchance Lygia was among the victims, benumbed him completely; but when he heard the voices, "Pro Christo!" when he saw the torture of so many victims who in dying confessed their faith and

their God, another feeling possessed him, piercing him like the most dreadful pain, but irresistible. That feeling was this, — if Christ himself died in torment, if thousands are perishing for Him now, if a sea of blood is poured forth, one drop more signifies nothing, and it is a sin even to ask for mercy. That thought came to him from the arena, penetrated him with the groans of the dying, with the odor of their blood. But still he prayed and repeated with parched lips, "O Christ! O Christ! and thy apostle prayed for her!" Then he forgot himself, lost consciousness of where he was. It seemed to him that blood on the arena was rising and rising, that it was coming up and flowing out of the circus over all Rome. For the rest he heard nothing, neither the howling of dogs nor the uproar of the people nor the voices of the Augustians, who began all at once to cry, —

"Chilo has fainted!"

"Chilo has fainted!" said Petronius, turning toward the Greek.

And he had fainted really; he sat there white as linen, his head fallen back, his mouth wide open, like that of a corpse.

At that same moment they were urging into the arena new victims, sewed up in skins.

These knelt immediately, like those who had gone before; but the weary dogs would not rend them. Barely a few threw themselves on to those kneeling nearest; but others lay down, and, raising their bloody jaws, began to scratch their sides and yawn heavily.

Then the audience, disturbed in spirit, but drunk with blood and wild, began to cry with hoarse voices, —

"The lions! the lions! Let out the lions!"

The lions were to be kept for the next day; but in the amphitheaters the people imposed their will on every one, even on Cæsar. Caligula alone, insolent and changeable in his wishes, dared to oppose them, and there were cases when he gave command to beat the people with clubs; but even he yielded most frequently. Nero, to whom plaudits were dearer than all else in the world, never resisted. All the more did he not resist now, when it was a question of mollifying the populace, excited after the conflagration, and a question of the Christians, on whom he wished to cast the blame of the catastrophe.

He gave the sign therefore to open the cuniculum, seeing which the people were calmed in a moment. They heard the creaking of the doors behind which the lions were. At sight of the lions the dogs gathered in one crowd on the opposite side of the arena with low whines. The lions walked into the arena one after another, immense, tawny, with great shaggy heads. Cæsar himself turned his wearied face toward them, and placed the emerald to his eye to see better. The Augustians greeted them with applause; the crowd counted them on their fingers, and followed eagerly the impression which the sight of them would make on the Christians kneeling in the center, who again had begun to repeat the words, without meaning for many, but annoying to all, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!"

But the lions, though hungry, did not hasten to their victims. The ruddy light in the arena dazzled them so they half closed their eyes as if dazed. Some stretched their yellowish bodies lazily; some, opening their jaws, yawned, — one might have said that they wanted to show their terrible teeth to the audience. But later the

odor of blood and torn bodies, many of which were lying on the sand, began to act on them. Soon their movements became restless, their manes rose, their nostrils drew in the air with a hoarse sound. One of them fell suddenly on the body of a woman with a torn face, and, lying with his fore paws on the body, licked with rough tongue the stiffened blood; another approached a man who was holding in his arms a child sewed up in a fawn's skin.

The child, trembling from crying, and weeping, clung convulsively to the neck of its father; he, wishing to prolong its life even for a moment, tried to pull it from his neck, so as to hand it to those kneeling farther on. But the cry and the movement irritated the lion. All at once he gave out a short, broken roar, killed the child with one blow of his paw, and, seizing the head of the father in his jaws, crushed it in a twinkle.

At sight of this all the other lions fell upon the crowd of Christians. Some women could not restrain cries of terror; but the audience drowned these with plaudits, which soon ceased, however, for the wish to see gained the mastery. They beheld terrible things then: heads disappearing entirely in open jaws, breasts torn apart with one blow, hearts and lungs swept away; the crushing of bones under the teeth of lions. Some lions, seizing victims by the ribs or loins, ran with mad springs through the arena, as if seeking hidden places in which to devour them; others fought, rose on their hind legs, grappled one another like wrestlers, and filled the amphitheater with thunder. People rose from their places. Some left their seats, went down lower through the passages to see better, and crowded one another mortally.

It seemed that the excited multitude would throw itself at last into the arena, and rend the Christians in company with the lions. At moments an unearthly noise was heard; at moments applause; at moments roaring, rumbling, the clashing of teeth, the howling of Molossian dogs; at times only groans.

Cæsar, holding the emerald to his eye, looked now with attention. The face of Petronius assumed an expression of contempt and disgust. Chilo had been borne out of the circus.

But from the cuniculum new victims were driven out continually.

From the highest row in the amphitheater the Apostle Peter looked at them. No one saw him, for all heads were turned to the arena; so he rose, and, as formerly in the vineyard of Cornelius he had blessed for death and eternity those who were intended for imprisonment, so now he blessed with the cross those who were perishing under the teeth of wild beasts. He blessed their blood, their torture, their dead bodies turned into shapeless masses, and their souls flying away from the bloody sand. Some raised their eyes to him, and their faces grew radiant; they smiled when they saw high above them the sign of the cross. But his heart was rent, and he said, "O Lord! let Thy will be done. These my sheep perish to Thy glory, in testimony of the truth. Thou didst command me to feed them; hence I give them to Thee, and do Thou count them, Lord, take them, heal their wounds, soften their pain, give them happiness greater than the torments they suffered here."

A ROMAN BANQUET

BY W. A. BECKER. ADAPTED FROM PETRONIUS

THE dinner hour had arrived, and by the activity of his very numerous slaves everything was prepared in the house of Lentulus for a grand reception of guests. The fires blazed brightly in the kitchen, where the cook, assisted by a number of underlings, was exhausting all his skill. Whenever the covers were removed from the vessels, a grateful odor, more inviting than the smoke of a fat burnt-offering, diffused itself around, and ascended on high to the habitation of the gods. The party-cook and carver were occupied in arranging the dessert, in all the forms that ingenuity could suggest, while the first course was ready for serving.

The triclinium[1] had been placed in a spacious saloon, the northerly aspect of which was well adapted for the time of year. Around a beautiful table, covered with cedar-wood, stood elegant sofas, inlaid with tortoise-shell; the lower part decked with white hangings embroidered with gold, and the pillows, which were stuffed with the softest wool, covered with gorgeous purple. Upon the seats, cushions, covered with silken stuff, were laid to separate the places of the guests. The butler was still arranging the side-tables, on which valuable drinking-vessels were displayed, and in straightening the draperies of the triclinium, when his lord entered, accompanied by the guests.

[1] A couch on which Romans reclined while eating.

Lentulus had invited only six friends, but Pomponius, — anxious that the number of the Muses should occupy the triclinium, and no place be left empty, — brought with him two friends, whom he introduced as gentlemen from Perusia. "It is long, methinks," said Gallus to his courteous host, on entering, "since we last met in this saloon; how beautifully you have in the mean time ornamented it! You certainly could not have chosen a more appropriate picture for a triclinium than those satyrs, celebrating the joyous vintage: and the slain boar, a scene from Lucania, the fruit and provision pieces over the doors, and between them the elegant twigs on which the thrushes are sitting, — all are calculated to awaken a relish for the banquet."

"Yes, really," interposed Pomponius, "Lentulus understands far better than Calpurnius how to decorate a dining-hall. The other day he had the walls of his finest triclinium painted with the murder of Hipparchus, and the death of Brutus; and instead of agreeable foliage, threatening lictors were to be seen at every corner."

"He, too, is right in his way," said Gallus; "but where is he? I understood that you had invited him, Lentulus?"

"He was unfortunately preëngaged," replied the other.

"But we shall see him before the evening be over," added Pomponius. "As our friend Fannius is, you know, averse to sitting late, and Lentulus will not, I am sure, let us go before the crowing of the cock, we shall be one short at the triclinium, unless Calpurnius come according to his promise, and fill the vacant place, so soon as he can get released from his formal consular

supper. But I scarcely think we ought to keep the cook waiting any longer. The tenth hour is, I verily believe, almost elapsed. Had we not better take our seats, Lentulus?"

The host answered in the affirmative, and conducted Gallus to the lowest place on the middle sofa, which was the seat of honor at the table. At his left, and on the same dining-couch, sat Pomponius; above him, Fannius. The sofa to the left was occupied by Bassus, Fauntinus, and Cæcilianus. To the right, and next Gallus, sat Lentulus himself; below him, the Perusians whom Pomponius had brought.

As soon as they had reclined, slaves took off their sandals, and youths, with their loins girded, offered water in silver bowls for their ablutions. At a nod from Lentulus, two slaves entered, and placed upon the table the tray which contained the dishes composing the first course. Lentulus cast his eyes with secret joy around the circle, as if desirous of noting the impression made on his friends by the novel arrangements of this course, the invention of which was due to himself; and, indeed, the service was worthy of a nearer observation.

In the center of the plateau, ornamented with tortoise-shell, stood an ass of bronze, on either side of which hung silver panniers, filled with white and black olives, preserved by the art of the cook until this period of the year; on the back of the beast sat a Silenus, from whose skin the most delicious sauce flowed upon the meat beneath. Near this, on two silver gridirons lay delicately dressed sausages, beneath which Syrian plums, mixed with the seed of the pomegranate, presented the appearance of glowing coals. Around stood silver dishes con-

taining asparagus, lettuce, radishes, and other productions of the garden, in addition to fish, flavored both with mint and rue, and with Byzantine pickle, and dressed snails and oysters, whilst fresh ones in abundance were handed round. The company expressed their admiration of their host's fanciful invention, and then proceeded to help themselves to what each, according to his taste, considered the best incentive of an appetite. At the same time slaves carried round in golden goblets the *mulsum*, composed of Hymettian honey and Falernian wines.

They were still occupied in tasting the several delicacies, when a second and smaller tray was brought in, and placed in a vacant spot within the first, to which it did not yield in point of singularity. In the elegant basket sat a hen, ingeniously carved out of wood, with outspread wings, as if she were brooding. Straightway entered two slaves, who began searching in the chaff which filled the basket, and taking out some eggs, distributed them among the guests. "Friends," said Lentulus, smiling, "they are pea-hen's eggs, which have been put under the hen; my only fear is that she may have sat too long upon them; but let us try them." A slave then gave to each guest a silver snail, which was, however, found almost too large and heavy for the purpose, and each proceeded to break an egg with the point of it. Most of the party were already acquainted with the jokes of Lentulus, but not so the Perusians. "Truly, my egg has already become a hen!" cried one of them in disgust, and about to throw it away. "Examine a little more closely," said Pomponius, with a laugh, in which the guests at the upper sofa, who were better acquainted with the matter,

joined; "our friend's cook understands well how to dress eggs that have been already sat upon." The Perusian then for the first time remarked that its shell was not natural, but made of dough, and that a fat fig-pecker was hidden in the yolk, which was strongly seasoned with pepper. Many jokes were made, and whilst the guests were eating the mysterious eggs, the slaves again presented the honey-wine. When no one desired more, the band, which was at the other end of the hall, began to play, as a sign for the slaves to remove the dishes, which they proceeded to do.

Another slave wiped the table with a purple cloth of coarse linen, and two Ethiopians again handed water for washing the hands. Boys, wearing green garlands, then brought in two well-gypsumed wine-jars, the time-corroded necks of which well accorded with the inscription on a label hanging round them, whereon might be read, written in ancient characters, the words *L. Opimio Cos.* "Discharge your office well, Earinos," cried Lentulus to one of the boys. "To-day you shall bear the ladle. It is Falernian, my friends, and Opimianum, too; and is, as you know, usually clouded." "It was bright enough," said Gallus, "when the free citizens wrote the name of the consul on this label. Yet it only shares the fate of the age, which, like it, has also become clouded." The Perusians began to listen attentively, and Pomponius cautiously placed his finger on his mouth. "Actually," continued he, "only five years more, and this noble juice would have witnessed a century pass away, and during this century there has never been growth like it. Why, Maximus, your great-grandfather was consul in the same year as Opimius; and see, here is

the fourth generation already, and yet the wine is still in existence."

"Quite right," replied Maximus; "my ancestor was consul with Opimius; and much as I like the wine, I am yet vexed to think that my name does not appear on the jar."

"Content yourself," quoth Gallus; "there are more serious accidents in life than that." "Oh!" quickly interposed Pomponius. "Let us end this grave conversation. Only see how Bassus and Cæcilianus are longing for the contents of the jars, whilst we are indulging in speculations about the label outside. Have them opened, Lentulus."

The vessels were carefully cleansed of the gypsum, and the corks extricated. Earinos cautiously poured the wine into the silver cooler, which was placed ready, and was now filled again with fresh snow, and then mixed it, according to his master's directions, in the richly-embossed bowl, and dipping a golden ladle therein, filled the amethyst-colored glasses, which were distributed amongst the guests by the rest of the boys.

This operation was scarcely finished, before a new serving tray was placed upon the table, containing the first course of the feast, which, however, by no means answered the expectations of the guests. A circle of small dishes, covered with such meats as were to be met with only at the tables of plebeians, was ranged around a slip of natural turf, on which lay a honey-comb. A slave carried round the bread in a silver basket, and the guests were preparing, though with evident vexation, to help themselves to chick-peas and small fish, when at a sign from Lentulus, two slaves hurried forward, and

took off the upper part of the tray, under which a number of dishes, presenting a rich selection of dainties, were concealed. There were ringdoves and field-fares, capons and ducks, mullets of three pounds weight, and turbot, and, in the center, a fatted hare, which, by means of artificial wings, the chef had ingeniously changed into a Pegasus. The company were agreeably surprised, and applauded the host with clapping of hands, and the carver immediately approached, and, with great solemnity and almost in musical time, began to carve. Earinos, meanwhile, was diligently discharging his functions; and the guests, animated by the strength of the Falernian, already began to be more merry. On the disappearance of the first course, much conversation was kept up, Gallus alone taking less share in it than he was accustomed to do.

But no long interval was allowed for talking. Four slaves soon entered to the sound of horns, bearing the second course, which consisted of a huge boar, surrounded by eight sucking-pigs, made of sweet paste, by the experienced baker, and surprisingly like real ones. On the tusks of the boar hung little baskets, woven of palm twigs, and containing Syrian and Theban dates. Another carver resembling a jager in full costume, now approached the table, and with an immense knife commenced cutting up the boar, pronounced by Lentulus to be a genuine Umbrian. In the mean time the boys handed the dates, and gave to each guest one of the pigs as a souvenir.

"An Umbrian," said one of the guests of the highest couch, turning to the strangers, "a countryman, or, at all events, a near neighbor, of yours then. If I were in

your place, I should hesitate before partaking of it; for who knows whether, by some metamorphosis, one of your dear friends may not have been changed into this animal?"

"The days for metamorphoses are past," replied one of them. "There are no more Circes, and the other gods do not trouble themselves much about mankind. I know only one, who potently rules all the world, and can doubtless bring about many metamorphoses."

"Do not say so," Pomponius quickly added; "our friend Bassus will teach you directly that many wonders happen even in the present times, and that we are by no means sure that we shall not see one amongst us suddenly assume the character of a beast."

"Laugh as you will," said Bassus, "it still cannot be denied. Only the other day, one who was formerly a slave to a man in humble circumstances at Capua, but has now become a rich freedman, related to me a circumstance which he had himself experienced; it is enough to make one's hair stand on end. If not displeasing to you, I will communicate it." The company, partly from curiosity, and partly wishing for a laugh against Bassus, begged him to tell the story, and he thus began:—

"'When I was a slave,' related my informant, 'I happened, by the dispensation of the gods, to conceive a liking for an innkeeper's wife; not from an unworthy passion, but because she never denied me what I asked for, and anything I saved and gave into her charge, I was sure not to be cheated of. Her husband had a small villa at the fifth milestone, and, as it chanced, fell sick there and died. In misfortune, thought I, we know our

friends, and therefore considered how I could get to my friend at the villa. My master was by accident absent from Capua, but a stranger, a warrior, was stopping in our house; of him I made a confidant, begging that he would accompany me in the night to the villa, and he consented to do so. We waited for the time of the cock-crowing, and then stole off; the moon was shining, and it was as clear as midday. About half-way, by the side of the road, was a group of sepulchral monuments, at which my companion stopped on some pretense or other; but I went on, beginning a song and gazing at the stars. At length I looked round, and saw my companion standing in the road. He took off his clothes and laid them down; then went around them in a circle, spat three times upon them, and immediately became a wolf.' Now do not suppose that I am telling you falsehood, for the fellow assured me that it was pure truth. 'He next,' continued the man, 'began to howl, and then dashed into the thicket. At first I did not know what to do, but at length approached for the purpose of taking the clothes with me, but behold! they had become stone. Horror-stricken, I drew my sword, and continued slashing it about in the air until I reached the villa. I entered the house breathless, the sweat dropped from me, and it was long before I recovered myself. My friend was astonished at my visiting her at such an unusual hour. "Had you only come sooner," said she, "you might have assisted us; for a wolf has been breaking into the villa and destroying several sheep; but he did not escape with impunity; for my slave has pierced him through with a spear." I shuddered, and could not obtain my sleep during the night. As soon as it was day I hastened home-

wards, and saw, on reaching the place where the clothes had lain, nothing more than a large stain of blood; but found the warrior lying in bed at home, and a surgeon bandaging his neck. I then became aware that he was one of those whom we call were-wolves, and could never afterwards eat bread in his company.' This was the man's story, in recounting which he even then shuddered. Say what you will, such things often happen."

The company laughed and jeered at the narrator, who endeavored by philosophical arguments to defend his credulity. At length the second Perusian, who sat in the lowest place, said, "Bassus may not be so very wrong, after all; for some time since I bought a slave who had formerly lived at Miletus, and who told me a wonderful story, in the following words: 'In the house where I served, a child, a boy — beautiful as a statue — had died. His mother was inconsolable, and all were standing mourning round the bed, when the witches were heard shrieking round the house. There was in the family a Cappadocian, a tall, daring fellow, who had once overcome a mad ox. This man having seized a sword, ran out of doors, with his left hand cautiously concealed in his mantle, and cut one of the hags in two. We heard their shrieks, although we saw nothing; but the Cappadocian staggered backwards upon a couch, and his whole body became as blue as if he had been beaten: for he had been touched by the hands of the witches. He closed the house-door again, but when the mother returned to her dead child, she saw with horror that the strigæ had already taken away the body, and left a straw doll in its place.'"

This anecdote was received with no less laughter than

the other. Bassus alone bent unobserved towards the table, and inwardly besought the strigæ not to meet him on his way home.

Some more stories of a similar kind would perhaps have been introduced, had not the slaves produced a fresh platter, which, to the astonishment of the company, contained a vast swine, cooked exactly like the boar. "Ha!" cried Lentulus, rising from his couch, in order to inspect it more closely, "I really believe that the cook has forgotten to disembowel the animal. Bring him thither directly." The cook appeared with troubled mien, and confessed, to the indignation of the whole party, that in his hurry he had forgotten to cleanse the beast. "Now, really," said the enraged Cæcilius, "that is the most worthless slave I ever beheld. Who ever heard of a cook omitting to gut a swine? Were he mine, I would hang him." Lentulus, however, was more leniently disposed. "You deserve a severe chastisement," said he to the slave, "and may thank my good humor for escaping it. But, as a punishment, you must immediately perform the neglected duty in our presence." The cook seized the knife, and having carefully slit open the belly on both sides, gave a sudden jerk, when, to the agreeable surprise of the guests, a quantity of little sausages of all kinds tumbled out.

"That is indeed a new joke," cried Pomponius, laughing; "but tell me, why did you have a tame swine served up after the wild boar?"

"If the remainder of my friends be of that opinion," replied the host, "we will grant him his liberty, and he may appear to-morrow at my table with his cap on."

On a given signal the slaves removed the dish, and brought another containing peacocks, pheasants, the livers of geese, and rare fish. At length this course also was removed, the slaves wiped the table, and cleared away with besoms of palm-twigs the fragments that had fallen on the floor, strewing it at the same time with saw-dust, dyed with vermilion and pleasant-smelling saffron.

Whilst this was being done, the eyes of the guests were suddenly attracted upwards by a noise overhead; the ceiling opened, and a large silver hoop, on which were ointment bottles of silver and alabaster, silver garlands with beautifully chiseled leaves and circlets, and other trifles, to be shared among the guests as favors, descended upon the table. In the mean time, the dessert had been served, wherein the new baker, whom Lentulus had purchased for a hundred thousand sesterces,[1] gave a specimen of his skill. In addition to innumerable articles of pastry, there were artificial mussels, field-fares filled with dried grapes and almonds, and many other things of the same kind. In the middle stood a well-modeled Vertumnus,[2] who held in his apron a great variety of fruits. Around lay sweet quinces, stuck full of almonds, and having the appearance of sea-urchins, with melons cut into various shapes. Whilst the party was praising the fancy of the baker, a slave handed round toothpicks, made of the leaves of the mastich-pistachio, and Lentulus invited the guests to assist themselves to the confectionery and fruits with which the god was loaded.

[1] About five thousand dollars.
[2] A harvest god.

The Perusians, who were particularly astonished by the gifts of Vertumnus at such a season, stretched across the table, and seized the inviting apples and grapes, but drew back in affright when, as they touched them, a stream of saffron discharged from the fruit, besprinkled them. The merriment became general, when several of the guests attempted cautiously to help themselves to the mysterious fruit, and each time a red stream shot forth.

"You seem determined," exclaimed Pomponius, "to surprise us in every way; but yet I must say, Lentulus, that in this, otherwise excellent, entertainment, you have not sufficiently provided for our amusement. Here we are at dessert, without having had a single spectacle to delight our eyes between the courses." "It is not my fault," replied Lentulus; "for our friend Gallus has deprecated all the feats of rope-dancing and pantomime that I intended for you, and you see how little he shares in the conversation. Besides, the sun is already nigh setting, and I have had another triclinium lighted up for us. If no one will take more of the dessert, we may as well, I think, repair thither at once. Perhaps the cloud which shades the countenance of our friend may disappear under the garland. Leave the Falernian alone at present, Earinos, and await us in the other saloon." The youth did as his lord commanded, and just at that moment Calpurnius entered, pouting discontentedly at the servile souls of the company he had left, because he could no longer endure their "Hail to the father of our fatherland!"

The party now rose, to meet again after a short time in the brilliant saloon, the intervening moments being

spent by some in sauntering along the colonnades, and by others in taking a bath.

[These first scenes of the feast are now followed by drinking, gambling, and finally by a quarrel and the departure of the guests.]

THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF PLINY THE YOUNGER

[End of the first century A.D.]

DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF

You are surprised that I am so fond of my Laurentine, or (if you prefer the name) my Laurens: but you will cease to wonder when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive view of the seacoast. It is only seventeen miles from Rome; so that when I have finished my business in town, I can pass my evenings here after a good satisfactory day's work. There are two different roads to it; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must turn off at the fourteenth milestone; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are sandy in places, which makes it a little heavier and longer by carriage, but short and easy on horseback. The landscape affords plenty of variety, the view in some places being closed in by woods, in others extending over broad meadows, where numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which the severity of the winter has driven from the mountains, fatten in the spring warmth, and on the rich pasturage.

My villa is of a convenient size without being expensive to keep up. The courtyard in front is plain, but not mean, through which you enter porticoes shaped into the form of the letter "D," inclosing a small but cheerful area between. These make a capital retreat for bad weather, not only as they are shut in with windows, but

particularly as they are sheltered by a projection of the roof. From the middle of these porticoes you pass into a bright pleasant inner court, and out of that into a handsome hall running out towards the seashore; so that when there is a southwest breeze, it is gently washed with waves, which spend themselves at its base. On every side of this hall there are either folding-doors or windows equally large, by which means you have a view from the front and the two sides of three different seas, as it were; from the back you see the middle court, the portico, and the area; and from another point you look through the portico into the courtyard, and out upon the woods and distant mountains beyond. On the left hand of this hall, a little farther from the sea, lies a large drawing-room, and beyond that, a second of a smaller size, which has one window to the rising and another to the setting sun: this as well has a view of the sea, but more distant and agreeable. The angle formed by the projection of the dining-room with this drawing-room retains and intensifies the warmth of the sun, and this forms our winter quarters and family gymnasium, which is sheltered from all the winds except those which bring on clouds, but the clear sky comes out again before the warmth has gone out of the place. Adjoining this angle is a room forming the segment of a circle, the windows of which are so arranged as to get the sun all through the day: in the walls are contrived a sort of cases, containing a collection of authors who can never be read too often. Next to this is a bedroom, connected with it by a raised passage furnished with pipes, which supply, at a wholesome temperature, and distribute to all parts of this room, the heat they receive. The rest of this side of the

house is appropriated to the use of my slaves and freedmen; but most of the rooms in it are respectable enough to put my guests into. In the opposite wing is a most elegant, tastefully fitted up bedroom; next to which lies another, which you may call either a large bedroom or a modified dining-room; it is very warm and light, not only from the direct rays of the sun, but by their reflection from the sea. Beyond this is a bedroom with an anteroom, the height of which renders it cool in summer, its thick walls warm in winter, for it is sheltered, every way, from the winds. To this apartment another anteroom is joined by one common wall. From thence you enter into the wide and spacious cooling-room belonging to the bath, from the opposite walls of which two curved basins are thrown out, so to speak; which are more than large enough if you consider that the sea is close at hand. Adjacent to this is the anointing-room, then the sweating-room, and beyond that the bath-heating room: adjoining are two other little bathrooms, elegantly rather than sumptuously fitted up: annexed to them is a warm bath of wonderful construction, in which one can swim and take a view of the sea at the same time.

Not far from this stands the tennis-court, which lies open to the warmth of the afternoon sun. From thence you go up a sort of turret which has two rooms below, with the same number above, besides a dining-room commanding a very extensive lookout on to the sea, the coast, and the beautiful villas scattered along the shoreline. At the other end is a second turret, containing a room that gets the rising and setting sun. Behind this is a large storeroom and granary, and underneath, a spacious dining-room, where only the murmur and break

of the sea can be heard, even in a storm: it looks out upon the garden, and the *gestatio* [promenade] running round the garden. The *gestatio* is bordered round with box, and, where that is decayed, with rosemary; for the box, wherever sheltered by the buildings, grows plentifully, but where it lies open and exposed to the weather and spray from the sea, though at some distance from this latter, it quite withers up. Next the *gestatio*, and running along inside it, is a shady vine-plantation, the path of which is so soft and easy to the tread that you may walk barefoot upon it. The garden is chiefly planted with fig and mulberry trees, to which this soil is as favorable as it is averse from all others. Here is a dining-room, which, though it stands away from the sea, enjoys the garden view which is just as pleasant: two apartments run round the back part of it, the windows of which look out upon the entrance of the villa, and into a fine kitchen-garden.

From here extends an inclosed portico, which, from its great length, you might take for a public one. It has a range of windows on either side, but more on the side facing the sea, and fewer on the garden side, and these, single windows and alternate with the opposite rows. In calm, clear weather these are all thrown open; but if it blows, those on the weather side are closed, whilst those away from the wind can remain open without any inconvenience. Before this inclosed portico lies a terrace fragrant with the scent of violets, and warmed by the reflection of the sun from the portico, which, while it retains the rays, keeps away the northeast wind; and it is as warm on this side as it is cool on the side opposite; in the same way it is a protection against the wind from

the southwest; and thus, in short, by means of its several sides, breaks the force of the winds, from whatever quarter they may blow. These are some of its winter advantages; they are still more appreciable in the summer time, for at that season it throws a shade upon the terrace during the whole of the forenoon, and upon the adjoining portion of the *gestatio* and garden in the afternoon, casting a greater or less shade on this side or on that as the day increases or decreases. But the portico itself is coolest just at the time when the sun is at its hottest, that is, when the rays fall directly upon the roof. Also by opening the windows you let in the western breezes in a free current, which prevents the place getting oppressive with close and stagnant air.

At the upper end of the terrace and portico stands a detached garden building, which I call my *favorite;* my *favorite*, indeed, as I put it up myself. It contains a very warm winter-room, one side of which looks down upon the terrace, while the other has a view of the sea, and both lie exposed to the sun. The bedroom opens on to the covered portico by means of folding-doors, while its window looks out upon the sea. On that side next the sea, and facing the middle wall, is formed a very elegant little recess, which, by means of transparent windows and a curtain drawn to or aside, can be made part of the adjoining room, or separated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs: as you lie upon this couch, from where your feet are you get a peep of the sea; looking behind you see the neighboring villas, and from the head you have a view of the woods: these three views may be seen either separately, from so many different windows, or blended together in one. Adjoining this is a bedroom,

which neither the servants' voices, the murmuring of the sea, the glare of lightning, or daylight itself, can penetrate, unless you open the windows. This profound tranquillity and seclusion are occasioned by a passage separating the wall of this room from that of the garden, and thus, by means of this intervening space, every noise is drowned. Annexed to this is a tiny stoveroom, which, by opening or shutting a little aperture, lets out or retains the heat from underneath, according as you require. Beyond this lie a bedroom and anteroom, which enjoy the sun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rises till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden summer-house, I fancy myself a hundred miles away from my villa, and take especial pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia, when, by the license of that festive season, every other part of my house resounds with my servants' mirth: thus I neither interrupt their amusement nor they my studies.

Amongst the pleasures and conveniences of this situation, there is one drawback, and that is, the want of running water; but then there are wells about the place, or rather springs, for they lie close to the surface. And, altogether, the quality of this coast is remarkable; for dig where you may, you meet, upon the first turning up of the ground, with a spring of water, quite pure, not in the least salt, although so near the sea. The neighboring woods supply us with all the fuel we require, the other necessaries Ostia furnishes. Indeed, to a moderate man, even the village (between which and my house there is only one villa) would supply all ordinary requirements. It has three public baths, which are a great convenience if it happen that friends come in unex-

pectedly, or make too short a stay to allow time for preparing my own. The whole coast is very pleasantly sprinkled with villas either in rows or detached, which, whether looking at them from the sea or the shore, present the appearance of so many different cities. The strand is, sometimes, after a long calm, perfectly smooth, though, in general, through the storms driving the waves upon it, it is rough and uneven. I cannot boast that our sea is plentiful in choice fish; however, it supplies us with capital soles and prawns; but as to other kinds of provisions, my villa aspires to excel even inland countries, particularly in milk, for the cattle come up there from the meadows in large numbers, in pursuit of water and shade. Tell me, now, have I not good reason for living in, staying in, loving, such a retreat, which, if you feel no appetite for, you must be morbidly attached to town? And I only wish you would feel inclined to come down to it, that to so many charms with which my little villa abounds, it might have the very considerable addition of your company to recommend it. Farewell.

"AVE CÆSAR"

("*Hail, Cæsar*")

"AVE CÆSAR"

("*Hail, Cæsar*")

BY E. FORTI

THE *circus* of the Romans was simply a race course. One or more were always built in every Roman city. The most celebrated of these was the Circus Maximus of Rome, said to have been laid out during the sixth century before Christ. It was enlarged from time to time during some eight hundred years, until the rising tiers of seats would accommodate 250,000 spectators.

When a chariot race was to take place, it was preceded by a procession of cars drawn by horses or elephants, and in these cars were images of the gods and of the deified emperors. The people stood clapping their hands in applause. The contestants advanced before the throne of Cæsar and saluted him. Then as a signal for the race a white flag was thrown upon the course, and the horses dashed forward. The chariot had two wheels, and was at first drawn by two horses, but in later times by four, or sometimes three. Usually four chariots raced at once, each driver wearing a different color.

The circus was a great club, a fashionable lounging place, a hall of amusement, and a betting ring. Every one from slave to emperor had his favorite color, and the excitement and rivalry were intense.

Copyright by Fistel, Adler & Schwartz Co., N.Y.

THE WINNING OF THE FIRST MISSUS

[About 391 A.D.]

BY GEORG EBERS

[THE chariot-race which is here described is supposed to take place in Alexandria at the end of the fourth century. At this time the conflict between the Christians, many of whom were rich and powerful, and the worshipers of the old gods was at its height. Bloody riots were the order of the day. Just before the race, the Serapeum, the magnificent temple of the god Serapis, had been destroyed by order of the Christian bishop Theophilus.

The Editor.]

THE spacious hippodrome was filled with some thousands of spectators. At first many rows of seats had been left vacant, though usually on the eve of the great races, the people would set out soon after midnight and every place would be filled long before the games began; indeed the upper tiers of the tribune, which were built of wood and were free to all comers, with standing-room behind, were commonly so crowded early in the morning that the crush ended in a free fight.

On this occasion, the storm of the previous night, the anxiety caused by the conflict round the Serapeum, and the prevalent panic as to the approaching end of the world, kept great numbers away from their favorite diversion; but when the sky recovered its radiant blue, and when it became known that the statue of Serapis had escaped uninjured in the siege of his sanctuary, —

when Cynegius, the imperial legate, and Evagrius, the city-prefect, had entered the theater with much pomp, followed by several senators and ladies and gentlemen of rank — Christians, heathen, and Jews, — the most timid took courage; the games had been postponed for an hour, and before the first team was led into the arched shed whence the chariots started, the seats, though less densely packed than usual, were amply filled.

The number of chariots entered for competition was by no means smaller than on former occasions, for the heathen had strained every nerve to show their fellow-citizens of different creeds, and especially Cæsar's representative, that, in spite of persecution and in defiance of imperial edicts, they were still a power worthy of consideration. The Christians, on their part, did their utmost to outdo the idolaters on the same ground where, not long since, they had held quite the second place.

The bishop's epigram: That Christianity had ceased to be the religion of the poor, was amply confirmed; the greater proportion of the places for senators, officials, and rich citizens was occupied by its adherents, and the men and women who professed the Faith were by no means behind their heathen peers, in magnificence of dress and jewels.

The horses, too, entered by the Christians could not fail to please the connoisseur, as they punctually made their appearance behind the starting-place, though he might have felt more confidence — and not without reason — in the heathen steeds, and more particularly in their drivers, each of whom had won on an average nine races out of ten.

The horses in the quadriga with which Marcus, the son of Mary, made his appearance in the arena had never before been driven in the hippodrome. Demetrius, the owner's brother, had bred and trained them — four magnificent black Arabs — and they excited much interest in the knowing judges who were wont to collect, and lounge about the *oppidum*, as it was called, behind the *carceres*,[1] to inspect the racers, predict the winner, offer counsel to the drivers, and make bets. These perfect creatures were perhaps as fine as the famous team of golden bays belonging to Iphicrates, which so often had proved victorious; but the *agitatores*, or drivers, attracted even more interest than the horses. Marcus, though he knew how to handle the reins — he had already been seen in experimental races — could hardly hold his own against Hippias, the handsome young heathen, who, like most of the drivers in the arena, was an *agitator* by profession. A story was told of his having driven over a bridge which was not quite as wide as the outside edges of his chariot-wheels; and there were many witnesses to the feat he had performed of writing his mistress's name with his chariot-tracks in the sand of the hippodrome.

The betting was freest and the wagers highest on Hippias and the team belonging to Iphicrates. Some few backed Marcus and his Arabs, but for smaller sums; and when they compared the tall but narrow-shouldered figure of the young Christian with the heroic breadth of Hippias's frame, and his delicate features, dreamy blue eyes, and downy black mustache with the powerful Hermes-head of his rival, they were anxious about their

[1] Covered sheds wherein the horses waited for the start.

money. If his brother now, the farmer Demetrius — who was standing by the horses' heads — or some well-known agitator had held the reins, it would have been a pleasure and a profit to back such horses. Marcus had been abroad, too, and men shrugged their shoulders over that, for it was not till the last few days that he had been seen exercising his horses in the hippodrome.

Time was going on, and the imperial envoy, who had been elected to preside as judge, at length took his place; Demetrius whispered a few last words of advice to his brother and went back into the arena.

His stepmother was sitting on the stuffed bench covered with lion-skins which was reserved for the family. Her tunic and skirt displayed the color — blue — of the Christian charioteer, being made of bright blue and silver brocade of a beautiful pattern in which the cross, the fish, and the olive-branch were elegantly combined. Her black hair was closely and simply smoothed over her temples, and she wore no garland, but a string of large gray pearls, from which hung a chaplet of sapphires and opals, lying on her forehead. A veil fell over the back of her head and she sat gazing into her lap as if she were absorbed in prayer; her hands were folded and held a cross. This placid and demure attitude she deemed becoming to a Christian matron and widow. Every one might see that she had not come for worldly pleasure, but merely to be present at a triumph of her fellow-Christians — and especially her son — over the idolaters. Everything about her bore witness to the Faith, even the pattern on her dress and the shape of her ornaments; down to the embroidery on her silk gloves, in which a cross and an anchor were so designed as to

form a Greek X, the initial letter of the name of Christ. Her ambition was to appear simple and superior to all worldly vanities; still, all she wore must be rich and costly, for she was here to do honor to her creed. She would have regarded it as a heathen abomination to wear wreaths of fresh and fragrant flowers, though for the money which that string of pearls had cost she might have decked the circus with garlands from end to end, or have fed a hundred poor for a twelvemonth. It seems so much easier to cheat the omniscient Creator of the Universe than our fellow-fools!

There was music, as usual in the towers at either end of the row of *carceres;* but it was less stirring and cheerful than of yore, for flutes and several of the heathen airs had been prohibited. Formerly, too, the hippodrome had been a place where lovers could meet and where many a love-affair had been brought to a happy climax; but to-day none of the daughters of the more respectable families were allowed to quit the woman's apartments in their own homes, for danger was in the air; the course of events in the Serapeum had kept many of the younger men from witnessing the races, and some mysterious influence seemed to weigh upon the gayety and mirth of which the hippodrome on a gala day was usually the headquarters.

Wild excitement, expectation strung to the highest pitch, and party feeling, both for and against, had always, of course, been rife here; but to-day they were manifest in an acuter form — hatred had added its taint and lent virulence to every emotion. The heathen were oppressed and angered, their rights abridged and defied, they saw the Christians triumphant at every point, and

hatred is a protean monster which rages most fiercely and most venomously when it has lurked in the foul career of envy.

The Christians could hate, too, and they hated the idolaters who gloried with haughty self-sufficiency in their intellectual inheritance; the traditions of a brilliant past. They, who had been persecuted and contemned, now had the upper hand; they were in power, and the more insolently they treated their oppressors, the more injustice they did them, and the less the victimized heathen were able to avenge themselves, the more bitterly did the Christians detest the party they contemned as superstitious idolaters. In their care for the soul — the spiritual and divine part — the Christians had hitherto neglected graces of the body; thus the heathen had remained undisputed masters of the palæstra and the hippodrome. In the gymnasium the Christian refused even to compete, for the exhibition of his naked body he regarded as an abomination; but on the race-course he had lately been willing to display his horses, and many times had disputed the crown with the hereditary victors, so that, even here, the heathen felt his time-honored and undisputed supremacy endangered. This was intolerable — this must be averted — the mere thought of being beaten on this ground roused the idolaters to wrath and malice. They displayed their color in wreaths of scarlet poppies, pomegranate flowers, and red roses, with crimson ribbons and dresses. White and green, the colors formerly adopted by the competitors, were abandoned; for all the heathen were unanimous in combining their forces against the common foe. The ladies used red sunshades, and the very baskets, in

which the refreshments were brought for the day, were painted red.

The widow Mary, on the other hand, and all the Christians, were robed in blue from head to foot, their sandals being tied with blue ribbons; and Dada's blue shoulder-knot was in conspicuous contrast to her bright rose-colored dress.

The vendors of food who wandered round the circus had eggs dyed blue and red, cakes with sugared icing, and refreshing drinks in jars of both colors. When a Christian and a heathen found themselves seated side by side, each turned a shoulder to the other, or, if they were forced to sit face to face, eyed each other with a scowl.

Cynegius did all he could to postpone the races as long as possible; he was anxious to wait till the *Comes* had finished his task in the Serapeum, so that the troops might be free to act in any emergency that might arise before the contests in the hippodrome were fairly ended. Time did not hang heavy on his hands, for the vast multitude here assembled interested him greatly, though he had frequently been a spectator of similar festivities in Rome and Constantinople; but this crowd differed in many particulars from the populace of those cities. In the topmost tiers of free seats black and brown faces predominated greatly over white ones; in the cushioned and carpeted ranks of the stone *podium* — the lower portion of the amphitheater — mingled with Greeks and Egyptians, sat thousands of splendidly dressed men and women with strongly-marked Semitic features; members of the wealthy Jewish community, whose venerable head, the Alabarch, a dignified patriarch in Greek

dress, sat with the chief members of the Senate, near the envoy's tribune.

The Alexandrians were not a patient race, and they were beginning to rebel against the delay, making no small noise and disturbance, when Cynegius rose and with his white handkerchief waved the signal for the races to begin. The number of spectators had gradually swelled from fifty to sixty and to eighty thousand; and no less than thirty-six chariots were waiting behind the *carceres* ready to start.

Four *missus*, or races, were to be run. In each of the three first twelve chariots were to start, and in the fourth only the leaders in the three former ones were to compete. The winner of the olive-wreath and palm-branch in this final heat would bear the honors of the day; his party would be victorious and he would quit the hippodrome in triumph.

Lots were now drawn in the *oppidum* to decide which shed each chariot was to start from, and in which *missus* each was to run. It was Marcus's fate to start among the first lot, and, to the horror of those who had backed his chances, Hippias, the hero of the hippodrome, was his rival, with the four famous bays.

Heathen priests poured libations to Poseidon, and Phœbus Apollo, the patron divinities of horses and of the hippodrome — for sacrifices of blood were prohibited; while Christian presbyters and exorcists blessed the rival steeds in the name of the bishop. A few monks had crept in, but they were turned out by the heathen with bitter jests, as unbidden intruders.

Cynegius repeated his signal. The sound of the tuba rang through the air, and the first twelve chariots were

led into the starting-sheds. A few minutes later a machine was set in motion by which a bronze eagle was made to rise with outspread wings high into the air, from an altar in front of the *carceres;* this was the signal for the chariots to come forth from their boxes. They took up their positions close behind a broad chalk line, traced on the ground with diagonal slope, so as to reduce the disadvantage of standing outermost and having a larger curve to cover.

Until this moment only the privileged possessors of the seats over the *carceres* had been able, by craning backwards, to see the horses and drivers; now the competitors were visible to the multitude which, at their first appearance, broke out into vociferous applause. The *agitatores* had to exert all their strength to hold in the startled and eager teams, and make them stand even for a few short minutes; then Cynegius signaled for the third time. A golden dolphin, which had been suspended from a beam, and on which the eye of every charioteer was fixed, dropped to the ground, a blast on the *salpinx*, or war-trumpet, was sounded, and forty-eight horses flew forth as though thrown forward by one impulsion.

The strength of four fine horses whirled each light, two-wheeled chariot over the hard causeway as though it were a toy. The down-pour of the previous night had laid the dust; the bright sunshine sparkled and danced in rapidly changing flashes, mirrored in the polished gilding of the bronze or the silver fittings of the elegantly decorated, semicircular cars in which the drivers stood.

Five blue and seven red competitors had drawn the first lot. The eye rested with pleasure on the sinewy

figures whose bare feet seemed rooted to the boards they stood in, while their eyes were riveted on the goal they were striving to reach, though — as the eye of the archer sees arrow, bow, and mark all at once — they never lost sight of the horses they were guiding. A close cap with floating ribbons confined their hair, and they wore a short sleeveless tunic, swathed round the body with wide bands, as if to brace their muscles and add to their strength. The reins were fastened around their hips so as to leave the hands free, not only to hold them, but also to ply the whip and use the goad. Each charioteer had a knife in his girdle, to enable him to release himself, in case of accident, from a bond that might prove fatal.

Before long the bay team was leading alone. Behind were two Christian drivers, followed by three red chariots; Marcus was last of all, but it was easy to see that it was by choice and not by necessity that he was hanging back. He was holding in his fiery team with all his strength and weight — his body thrown back, his feet firmly set with his knees against the silver bar of the chariot, and his hands gripping the reins. In a few minutes he came flying past Dada and his brother, but he did not see them. He had not even caught sight of his own mother, while the professional charioteers had not failed to bow to Cynegius and nod to their friends. He could only keep his eyes and mind fixed on his horses and on the goal.

The multitude clapped, roared, shouted encouragement to their party, hissed and whistled when they were disappointed — venting their utmost indignation on Marcus as he came past behind the others; but he either

heard them not or would not hear. Dada's heart beat so wildly that she thought it would burst. She could not sit still; she started to her feet and then flung herself back on her cushions, shouting some spurring words to Marcus in the flash of time when he might perhaps hear them. When he had passed, her head fell, and she said sadly enough: "Poor fellow! — We have brought our wreaths for nothing, after all, Demetrius!"

But Demetrius shook his head and smiled.

"Nay," he said, "the boy has iron sinews in that slight body. Look how he holds the horses in! He is saving their strength till they need it. Seven times, child, seven times he has to go round this great circus and past the *nyssa*.[1] You will see, he will catch up what he has lost, yet. Hippias, you see, is holding in his horses, too; it is his way of giving himself airs at the starting. — Now he is close to the *nyssa* — the *meta* they call it at Rome; the smaller the bend he can make round it the better for him, but it is risky work. There — you see! — They drive round from right to left and that throws most of the work on the left-hand beast; it has to turn almost in its own length. Aura, our first horse, is as supple as a panther and I trained her to do it myself. — Now look out there! — that bronze figure of a rearing horse — the *Taraxippos* they call it — is put there to frighten the horses, and Megæra, our third horse, is like a mad thing sometimes, though she can go like a stag; every time Marcus gets her quietly past the *Taraxippos* we are nearer to success. — Look, look, — the first chariot has got round the *nyssa!* It is Hippias! Yes, by Zeus, he has done

[1] The turning-post or goal.

it! He is a detestable braggart, but he knows his business!"

This was one of the decisive moments of the race. The crowd was silent; expectation was at the utmost pitch of tension, and Dada's eyes were fixed spellbound on the obelisk and on the quadriga that whirled round the bourn.

Next to Hippias came a blue team, and close behind him were three red ones. The Christian who had succeeded in reaching the *nyssa* second, boldly took his horses close round the obelisk, hoping to gain space and get past Hippias; but the left wheel of his chariot grazed the granite plinth, the light car was overset, and the horses of the red chariot, whose noses were almost on his shoulder, could not be pulled up short in time. They fell over the Christian's team, which rolled on the ground; the red chariot, too, turned over, and eight snorting beasts lay struggling in the sand.

The horses in the next chariot bolted as they were being driven past this mass of plunging and neighing confusion; they defied their driver's impotent efforts and galloped across the course back into the *carceres*.

The rest had time and space enough to beware of the wreck and to give it a wide berth, among them Marcus. The mêlée at the *meta* had excited his steeds almost beyond control, and as they tore past the *Taraxippos* the third horse, Megæra, shied violently as Demetrius had predicted. She flung herself on one side, thrust her hindquarters under the pole, and kicked desperately, lifting the chariot quite off the ground; the young charioteer lost his footing and slipped. Dada covered her face with her hands, and his mother turned pale and knit her

brows with apprehension. The youth was still standing; his feet were on the sand of the arena; but he had a firm grip on the right-hand spiral ornament that terminated the bar round the chariot. Many a heart stood still with anxiety, and shouts of triumph and mockery broke from the red party; but in less than half a minute, by an effort of strength and agility, he had his knees on the footboard, and then, in the winking of an eye, he was on his feet in the chariot, had gathered up the reins and was rushing onward.

Meanwhile, however, Hippias had far outstripped all the rest, and as he flew past the *carceres* he checked his pace, snatched a cup from a lemonade-seller, tossed the contents down his throat with haughty audacity amid the plaudits of the crowd, and then dashed on again. A wide gap, indeed, still lay between him and Marcus.

By the time the competitors again came round to the *nyssa*, the slaves in attendance had cleared away the broken chariots and led off the horses. A Christian still came next to Hippias, followed by a red *agitator;* Marcus had gained on the others, and was now fourth.

In the third round the chariot of the red driver in front of Marcus made too sharp a turn and ran up against the granite. The broken car was dragged on by the terrified beasts, and the charioteer with it, till, by the time they were stopped, he was a corpse. In the fifth circuit the Christian who, till now, had been second to Hippias shared the same fate, though he escaped with his life; and then Marcus drove past the starting sheds next to Hippias.

Hippias had ceased to flout and dally. In spite of the delay that Marcus had experienced from the *Taraxippos*,

the space that parted his bays from the black Arabs had sensibly diminished, round after round; and the interest of the race now centered entirely in him and the young Christian. Never before had so passionate and reckless a contest been fought out on this venerable race-course, and the throng of spectators were carried away by the almost frenzied rivalry of the two drivers. Not a creature in the upper tiers had been able to keep his seat; men and women alike had risen to their feet and were shouting and roaring to the competitors. The music in the towers might have ceased, so completely was it drowned by the tumult in the amphitheater.

Only the ladies, in the best places above the starting-sheds, preserved their aristocratic calm; still, when the seventh and decisive round was begun, even the widow Mary leaned forward a little and clasped her hands more tightly over the cross in her lap. Each time that Marcus had driven round the obelisk or past the *Taraxippos*, Dada had clutched her head with her hands and set her teeth in her lip; each time, as he happily steered clear of the fatal stone and whirled past the dreadful bronze statue, she had relaxed her grip and leaned back in her seat with a sigh of relief. Her sympathy made her one with Marcus; she felt as if his loss must be her death and his victory her personal triumph.

During the sixth circuit Hippias was still a long way ahead of the young Christian; the distance which lay between Marcus and the team of bays seemed to have become a fixed quantity, for, do what he could, he could not diminish it by a hand-breadth. The two *agitatores* had now completely altered their tactics; instead of holding their horses in they urged them onward, leaning

over the front of their chariots, speaking to the horses, shouting at them with hoarse, breathless cries, and flogging them unsparingly. Steamy sweat and lathering foam streaked the flanks of the desperate, laboring brutes, while clouds of dust were flung up from the dry, furrowed, and trampled soil. The other chariots were left farther and farther behind those of Hippias and Marcus, and when, for the seventh and last time, these two were nearing the *nyssa*, the crowd for a moment held its breath, only to break out into louder and wilder cries, and then again to be hushed. It seemed as though their exhausted lungs found renewed strength to shout with double energy when their excitement had kept them silent for a while.

Dada spoke no more; pale and gasping, she sat with her eyes fixed on the tall obelisk and on the cloud of dust which, as the chariots neared the *nyssa*, seemed to grow denser. At about a hundred paces from the *nyssa* she saw, above the sandy curtain, the red cap of Hippias flash past, and then — close behind it — the blue cap worn by Marcus. Then a deafening, thundering roar from thousands of throats went up to heaven, while, round the obelisk — so close to it that not a horse, not a wheel could have found room between the plinth and the driver — the blue cap came forward out of the cloud, and, behind it now — no longer in front, though not more than a length behind — came the red cap of Hippias. When within a few feet of the *nyssa* Marcus had overtaken his antagonist, had passed the point with a bold and perilously close turn, and had left the bays behind him.

Demetrius saw it all, as though his eyes had power to

pierce the dust-cloud, and now he, too, lost his phlegmatic calm. He threw up his arms as if in prayer and shouted, as though his brother could hear him: "Well done, splendid boy! Now for the *kentron* — the goad — drive it in, send it home if they die for it! Give it them well!"

Dada, who could only guess what was happening, looked round at him, asking in tremulous tones: "Has he passed him? Is he gaining on him? Will he win?" But Demetrius did not answer; he only pointed to the foremost of the flying clouds on which the second was fast advancing, and cried in a frenzy of excitement: —

"Death and Hades! The other is catching him up. The dog, the sneak! If only the boy would use his goad. Give it them, Marcus! Give it them, lad! Never give in now! Great Father Poseidon! — there — there! — no! I can hardly stand! — Yes, he is still in front, and now — now — this must settle it! Thunder and lightning! They are close together again — may the dust choke him! No — it is all right; my Arabs are in front! All is well, keep it up, lad, well done! We have won!"

The horses were pulled up, the dust settled; Marcus, the Christian, had won the first *missus*. Cynegius held out the crown to the victor, who bowed to receive it. Then he waved his hand to his mother, who graciously waved hers in return, and he drove into the *oppidum* and was lost to sight.

Hippias flung down his whip in a rage, but the triumphant shouts of the Christians drowned the music, the trumpet-blasts, and the angry murmurs of the defeated heathen. Threatening fists were shaken in the air, while behind the *carceres* the drivers and owners of

the red party scolded, squabbled, and stormed; and Hippias, who by his audacious swagger had given away the race to their hated foe, — to the Blues, the Christians, — narrowly escaped being torn in pieces.

The second and third *missus*, like the first, were marked by serious accidents; both, however, were won for the Red party. In the fourth, the decisive race, there were but three competitors: Marcus and the two heathen winners. Demetrius watched it with less anxiety; he knew that his Arabs were far superior to the Egyptian breed in staying power, and they also had the advantage of having had a longer rest. In fact, the final victory was adjudged to the young Christian.

VIII
THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Twelve Cæsars were followed by Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, "the Five Good Emperors," as they are called, who ruled from 96 A.D. to 180 A.D. Trajan had the old ambition to make conquests and extend the possessions of the Romans; but when Hadrian came to the throne, he more wisely aimed at strengthening what they already had. The two Antonines held for a single aim the welfare and happiness of their people, quite a new idea in that age. Rome was a mighty empire, not only in her wide-spreading lands and her tribute nations, but in other ways. Her methods of building were, indeed, copied from the Greek, but with a wise adaptation to local needs that amounted to originality. Her literature is rich in great names, — poets, satirists, historians, and philosophers. But in the science of law she is without a rival. There is no civilized country in the world whose laws have not been influenced by those of Rome. The wonderfully made Roman roads were not only highways of conquest and necessities of warfare, but they were a means by which her civilization was carried to peoples whom the wise management of their conqueror made eager to embrace her teachings.

And yet, in this marvelously successful Roman Empire there were elements that were working her ruin. So many men had been slain in the wars and proscriptions that there was a lack of citizens. Slaves were cheap, and the Romans despised work. Barbarians were pressing close upon the empire. The army was demoralized; but it was the only power, and no one could be made emperor who was not the choice of the soldiers. Only thirteen years after the death of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the throne of the mighty Roman Empire was sold at auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder.

MARCUS AURELIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER EMPEROR

[121–180 A.D.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

A ROMAN emperor was one day thinking over his childhood, and he concluded that he had been an exceedingly fortunate boy. His father died when he was a baby, it was true, but he wrote in his notebook that he had "good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends." About his teachers he wrote a great deal more. He did not say that one taught him arithmetic, one poetry, and so on; but he said that from one he had learned not to meddle with other people's affairs, from another not to spend his time on trifles, from another to be willing to forgive; and from the others to keep himself from fault-finding, to be cheerful, to love truth and justice, not to declare often that he had no leisure, and not to excuse neglect of his duties to others by saying that he was busy.

This emperor's name as a boy was Marcus Annius Verus. He belonged to a noble family, and was called to the attention of the Emperor Hadrian when he was a little fellow. The child was so noble and upright that Hadrian said his name ought not to be Verus (true), but Verissimus (truest).

When this young Marcus was about twelve, he became interested in a kind of philosophy known as stoicism. He made up his mind that its teachings were

good and that he would follow them as long as he lived; and, what is more, he did not change his belief. Some of the precepts of stoicism are as follows: One ought never to complain, but to yield to necessity calmly and serenely; one ought not to allow himself to be overwhelmed with grief or enraptured with joy; one should never make pleasure his aim. The stoics dressed simply and lived plainly. They were taught to treat all men alike, whether great or small. They were to work hard, to practice self-denial, and never to listen to slander.

All this time the Emperor Hadrian was watching the young stoic. He had no son, and he was trying to decide who should follow him as emperor. Marcus was only seventeen, or probably Hadrian would have chosen him. He did choose Antoninus, an uncle of the boy, a man of about fifty years. He was upright and just and had gentle, kindly manners. He was not eager to undertake so great a labor as the care of a mighty empire, but finally he yielded. Hadrian made one condition to Antoninus's becoming his heir, and this was that he should adopt as his successors the young Marcus and also one Lucius Verus, whose father had been a friend of Hadrian. Soon after the agreement was made, Hadrian died, and Antoninus took his place.

For more than twenty years, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, as he was now called, lived with his uncle. Antoninus loved him like a father and gave him a large part in the Government, and honored him in every way in his power. Antoninus was a good man. He always tried to be at peace with every one and to treat every one justly. He kept the empire in order and kept himself cheerful and serene, and he was greatly loved by his nephew.

When the time came that Antoninus knew he must die, he called together the chief men of Rome to talk about who should be his successor. He had two sons of his own, but he did not try to win the empire for them. He recommended that the Senate should choose Marcus. Evidently he could not make up his mind to recommend Lucius Verus also. The Senate agreed with him and asked Marcus Aurelius to become sole emperor. He knew that it was Hadrian's wish that Verus should reign together with him, and he insisted that this should be done. Verus was somewhat weak in character and had little idea of self-control; but he did have a great respect for Marcus Aurelius and was always ready to follow his advice. They ruled together in perfect harmony until the death of Verus.

All sorts of troubles afflicted the empire. First of all, there was a terrible flood. Much of Rome was swept away, fields and crops were destroyed, and cattle were drowned. There were fires, and there were earthquakes. Worst of all, there was war; and Marcus Aurelius had a horror of war. He thought that it was a shame and disgrace. Nevertheless, he was emperor, and he had to protect his empire. The Parthians in the East revolted. They were overcome in battle, but when the army returned, a dreadful pestilence came with them. It spread from region to region. "It is the end of the empire," people whispered fearfully; but at length the plague disappeared. Then there was danger from the Germans, and Marcus Aurelius remained in camp and on the battle-field for three years before they were subdued.

This emperor fought because it was necessary, but he loved quiet thought, and wherever he was, he carried

with him a little notebook, and in it he wrote any thoughts that came to him about the noblest way to live. It was at this time that he jotted down between battles his memories of his childhood and of the goodness of his friends and teachers. He wrote that of course he must expect to meet ungrateful, envious, deceitful people; but that they could not really do him any harm, and that the only reason why they were of such character was because they did not fully understand what was good and what was bad. This little notebook of the busy emperor is very interesting. He tells people that they ought not to waste their lives in wondering what others are saying and thinking, and that their own thoughts ought always to be so kindly that if any one asked, "What are you thinking about?" they would not be at all afraid to answer honestly. He says that when any one wants to feel happy, it is an excellent plan to think of his friends and call to mind their good qualities. Think more of the good things you have than of those you have not, he advises. Another thought is that the best way to avenge one's self is to be careful not to become like the wrongdoer. He makes it seem not only wrong, but exceedingly silly to continue in ill-doing, for he says, "It is a ridiculous thing for a man not to fly from his own badness, which is indeed possible, but to fly from other men's badness, which is impossible."

Marcus Aurelius would have liked to spend his time thinking about life and setting down his thoughts in this way and in being with his family and his friends; but he could spare only stray moments for such pleasures. He had to give his days either to war or to thinking how to take care of the roads, how to manage the city at less

expense, how to get enough soldiers and how to pay those that he already had, and how to answer the hundred and one questions that came up every day for his decision. It is no wonder that he had to rise early in the morning and work till after midnight. He was obliged to show himself at the games and the fights of the gladiators; but while he was there, he usually read or had some one read to him.

During the reign of Marcus Aurelius the Christians were terribly persecuted. It often happened that the most bitter persecutions took place during the reigns of the best emperors; and so it was with Marcus Aurelius. Although his ideas were much like those of Christianity, he probably knew nothing of the Christian belief and was a sincere worshiper of the gods. When any trouble came upon the state, the first thought of both him and his people was that the state worship had not been carried on properly, and so the gods were angry. The Christians would not even burn a few grains of incense on the heathen altars; and therefore when flood or sickness afflicted the city, the Romans believed that they were to blame and ought to be persecuted.

When Marcus Aurelius was nearly sixty years old, a pestilence made its appearance in the army; and soon the Romans were grieving over the loss of their ruler. It had become the custom for the Senate to pass a decree at the death of an emperor, declaring that he was now one of the gods; but in this case the people did not wait for any decree of the Senate, — they made a god of him at once; and for many years incense was burned before his statue, and prayers were offered up to the emperor whom they loved so sincerely.

QUEEN ZENOBIA AND THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS

[273 A.D.]

BY WILLIAM WARE

[WHEN the Romans were endeavoring to conquer the Parthians, they were aided by Odenatus, King of Palmyra, an oasis in the desert of Syria. He was rewarded by so many honors that he began to think himself great enough to establish a kingdom whose power should equal that of Rome in her palmiest days. At his death, his wife Zenobia attempted to carry out his plans, and took the title of Queen of the East. The Emperor Aurelian, mindful of the long-continued friendship between the two realms, at first only sent ambassadors to try to persuade her to limit her ambition to her own kingdom of Palmyra.

The Editor.]

HARDLY were we arrived at the lawn in front of the palace, when a cloud of dust was observed to rise in the direction of the road to Palmyra, as if caused by a body of horse in rapid movement.

"What may this mean?" said Zenobia: "orders were strict, that our brief retirement should not be disturbed. This indicates an errand of some urgency."

"Some embassy from abroad, perhaps," said Julia, "that cannot brook delay. It may be from your great brother at Rome."

While we, in a sportive humor, indulged in various conjectures, an official of the palace announced the approach of a Roman herald, "who craved permission

to address the Queen of Palmyra." He was ordered to advance.

In a few moments, upon a horse covered with dust and foam, appeared the Roman herald. Without one moment's hesitancy, he saw Zenobia the queen, then taking off his helmet, said, "that Caius Petronius, and Cornelius Varro, ambassadors of Aurelian, were in waiting at the outer gates of the palace, and asked a brief audience of the queen of Palmyra, upon affairs of deepest interest, both to Zenobia and the emperor."

"It is not our custom," said Zenobia in reply, "when seeking repose, as now, from the cares of state, to allow aught to break it. But we will not be selfish or churlish. Bid the servants of your emperor draw near, and we will hear them."

I was not unwilling that the messengers of Aurelian should see Zenobia just as she was now. Sitting upon her noble Arabian, and leaning upon her hunting-spear, her countenance glowing with a higher beauty than ever before, as it seemed to me, — her head surmounted with a Parthian hunting-cap, from which drooped a single ostrich feather, springing from a diamond worth a nation's rental, her costume also Parthian, and revealing in the most perfect manner the just proportions of her form, — I thought I had never seen even her, when she so filled and satisfied the eye and the mind; and, for that moment, I was almost a traitor to Aurelian. Had Julia filled her seat, I should have been quite so. As it was, I could worship her who sat her steed with no less grace, upon the left of the queen, without being guilty of that crime. On Zenobia's right were Longinus and Zabdas, Gracchus, and the other noblemen of Palmyra.

Fausta and I were near Julia. In this manner, just as we had come in from the chase, did we await the ambassadors of Aurelian.

Announced by trumpets, and followed by their train, they soon wheeled into the lawn, and advanced toward the queen.

"Caius Petronius and Cornelius Varro," said Zenobia, first addressing the ambassadors, and moving toward them a few paces, "we bid you heartily welcome to Palmyra. If we receive you thus without form, you must take the blame partly to yourselves, who have sought us with haste. We put by the customary observances, that we may cause you no delay. These whom you see are all friends or counselors. Speak your errand without restraint."

"We come," replied Petronius, "as you may surmise, great queen, upon no pleasing errand. Yet we cannot but persuade ourselves that the Queen of Palmyra will listen to the proposals of Aurelian, and preserve the good understanding which has lasted so long between the West and the East. There have been brought already to your ears, if I have been rightly informed, rumors of dissatisfaction on the part of our emperor, with the affairs of the East, and of plans of an Eastern expedition. It is my business now to say that these rumors have been well founded. I am further to say that the object at which Aurelian has aimed, in the preparations he has made, is not Persia, but Palmyra."

"He does us too much honor," said Zenobia, her color rising, and her eyes kindling; "and what, may I ask, are specifically his demands and the price of peace?"

"For a long series of years," said the ambassador,

"the wealth of Egypt and the East, as you are aware, flowed into the Roman treasury. That stream has been diverted to Palmyra. Egypt, and Syria, and Bithynia, and Mesopotamia, were dependents upon Rome, and Roman provinces. It is needless to say what they now are. The Queen of Palmyra was once but the Queen of Palmyra; she is now Queen of Egypt and of the East — Augusta of the Roman Empire — her sons styled and arrayed as Cæsars. By whatever consent of former emperors these honors have been won or permitted, it is not, we are required to say, with the consent of Aurelian. By whatever service in behalf of Rome they may, in the judgment of some, be thought to be deserved, in the judgment of Aurelian the reward exceeds greatly the value of the service rendered. But while he would not be deemed insensible to those services, and while he honors the greatness and the genius of Zenobia, he would, he conceives, be unfaithful to the interests of those who have raised him to his high office, if he did not require that in the East, as in the West, the Roman Empire should again be restored to the limits which bounded it in the reigns of the virtuous Antonines. This he holds essential to his own honor, and the glory of the Roman world."

"You have delivered yourself, Caius Petronius," replied the queen, in a calm and firm voice, "as it became a Roman to do, with plainness, and as I must believe, without reserve. So far I honor you. Now hear me, and as you hear, so report to him who sent you. Tell Aurelian that what I am, I have made myself; that the empire which hails me queen had been moulded into what it is by Odenatus and Zenobia; it is no gift, but an

inheritance — a conquest and a possession; it is held, not by favor, but by right of birth and power; and that when he will give away possessions or provinces which he claims as his or Rome's, for the asking, I will give away Egypt and the Mediterranean coast. Tell him that as I have lived a queen, so, the gods helping, I will die a queen — that the last moment of my reign and my life shall be the same. If he is ambitious, let him be told that I am ambitious, too, — ambitious of wider and yet wider empire — of an unsullied fame, and of my people's love. Tell him I do not speak of gratitude on the part of Rome, but that posterity will say that the Power which stood between Rome and Persia, and saved the empire in the East, which avenged the death of Valerian, and twice pursued the kings as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, deserved some fairer acknowledgment than the message you now bring, at the hands of a Roman emperor."

"Let the queen," quickly rejoined Petronius, but evidently moved by what he had heard, "let the queen fully take me. Aurelian purposes not to invade the fair region where I now am, and where my eyes are rejoiced by this goodly show of city, plain, and country. He hails you Queen of Palmyra! He does but ask again those appendages of your greatness which have been torn from Rome, and were once members of her body."

"Your emperor is gracious, indeed!" replied the queen, smiling; "if he may hew off my limbs, he will spare the trunk! — and what were the trunk without the limbs?"

"And is this," said Petronius, his voice significant of

inward grief, "that which I must carry back to Rome? Is there no hope of a better adjustment?"

"Will not the Queen of Palmyra delay for a few days her final answer?" added Varro; "I see, happily, in her train, a noble Roman, from whom, as well as from us, she may obtain all needed knowledge of both the character and purposes of Aurelian. We are at liberty to wait her pleasure."

"You have our thanks, Romans, for your courtesy, and we accept your offer; although in what I have said, I think I have spoken the sense of my people."

"You have, indeed, great queen," interrupted Zabdas with energy.

"Yet I owe it to my trusty counselor, the great Longinus," continued the queen, "who thinks not with me, to look further into the reasons — which, because they are his, must be strong ones — by which he supports an opposite judgment."

"Those reasons have now," said the Greek, "lost much or all of their force" — Zabdas smiled triumphantly — "yet still I would advocate delay."

"Let it be so, then," said the queen; "and in the mean while, let the ambassadors of Aurelian not refuse the hospitalities of the Eastern queen. Our palace is yours, while it shall please you to remain."

"For the night and the morning, we accept your offers; then, as strangers in this region, we would return to the city, to see better than we have yet done the objects which it presents. It seemed to us, on a hasty glance, surrounded by its luxuriant plains, like the habitation of gods. We would dwell there a space."

So saying, Zenobia, putting spurs to her horse, led the

way to the palace, followed by a long train of Romans and Palmyrenes. The generous hospitality of the tables closed the day and wore away the night.

[The visit of the Roman ambassadors to Zenobia was fruitless; for the queen boldly refused to yield any of her territories or to give up her ambition. Then the Roman arms were sent against her, and Palmyra was burned. The queen herself was carried to Rome to grace the triumph of Aurelian.

The Editor.]

THE ROMAN ROADS

BY J. R. S. STERRETT

THE width of the Roman road varied much according to its importance. Often it was one hundred and twenty feet wide, though in the provinces it was generally sixty, sometimes forty feet wide. In order to understand the reason for this great width and for the substantial construction that was rigidly adhered to, we should bear in mind the make-up of the Roman army, whose comfort and necessities were continually consulted. In the first place, the Roman soldier was burdened by his heavy armor and other impedimenta in such a manner as to render him wholly unfit to repel sudden attacks successfully, as we read on nearly every page of Cæsar's "Commentaries." The baggage-train was far larger and more unwieldy than anything we know of to-day, for the reason that this train had to transport not merely the tents, artillery, arms, munitions of war, army chests, and a host of other things necessary in the warfare of that day; not merely the effects and plunder of the legionaries, but also those of two secondary armies — an army of women, wives of the legionaries and camp-followers, and another army of body-servants, for each legionary had one or more servants, so that the *calones* outnumbered the legionaries themselves. When on the march this unwieldy army maintained the line-of-battle order, theoretically at least, in order to be ready to repel sudden and unexpected attack. Good roads,

therefore, were necessary in order to enable the immense train with which the army was handicapped to keep pace with the legionaries, and wide roads were essential, in order, in case of sudden attack, to allow the individual legionaries to make effective use of their arms without interfering with their neighbors.

The Roman roads were built with more care than is expended upon the beds of our railways even. They were made as straight as possible, and natural obstacles were skillfully overcome by the use of cuts, fills, bridges, culverts, embankments, and even tunnels. Stiff grades were avoided, and a level, once reached, was doggedly maintained, even at the expense of making cuts, fills, etc. The work preliminary to the building of any Roman road consisted in excavating all the dirt down to hardpan, and the excavation thus made was filled in, regardless of expense, with layers of sand, stone, and cement, until the requisite level, however high it might be, had been reached. Finally, the surface was dressed with a layer of metal and cement. The road was practically indestructible, and required only occasional repairs. That continuous or even merely yearly repairs were not necessary seems clear from the fact that, when repairs were made, the proprætor of the province thought it so important an event that he celebrated it by inscribing the fact along with his name on the milestones.

Many years ago Bergier made an examination of certain Roman roads still in use in France. One road was examined at a point where it had been raised twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country, and a vertical section revealed a structure of five layers. First came the great fill of sixteen feet and one half; on the top

of this fill were layers of flattish stones mixed with cement, flattish stones without cement, firmly packed dirt, small metal in hard cement, and large metal and cement, five layers in all, the first three of twelve inches each, the last two of six inches each. Other roads investigated by Bergier, while differing in treatment, were just as substantial roads. Paved roads were rare, but the Via Appia offers a remarkable instance of a paved road. The stone used in its pavement is of the kind of which millstones are made, and they are so carefully dressed and adjusted that the road often seems to be solid rock, and has proved so indestructible that, after two thousand years of continuous use, it is still a superb road.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

[Born about 270 A.D. Emperor, 306–337.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

No one who thought for a moment about the state of the empire could have helped seeing that remedies must be found at once for at least two of its troubles. In the first place, the lives of the emperors must be protected so they should not be slain at the whim of the soldiers. Second, the barbarians who were pressing upon the boundaries must be thrust back. Diocletian saw this, and discovered, or thought he had discovered, a certain remedy. Whether certain or not, it was surely an original one. He chose three generals to aid him in the government. To one of these he gave the title of Augustus, which he himself bore. The other two were called Cæsars. His plan was that the four should work together, each ruling a division of the empire. When an Augustus died, a Cæsar was to be promoted to take his place and another Cæsar to be chosen.

There were three reasons why this arrangement seemed to Diocletian a most excellent plan. One was that the succession of the throne was provided for. The second was that the four men could divide the realm among them, and so it would be well cared for and protected. The third was that it would prevent assassination, for the murder of one or two or even three of the four would not change the government in the least; and it would not be easy to plot to kill four men in different parts of the vast empire at the same moment.

All went on smoothly for a while, but it was soon found that keeping up four courts and four sets of officials was an expensive matter. Diocletian had taken Egypt, Asia, and Thrace for his share, and had chosen Nicomedia, near the Bosphorus, as his capital. Here he lived in the utmost luxury and splendor. The Emperor Augustus had gone about among the people in familiar fashion, had lived simply, and had dressed like other well-to-do Romans. The Emperor Diocletian dressed in robes of silk and gold, and even ornamented his shoes with the most precious gems. Instead of the people's meeting their emperor easily and familiarly, there were numerous officials to be passed before any one could reach the presence chamber. There the visitor was required to throw himself upon the ground at the feet of the ruler. Moreover, this ruler wore a crown, a thing which neither Julius nor Augustus would have ventured to do. Augustus had kept up all the old forms of the Republic and had done his best to make the people feel that they were the real rulers, and he was only one of themselves. Diocletian dropped the old forms and did everything to remove himself from the people and induce them to feel that he was not a mere man, but a creature far above them and of a finer clay than they.

To keep up this expensive court and those of the other rulers, required money, as has been said before, and money must be obtained by increasing the taxes of the people. These taxes were already severe, and soon there was rebellion on the part of the peasants in Gaul. These peasants were subdued by arms, but they felt that they were burdened beyond what was just and right, and they were angry and discontented.

Diocletian was inclined to permit the Christians to carry on their worship as they would, but Galerius, one of the Cæsars, was strongly opposed to them. At length Diocletian yielded to him and passed severe laws against them. Their churches were leveled to the ground, and they themselves were tortured, thrown to wild beasts in the arena, or put to death in other ways.

While this persecution was still going on, the Roman world was amazed to learn that both Diocletian and Maximian, the second Augustus, had given up the throne and intended to spend the rest of their lives as private citizens. Diocletian withdrew to Dalmatia, and there on the shore of the Adriatic Sea he built himself a palace. Maximian soon regretted his abdication and wrote to Diocletian to ask if they could not by working together get possession of the sovereignty again. Diocletian gave him little comfort, for he replied, "Were you but to come to Salona and see the vegetables which I raise in my garden with my own hands, you would no longer talk to me of empire.

The persecution of the Christians continued for seven years after the retirement of Diocletian. Galerius finally published an edict putting an end to it. He was then in his last sickness, and it is said that in his sufferings he besought the Christians to pray to their God for him.

When Diocletian and Maximian gave up the throne, Galerius and Constantius became Augusti. So far the plan of Diocletian had worked smoothly; but when Constantius died, the soldiers put aside all Diocletian's plans and declared that their commander, Constantinus, or Constantine, should be emperor. There were, however,

several other claimants to the throne, of whom the most active was Maxentius. It was several years, therefore, before Constantine became the undisputed ruler of the empire.

Instead of persecuting the Christians, Constantine took the cross for his standard. He declared that one day at noon, during his struggle with his rival, Maxentius, he saw a cross in the sky above the sun, and on it was written, in Greek, *In this sign shalt thou conquer*, or, as it was translated into Latin, *In hoc signo vinces*. On the following day, he displayed a cross to his soldiers. From its shorter beam hung a banner of purple silk, flashing with jewels and showing images of him and his children. On the top of the upright beam was a golden crown marked ☧, the Greek letters which stand for the cross and also for the *Ch-r* of "Christ." On this day he fought with Maxentius the battle of Milvian Bridge, one of his most important engagements, and won a great victory. Henceforth his army followed the cross in all their battles. One year later, Constantine published an edict (the Edict of Milan) allowing every one in his realm to practice whatever religion he might choose. Little by little he gave the Christians more rights. Their numbers increased rapidly, for few people had now any faith in the gods, and they had suffered so much that they were glad to learn of a God in whom they could believe.

So it was that the empire gained a new faith. It was not long before it gained a new capital, for Constantine decided to take Byzantium on the Bosphorus for his chief city. He was a wise man, and he had several good reasons for doing this. Perhaps the strongest of all was

that he meant to rule the empire without paying any attention to the Roman Senate or the nobles; and this would be much easier to do in the East where people had always been accustomed to bowing down to their rulers. Another reason was that in Byzantium the emperor would be nearer his most dangerous enemies, — the barbarians north of the Danube, and the Persians. He would also be nearer the mass of his people. Now that Rome ruled Greece and Asia Minor, Byzantium was in a most excellent location for carrying on trade, since all the commerce of the countries around the Black Sea must pass through the Bosphorus. The new city was given the name of Constantinople, or city of Constantine. It is said that more than twelve million dollars was spent on walls, porticoes, and aqueducts alone. Baths, theaters, forum, circus, churches, palaces, all sprang up within a short time. The city was adorned with the works of the greatest artists, for the builder was the master of the world, and he took from the cities of Greece and Asia Minor the finest statues and most perfect ornaments that were in existence.

The next thing to do was to make the government as strong as possible, or rather, to prevent any one's interfering with what Constantine thought best to do, for he himself proposed to be the government. He had decided that the surest way to prevent revolts was not to allow any one man to have too much power. Therefore he made many generals and gave each one fewer soldiers than had been the custom; and he divided the provinces into small districts. This way of ruling prevented rebellions, but it was expensive, for there were very many officials to be paid, and therefore the taxes of the people

rose still higher. Those who had fertile lands far enough from the frontiers to be well protected could generally pay what was demanded; but men near the boundaries whose fields were sometimes devastated by barbarians could not pay, and gradually they abandoned their lands. The result of this was that after a while the country at a safe distance from the boundaries was cultivated; but that which was near the borders of the empire was left wild.

After Constantine's death, first his sons and then his nephew ruled the empire. This nephew was Julian. He is called "the Apostate," because he gave up Christianity and tried to bring his people back to the worship of the old gods. The days of the persecutions had passed, but Julian gave the chief offices to those who would carry on the old worship. He forbade Christians to teach in the schools, and he made them rebuild the temples that had been ruined. He made several campaigns against the Persians, and in one of these he was fatally wounded. His successor was a Christian. With Julian died the last imperial worshiper of the gods.

IX
THE COMING OF THE BARBARIANS

HISTORICAL NOTE

For two hundred years Rome had been trying to repel the Germans, who were continually pressing into the empire. Sometimes the Romans drove them away; sometimes they were forced to give them land and accept them as allies. Under Alaric, the Goths actually captured the city. Now came the Huns under Attila. Both Goths and Romans united against them, and they were overcome at Châlons in 451 A.D. The Vandals now attacked Rome and plundered the city.

Ever since 395 A.D., the Empire in the East had had one ruler and the Empire in the West another. In the fifth century the Gothic soldiers demanded land in Italy for homes. They could not be resisted. They made their leader Odoacer ruler of Rome; but he always declared that he held the throne as deputy of the Emperor of the East. Rome, then, became in 476 A.D. only a province of the Empire in the East, and this event is called the fall of the Roman Empire in the West. The fall of the Eastern Empire took place in 1453, when its capital, Constantinople, was captured by the Turks.

ROME PAYS RANSOM TO ALARIC THE GOTH

[409 A.D.]

BY WILKIE COLLINS

[At the beginning of the fifth century the Roman Empire had become so weak that it was overrun by swarms of barbarians. Prominent among these was Alaric the Goth, who sacked and burned the city. The following scene is supposed to have taken place while he was encamped in Etruria, just before his capture of Rome.

The Editor.]

The embassy had already exhausted its power of intercession, apparently without moving the leader of the Goths from his first pitiless resolution of fixing the ransom of Rome at the price of every possession of value which the city contained. There was a momentary silence now in the great tent. At one extremity of it, congregated in a close and irregular group, stood the wearied and broken-spirited members of the Senate, supported by such of their attendants as had been permitted to follow them; at the other appeared the stately forms of Alaric and the warriors who surrounded him as his council of war. The vacant space of the middle of the tent was strewn with martial weapons, separating the representatives of the two nations one from the other; and thus accidentally, yet palpably, typifying the fierce hostility which had sundered in years past, and was still to sunder for years to come, the people of the North and the people of the South.

The Gothic King stood a little in advance of his warriors, leaning on his huge, heavy sword. His steady eye wandered from man to man among the broken-spirited senators, contemplating, with cold and cruel penetration, all that suffering and despair had altered for the worse in their outward appearance. Their soiled robes, their wan cheeks, their trembling limbs, were each marked in turn by the cool, sarcastic examination of the conqueror's gaze. Debased and humiliated as they were, there were some among the ambassadors who felt the insult thus silently and deliberately inflicted on them the more keenly for their very helplessness. They moved uneasily in their places, and whispered among each other in low and bitter accents. At last one of their number raised his downcast eyes and broke the silence. The old Roman spirit, which long years of voluntary frivolity and degradation had not yet entirely depraved, flushed his pale wasted face as he spoke thus: —

"We have entreated, we have offered, we have promised — men can do no more! Deserted by our emperor and crushed by pestilence and famine, nothing is now left to us but to perish in unavailing resistance beneath the walls of Rome! It was in the power of Alaric to win everlasting renown by moderation to the unfortunate of an illustrious nation; but he has preferred to attempt the spoiling of a glorious city and the subjugation of a suffering people! Yet let him remember, though destruction may sate his vengeance and pillage enrich his hoards, the day of retribution will yet come. There are still soldiers in the empire, and heroes who will lead them confidently to battle, though the bodies

of their countrymen lie slaughtered around them in the streets of pillaged Rome!"

A momentary expression of wrath and indignation appeared on Alaric's features as he listened to this bold speech, but it was almost immediately replaced by a smile of derision. "What! ye have still soldiers before whom the barbarian must tremble for his conquests!" he cried. "Where are they? Are they on their march, or in ambush, or hiding behind strong walls, or have they lost their way on the road to the Gothic camp? Ha! here is one of them!" he exclaimed, advancing toward an enfeebled and disarmed guard of the Senate, who quailed beneath his fierce glance. "Fight, man," he loudly continued — "fight, while there is yet time, for Imperial Rome! Thy sword is gone — take mine, and be a hero again!"

With a rough laugh, echoed by the warriors behind him, he flung his ponderous weapon, as he spoke, toward the wretched object of his sarcasm. The hilt struck heavily against the man's breast — he staggered and fell helpless to the ground. The laugh was redoubled among the Goths; but now their leader did not join in it. His eyes glowed in triumphant scorn, as he pointed to the prostrate Roman, exclaiming, "So does the South fall beneath the sword of the North! So shall the empire bow before the rule of the Goth! Say, as we look on these Romans before us, are we not avenged of our wrongs? They die not fighting on our swords; they live to entreat our pity, as children that are in terror of the whip!"

He paused. His massive and noble countenance gradually assumed a thoughtful expression. The ambassa-

dors moved forward a few steps — perhaps to make a final entreaty, perhaps to depart in despair; but he signed with his hand, in command to them to be silent, and remain where they stood. The marauder's thirst for present plunder, and the conqueror's lofty ambition of future glory, now stirred in strong conflict within him. He walked to the opening of the tent, and, thrusting aside its curtain of skins, looked out upon Rome in silence. The dazzling majesty of the temples and palaces of the mighty city as they towered before him, gleaming in the rays of the unclouded sunshine, fixed him long in contemplation. Gradually, dreams of future dominion amidst those unrivaled structures, which now waited but his word to be pillaged and destroyed, filled his aspiring soul, and saved the city from his wrath. He turned again toward the ambassadors — with a voice and look superior to them as a being of a higher sphere — and spoke thus: —

"When the Gothic conqueror reigns in Italy, the palaces of her ruler will be found standing for the palaces of his sojourn. I will ordain a lower ransom; I will spare Rome."

A murmur arose among the warriors behind him. The rapine and destruction which they had eagerly anticipated was denied them for the first time by their chief. As their muttered remonstrances caught his ear, Alaric instantly and sternly fixed his eyes upon them; and, repeating in accents of deliberate command, "I will ordain a lower ransom; I will spare Rome," steadily scanned the countenances of his ferocious followers. Not a word of dissent fell from their lips, not a gesture of impatience appeared in their ranks; they preserved per-

fect silence, as the king again advanced toward the ambassadors, and continued: "I fix the ransom of the city at five thousand pounds of gold; at thirty thousand pounds of silver —" Here he suddenly ceased, as if pondering further on the terms he should exact. The hearts of the Senate, lightened for a moment by Alaric's unexpected announcement that he would moderate his demands, sank within them again, as they thought on the tribute required of them, and remembered their exhausted treasury. But it was no time now to remonstrate or to delay; and they answered with one accord, ignorant though they were of the means of performing their promise, "The ransom shall be paid!"

The king looked at them when they spoke, as if in astonishment that men whom he had just deprived of all freedom of choice ventured still to assert it, by intimating their acceptance of terms which they dared not decline. The mocking spirit revived within him while he thus gazed on the helpless and humiliated embassy; and he laughed once more as he resumed, partly addressing himself to the silent array of the warriors behind him: —

"The gold and silver are but the first dues of the tribute — my army shall be rewarded with more than the wealth of the enemy. You men of Rome have laughed at our rough bear-skins and our heavy armor; you shall clothe us with your robes of festivity! I will add to the gold and silver of your ransom, four thousand garments of silk and three thousand pieces of scarlet cloth. My barbarians shall be barbarians no longer! I will make patricians, epicures, Romans of them!"

The members of the ill-fated embassy looked up as he

paused, in mute appeal to the mercy of the triumphant conqueror; but they were not yet to be released from the crushing infliction of his rapacity and scorn.

"Hold!" he cried, "I will have more — more still! You are a nation of feasters: we will rival you in your banquets when we have stripped you of your banqueting-robes! To the gold, the silver, the silk, and the cloth I will add yet more — three thousand pounds' weight of pepper, your precious merchandise, bought from far countries with your lavish wealth! — see that you bring it hither, with the rest of the ransom, to the last grain! The flesh of *our* beasts shall be seasoned for us like the flesh of *yours!*"

He turned abruptly from the senators, as he pronounced the last words and began to speak in jesting tones and in the Gothic language to the council of warriors around him. Some of the ambassadors bowed their heads in silent resignation; others, with the utter thoughtlessness of men bewildered by all that they had seen and heard during the interview that was now closed, unhappily revived the recollection of the broken treaties of former days, by mechanically inquiring, in the terms of past formularies, what security the besiegers would require for the payment of their demands. "Security!" cried Alaric fiercely, instantly relapsing as they spoke into his sterner mood. "Behold yonder the future security of the Goths for the faith of Rome!" and flinging aside the curtain of the tent, he pointed proudly to the long lines of his camp, stretching around all that was visible of the walls of the fallen city.

HUNS PILLAGING A FRENCH VILLA

HUNS PILLAGING A FRENCH VILLA

BY GEORGES ROCHEGROSSE

(*French painter*, 1859)

EARLY in the fourth century after Christ, the Huns made their appearance in the Western world. These savage horsemen had swept across the plain of Central Asia, and at length had entered Europe.

"Amid those hordes arose a leader destined to leave a memory in the sagas of the Scandinavian bards, in the Nibelungenlied of the Teutons, and a lurid trail in the annals of the Cæsars. He called himself a descendant of the great Nimrod, 'nurtured in Engaddi, by the grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, the Medes; the Dread of the World,' — Attila.

"A profound politician, he alternately cajoled and threatened the peoples whose conquest he undertook; a true barbarian, no food save flesh and milk passed his lips. He and his men worshiped the mysteriously discovered scimitar of Mars, and from Persia to Gaul, from Finland to the walls of Constantinople, his armies ranged. Ambassadors went from his court to China. The great battle of Châlons, in which, aided by the Goths, the dwindling forces of Rome's Western Empire won their last victory, alone preserved Europe from his yoke. His descendants, mixing with succeeding conquerors, have remained until this day in the land that is called, after their dreaded name, Hungary." (From "The Russian Road to China," by Lindon Bates, Jr.)

Gibbon well pictures the horror that was inspired by their coming: "The numbers, the strength, the rapid motions, and the implacable cruelty of the Huns, were felt and dreaded and magnified, by the astonished Goths; who beheld their villages and fields consumed with flames, and deluged with indiscriminate slaughter. To these real terrors they added the surprise and abhorrence which were excited by the shrill voice, the uncouth gestures, and the strange deformity of the Huns."

HOW THE EMPIRE WAS SAVED FROM THE HUNS

[451 A.D.]

BY SIR EDWARD SHEPHERD CREASY

[In the list of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, that of Châlons holds a prominent place. The Goths under Alaric had swept through Rome and Italy. The great Roman Empire was becoming more and more feeble. The question was whether the Huns, heathen savages, or the partly Christianized Goths should inherit its power and become the strongest people of Europe. The battle of Châlons answered the question.

The Editor.]

The year 445 of our era completed the twelfth century from the foundation of Rome, according to the best chronologers. It had always been believed among the Romans that the twelve vultures, which were said to have appeared to Romulus when he founded the city, signified the time during which the Roman power should endure. The twelve vultures denoted twelve centuries. This interpretation of the vision of the birds of destiny was current among learned Romans, even when there were yet many of the twelve centuries to run, and while the imperial city was at the zenith of its power. But as the allotted time drew nearer and nearer to its conclusion, and as Rome grew weaker and weaker beneath the blows of barbaric invaders, the terrible omen was more and more talked and thought of, and in

Attila's time men watched for the momentary extinction of the Roman state with the last beat of the last vulture's wing. Moreover, among the numerous legends connected with the foundation of the city, and the fratricidal death of Remus, there was one most terrible one which told that Romulus did not put his brother to death in accident or in hasty quarrel, but that

"He slew his gallant twin
With inexpiable sin," —

deliberately and in compliance with the warnings of supernatural powers. The shedding of a brother's blood was believed to have been the price at which the founder of Rome had purchased from destiny her twelve centuries of existence.

We may imagine, therefore, with what terror in this, the twelve hundredth year after the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants of the Roman Empire must have heard the tidings that the royal brethren, Attila and Bleda, had founded a new capital on the Danube, which was designed to rule over the ancient capital on the Tiber; and that Attila, like Romulus, had consecrated the foundations of his new city by murdering his brother; so that for the new cycle of centuries then about to commence, dominion had been bought from the gloomy spirits of destiny in favor of the Hun by a sacrifice of equal awe and value with that which had formerly obtained it for the Roman. . . .

A strange invitation from a Roman princess gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III, the Emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in

the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned. Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine ambassador must have been well known in the imperial courts. . . .

It was not until the year 451 that the Huns commenced the siege of Orleans; and during their campaign in Eastern Gaul, the Roman general Aëtius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organizing such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman Empire whom patriotism, courage, or compulsion could collect beneath the standards; and round these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries, whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orleans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skillfully defended against the Huns; and Aëtius and Theodoric, after much maneuvering and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

On the advance of the allies upon Orleans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city, and retreated

toward the Marne. He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies, and he therefore fell back upon his base of operations, calling in his wings from Arras and Besançon, and concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. A glance at the map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favorable for the operations of cavalry, the arm in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

It was during the retreat from Orleans that a Christian hermit is reported to have approached the Hunnish king, and said to him, "Thou art the Scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." Attila instantly assumed this new title of terror, which thenceforth became the appellation by which he was most widely and most fearfully known.

The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary face to face on the ample battle-ground of the Châlons plains. Aëtius commanded on the right of the allies; King Theodoric on the left; and Sangipan, king of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the center, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his center in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and the other subject allies of the Huns, were drawn up on the wings. Some maneuvering appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aëtius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill, which commanded

the left flank of the Huns. Attila saw the importance of the position taken by Aëtius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his center to aid his left. The Romans, having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army. The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin, as he rode onward at the head of his men; and his own cavalry, charging over him, trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited, by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies opposed to them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish center, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

In this peril Attila made his center fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its intrenchments and wagons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed, without difficulty, the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aëtius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havoc, Attila's left was still undefeated, but his right had been routed, and his center forced back upon his camp.

Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and wagons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honor of having either captured or slain

him, and he caused to be raised in the center of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry; round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him in the campaign, and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and balk the victorious foe of their choicest booty, should they succeed in storming his defenses.

But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage with which the plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

It is probable that the crafty Aëtius was unwilling to be too victorious. He dreaded the glory which his allies the Visigoths had acquired, and feared that Rome might find a second Alaric in Prince Thorismund, who had signalized himself in the battle, and had been chosen on the field to succeed his father Theodoric. He persuaded the young king to return at once to his capital, and thus relieved himself at the same time of the presence of a dangerous friend as well as of a formidable though beaten foe.

Attila's attacks on the Western Empire were soon renewed, but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Châlons; and on his death two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded was soon dissevered by the

successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendancy passed away with the life of the great king by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.

PEACE WITH THE GOTHS OR WAR?

[535 A.D.]

BY FELIX DAHN

[At the time of the fall of the Empire in the West, in 476, Odoacer, leader of the Goths, became "Patrician," and ruled Italy under Zeno, Emperor of the East. Odoacer was not of a submissive turn of mind, and he became more and more independent. Now there were also Ostrogoths, or Eastern Goths, who dwelt north of the Black Sea. They came down upon Italy and wrested the land from the grasp of Odoacer, and their leader, Theodoric, became ruler of Italy in his stead. A few years after Theodoric's death, Justinian, Emperor of the East, sent the great general Belisarius to drive out the Ostrogoths, then ruled by Totila. They resisted stubbornly, and even threatened Byzantium, or Constantinople.

The Editor.]

On the next day the Emperor Justinian was standing buried in deep reflection before the tall golden crucifix in his room. The expression of his face was very grave, but without a trace of alarm or doubt. Quiet decision lay upon his features, which, else not handsome or noble, at this moment betrayed mental power and superiority. He lifted his eyes almost threateningly to the crucifix.

"God of the Cross," he said, "Thou puttest Thy faithful servant to a hard proof! It seems to me that I have deserved better. Thou knowest all that I have done to the honor of Thy name! Why do not Thy strokes fall

JUSTINIAN IN COUNCIL

JUSTINIAN IN COUNCIL

BY JEAN JOSEPH BENJAMIN CONSTANT

(*France.* 1845–1902)

In 330 A.D., Constantine the Great selected the old town of Byzantium as the capital of the empire. Mighty walls, splendid palaces, baths, theaters, porticoes, and hippodrome rose as if by magic. The art treasures of Greece and Asia were poured into this new capital. The love for simplicity and exquisiteness of form soon vanished, and a demand for richness of material took its place. Statues of marble and bronze no longer satisfied the desires of the rulers; all must be of gold or silver. Even the roof of the imperial palace is said to have been decorated with mosaics of gold and precious stones. Tasteless but costly ornamentation prevailed. During the reign of Justinian, this gorgeousness was at its height. He added to the glories of the city by building the famous church of St. Sophia. By means of his commander Belisarius he defended his empire from the Persians, and recovered Italy from the Goths and Africa from the Vandals.

The lasting glory of his reign, however, is due far less to his victories than to the digest of Roman law which he caused to be made. From the enormous mass of material he had two books prepared, the first containing the "Statute Law," the second, "The Pandects," that is, the decisions and opinions of former magistrates and lawyers. To accomplish this undertaking, selections had to be made from more than two thousand volumes. A third book was "The Institutes," an abridgment of the laws in elementary form for use in the law schools. A fourth, "The New Code," was composed of the laws of modern date, including Justinian's own edicts.

upon Thine enemies, the heathens and barbarians? Why not?"

He was interrupted in his soliloquy by the entrance of his chamberlains and wardrobe-keepers.

Justinian exchanged his morning garment for the robes of state. His slaves served him upon their knees.

He appareled himself in a tunic of white silk, reaching to the knees, embroidered with gold on both sides, and confined by a purple girdle. The tightly fitting hose were also of silk of the same color. His slaves threw over his shoulders a splendid mantle of a lighter shade of purple, with a broad hem of golden thread, upon which red circles and symbolic animal forms, embroidered in green silk, alternated with each other. But the pearls and precious stones which were lavishly strewn over it rendered the design almost invisible and made the mantle so heavy that the assistance of the train-bearers must have been, indeed, a welcome relief.

On each of his arms the emperor wore three broad golden bracelets. The wide crown was made of massive gold, arched over with two rows of pearls. His mantle was fastened on the shoulder with a costly brooch of large precious stones.

The scepter-keeper put into the emperor's hand a golden staff the length of a man, at the top of which was a globe made out of a single large emerald, and surmounted with a golden cross.

The emperor grasped it firmly and rose from his seat.

A slave offered him the thick-soled buskins which he usually wore in order to increase his height.

"No; to-day I need no buskins," said Justinian, and left the room.

Down the Stairs of the Lions, so called from the twenty-four immense marble lions which guarded the twelve steps, and which had been brought from Carthage by Belisarius, the emperor descended to a lower story, and entered the Hall of Jerusalem.

This hall derived its name from the prophyry columns, the onyx vases, the golden tables, and the numerous golden vessels which, arranged on pedestals and along the walls, were said to have formerly decorated the Temple of Jerusalem. These treasures had been taken to Rome by Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem. From Rome the sea-king Geiseric had taken them on his dragon-ships, together with the Empress Eudoxia, to his capital, Carthage. And now Belisarius had brought them from Carthage to the Emperor of the East.

The cupola of the hall, representing the firmament, was wrought in mosaic. Costly blue stones formed the groundwork, in which were inlaid, besides the sun, the moon, the eye of God, the lamb, the fish, the birds, the palm, the vine, the unicorn, and many other symbols of Christianity, the whole zodiac and innumerable stars of massive gold.

The cost of the cupola alone was estimated as high as the whole income of the taxes on property in all the empire for forty-five years.

Opposite the three great arches of the entrance, which were closed by curtains — it was the only entrance to the hall — and were guarded outside by a threefold line of imperial bodyguards, the "Golden Shields," stood, at the bottom of the semicircular hall, the elevated throne of the emperor, and below it on the left the seat of the empress.

When Justinian entered the hall with a numerous retinue of palace officials, all the assembly, consisting of the highest dignitaries of the realm, threw themselves upon their faces in humble prostration.

The empress alone rose, bowed deeply, and crossed her arms upon her bosom. Her dress was exactly similar to that of her husband. Her white stole was also covered with a purple mantle, but without hem. She carried a very short scepter of ivory.

The emperor cast a slight but contemptuous glance at the patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, patricians, and senators, who, above thirty in number, occupied a row of gilded chairs set in a semicircle and provided with cushions. He then passed through the middle of the hall and ascended his throne with a quick, firm step. Twelve of the chief officers of the palace stood upon the steps of the two thrones, holding white wands in their hands. A blast of trumpets gave the signal to the kneeling assembly to rise.

"Reverend bishops and worthy senators," began the emperor, "we have called you together to ask your advice in an affair of great moment. But why is our Magister Militum per Orientum, Narses, absent?"

"He returned only yesterday from Persia — he is sick and confined to bed," answered the usher.

"Where is our treasurer of the Sacri Palatii, Trebonius?"

"He has not yet returned from his embassy to Berytus about the code."

"Where is Belisarius, our Magister Militum per Orientum extra Ordinem?"

"He does not reside in Byzantium, but in Asia, in the Red House at Sycæ."

"He keeps too far apart in the Red House. It displeases us. Why does he avoid our presence?"

"He could not be found."

"Not even in the house of his freedman, Photius?"

"He has gone hunting to try the Persian hunting-leopards," said Leo, the assistant huntsman.

"He is never to be found when wanted, and is always present when not wanted. I am not content with Belisarius. — Hear now what has lately been communicated to me by letter; afterwards you shall hear the report of the envoys themselves. You know that we have allowed the war in Italy to die away — for we had other occupation for our generals. You know that the barbarian king sued for peace and the quiet possession of Italy. We rejected it at that time; awaiting more convenient circumstances. The Goth has answered, not in words, but by very insolent deeds. No one in Byzantium knows of it — we kept the news to ourselves, thinking it impossible, or at least exaggerated. But we find that it is true; and now you shall hear it and advise upon it. The barbarian king has sent a fleet and an army to Dalmatia with great haste and secrecy. The fleet entered the harbor of Muicurum near Salona; the army landed and carried the fortress by storm. In a similar way the fleet surprised the coast town of Laureata. Claudianus, our governor at Salona, sent numerous and strongly manned vessels to retake the town from the Goths. But a naval combat took place, and the Goth, Duke Guntharis, beat our squadron so thoroughly that he made prizes of all the vessels without exception, and carried them victoriously into the harbor of Laureata. Further, the Gothic king equipped a second fleet of four hundred large

ships at Centumcellæ. It was formed for the most part of Byzantine vessels, which, sent from the East to Sicily to reinforce Belisarius, in ignorance that the Italian harbors were again in possession of the Goths, had been taken by a Gothic earl, Grippa, with all their crews and freights. The goal of this second fleet was unknown. But suddenly the barbarian king himself appeared with the fleet before Belgium, the fortress in the extreme southern part of Bruttia, which place we had won on our first landing in Italy, and had not since lost. After a brave resistance, the garrison of Herulians and Massagetæ were forced to capitulate. But the tyrant Totila sailed immediately to Sicily, to wrest from us that earliest of Belisarius's conquests. He beat the Roman governor, Domnentiolus, who met him in the open field, and in a short time took possession of the whole island, with the exception of Messana, Panormus, and Syracusæ, which were enabled to hold out by reason of their formidable fortifications. A fleet which I sent to attempt the reconquest of Sicily was dispersed by a storm. A second was driven by the northwest wind to the Peloponnesus. At the same time a third fleet of triremes, equipped by this indefatigable king and commanded by Earl Haduswinth, sailed for Corsica and Sardinia. The first of these islands presently fell to the Goths, after the imperial garrison of the capital city of Alexia had been beaten before the walls. The rich Corsican, Furius Ahalla, to whom the greater part of the island belongs, was absent in India. But his stewards and tenants had been ordered, in case of a landing of the Goths, in no wise to oppose them, but to aid them to the best of their power. From Corsica the barbarians turned to Sar-

dinia. Here, near Karalis, they beat the troops which out magister militum had sent from Africa to conquer the island, and took Karalis as well as Sulci, Castra Trajani, and Turres. The Goths then settled down in both islands, and treated them as permanently acquired dependencies of the Gothic kingdom, placing Gothic commanders in all the towns, and raising taxes according to Gothic law. Strange to say, these taxes are far less heavy than ours, and the inhabitants shamelessly declare that they would rather pay the barbarians fifty than ninety to us. But all this was not enough. Sailing to the northeast from Sicily, the tyrant Totila united his squadron with a fourth fleet, under Earl Teja, off Hydrus. Part of this united fleet, under Earl Thorismuth, sailed to Corcyra, took possession of that island, and thence conquered all the surrounding islands. But not yet enough. The tyrant Totila and Earl Teja already attack the mainland of our empire."

A murmur of terror interrupted the august speaker.

Justinian resumed in an angry voice: —

"They have landed in the harbor of Epirus vetus, carried the towns Nicopolis and Anchisus, southwest of the ancient Dodona, and taken a great many of our ships along the coast. All this may excite your indignation against the insolence of these barbarians; but you have now to hear what will move you in a different way. Briefly, according to reports which reached me yesterday, it is certain that the Goths are in full march upon Byzantium itself!"

At this some of the senators sprang to their feet.

"They intend a double attack. Their united fleet, commanded by Duke Guntharis, Earls Markja, Grippa,

and Thorismuth, has beaten, in a combat of two days' duration, the fleet which protected our island provinces, and has driven it into the straits of Sestos and Abydos. Their army, under Totila and Teja, is marching across Thessaly by way of Dodona against Macedonia. Thessalonica is already threatened. Earl Teja has razed to the ground the 'New Wall,' which we had there erected. The road to Byzantium is open, and no army stands between us and the barbarians. All our troops are on the Persian frontier. And now listen to what the Goth proposes. Fortunately God has befooled and blinded him to our weakness. He again offers us peace under the former conditions, with the one exception that he now intends to keep possession of Sicily. But he will evacuate all his other conquests if we will acknowledge his rule in Italy. As I had no means, neither fleets nor cohorts, to stop his victorious course, I have, for the present, demanded an armistice. This he has agreed to, on condition that afterwards peace is to be concluded on the former conditions. I have agreed to this —"

And, pausing, the emperor cast a searching glance at the assembly, and looked askance at the empress.

The assembly was evidently relieved. The empress closed her eyes in order to conceal their expression. Her small hand grasped convulsively the arm of her throne.

"But I agreed to it with the reservation that I should first hear the opinion of my wife, who has lately been an advocate for peace, and that also of my wise Senate. I added that I myself was inclined to peace."

All present looked more at ease.

"And I believed that I could tell beforehand what would be the decision of my counselors. Upon this

understanding, the horsemen of Earl Teja unwillingly halted at Thessalonica; unfortunately they had already taken prisoner the bishop of that city. But they have sent him here with other prisoners, carrying messages and letters — you shall hear them and then decide. Reflect that if we refuse to conclude a peace, the barbarians will soon stand before our gates, and that we are only asked to yield that which the empire had given up long ago, and which Belisarius in two campaigns failed to reconquer — Italia! Let the envoys approach."

Through the arches of the entrance the bodyguard now led in several men, in clerical, official, and military costume. Trembling and sighing, they threw themselves at the feet of Justinian. Even tears were not wanting.

At a sign from the emperor they rose again, and stood before the steps of the throne.

"Your petitions and lamentations," said the emperor, "I received yesterday. Protonotary, now read to us the letter from the Bishop of Nicopolis and the wounded Governor of Illyricum — since then the latter has succumbed to his wounds."

The protonotary read: —

"To Justinianus, the unconquerable Emperor of the Romani, Dorotheos, Bishop of Nicopolis, and Nazares, Governor of Illyricum. The place whence we write these words will be the best proof of their gravity. We write on board the royal barge of the Gothic king, the *Italia*. When you read these words, you will have already learned the defeat of the fleet, the loss of the islands, the storming of the 'New Wall,' and the destruction of the army of Illyricum. Quicker than the messengers and fugitives from these battles, have the Gothic pursuers

reached us. The Gothic king has conquered and spared Nicopolis. Earl Teja has conquered and burnt Anchisus. I, Nazares, have served in the army for thirty years — and never have I seen such an attack as that in which Earl Teja overthrew me at the gates of Anchisus. They are irresistible, these Goths! Their horsemen sweep the country from Thessalonica to Philippi. The Goths in the heart of Illyricum! That has not been heard of for sixty years. And the king has sworn to return every year until he has peace — or Byzantium! Since he won Corcyra and the Sybotes, he stands upon the bridge of your empire. Therefore, as God has touched the heart of this king, as he offers peace at a moderate price — the price of what he has actually gained — we beseech you, in the name of your trembling subjects, and of your smoking towns, to conclude a peace! Save us and save Byzantium! For your generals Belisarius and Narses will rather be able to stop the course of the sun and the blowing of the wind, than to stay King Totila and the terrible Teja."

"They are prisoners," said the emperor, interrupting the reader; "and perhaps they speak in fear of death. Now it is your turn to speak, venerable Bishop of Thessalonica; you, Anatolius, commander of Dodona; and you, Parmenio, brave captain of the Macedonian lancers. You are safe here under our imperial protection, but you have seen the barbarian generals. What do you advise?"

At this the aged Bishop of Thessalonica again threw himself upon his knees, and cried: —

"O Emperor of the Romani, the barbarian king, Totila, is a heretic, and accursed forever, yet never have I

seen a man more richly endowed with all Christian virtues! Do not strive with him! In the other world he will be damned forever, but — I cannot comprehend it — on earth God blesses all his ways. He is irresistible!"

"I understand it well," interposed Anatolius. "It is his craft which wins for him all hearts — the deepest hypocrisy, a power of dissimulation which outdoes all our much-renowned and defamed Grecian cunning. The barbarian plays the part of a philanthropist so excellently that he almost deceived me, until I reflected that there was no such thing in the world as the love which this man pretends, with all the art of a comedian. He acts as if he really felt compassion for his conquered enemies! He feeds the hungry, he divides the booty — your tax-money, O Emperor! — amongst the country people, whose fields have been devastated by the war. Women who had fled into the woods, and were found by his horsemen, he returns uninjured to their husbands. He enters the villages to the sound of a harp, played by a beautiful youth, who leads his horse. Do you know what is the consequence? Your own subjects, O Emperor of the Romani, rebel to him, and deliver your officers, who have obeyed your severe laws, into his hands. The peasants and farmers of Dodona did so by me. This barbarian is the greatest comedian of the century, and the clever hypocrite understands many other things besides fighting. He has entered into an alliance against you with the distant Persians, with your inveterate enemy Chosroes. We ourselves saw the Persian ambassador ride out of his camp towards the East."

When Anatolius had ceased speaking, the Macedonian captain gave his report, which ran: —

"Ruler of the Romani — since Earl Teja gained the highroad of Thessalonica, nothing stands between your throne and his battle-axe but the walls of this city. He who stormed the 'New Wall' eight times in succession, and carried it at the ninth attempt, will carry the walls of Byzantium at the tenth. You can only repel the Goths if you have sevenfold their number. If you have it not, then conclude a peace."

"Peace! peace! we beseech you, in the name of your trembling provinces of Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia!"

"Deliver us from the Goths!"

"Let us not again see the days of Alaric and Theodoric!"

"Peace with the Goths! Peace! peace!"

And all the envoys, bishops, officials, and warriors sank upon their knees with the cry of "Peace!"

The effect upon the assembly was fearful.

It had often happened that Persians and Saracens in the east, Moors in the south, and Bulgarians and Slavonians in the northwest had made incursions into the country, slaying and plundering, and had sometimes beaten the troops sent against them, and escaped unhindered with their booty. But that Grecian islands should be permanently conquered by the enemy, that Grecian harbors should be won and governed by barbarians, and that the highroad to Byzantium should be dominated by Goths, was unheard of.

With dismay the senators thought of the days when Gothic ships and Gothic armies should overrun all the Grecian islands, and repeatedly storm the walls of Byzantium, only to be stopped by the fulfillment of all

their demands. They already seemed to hear the battle-axe of the "Black Earl" knocking at their gates.

Quietly and searchingly did Justinian look into the rows of anxious faces on his right and on his left.

"You have heard," he then began, "what Church, State, and Army desire. I now ask your opinion. We have already accomplished an armistice. Shall war or shall peace ensue? One word will buy peace — our assent to the cession of Italy, which is already lost. Whoever among you is in favor of war, let him hold up his hand."

No one moved, for the senators were afraid for Byzantium, and they had no doubt of the emperor's inclination for peace.

"My Senate unanimously declares for peace. I knew it beforehand," said Justinian, with a singular smile. "I am accustomed always to follow the advice of my wise counselors — and of my empress."

At this word Theodora started from her seat, and threw her ivory scepter from her with such violence that it flew far across the hall.

The senators were startled.

"Then, farewell," cried the empress; "farewell to what has ever been my pride — my belief in Justinian and his imperial dignity! Farewell all share in the cares and honors of the state! Alas, Justinian! alas for you and me, that I must hear such words from your lips!"

And she hid her face in her purple mantle, in order to conceal the agony which her excitement caused her.

The emperor turned towards her.

"What! the Augusta, my wife, who, since Belisarius returned to Byzantium for the second time, has always

advocated peace — with a short exception — does she now, in such a time of danger, advise —"

"War!" cried Theodora, uncovering her face. And, in her intense earnestness she looked more beautiful than she ever did when smiling in playful sport. "Must I, your wife, remind you of your honor? Will you suffer these barbarians to fix themselves firmly in your empire, and force you to their will? You, who dreamt of the reëstablishment of the Empire of Constantine! You, Justinian, who have taken the names of Persicus, Vandalicus, Alanicas, and Gothicus, — you will allow this Gothic stripling to lead you by the beard whithersoever he will? Are you not the same Justinian who has been admired by the world, by Byzantium, and by Theodora? Our admiration was an error!"

On hearing these words, the Patriarch of Byzantium — he still believed that the emperor had irrevocably decided upon peace — took courage to oppose the empress, who did not always hit upon the strict definition of orthodoxy of which he was the representative.

"What!" he said, "the august lady advises bloody war? Verily, the Holy Church has no need to plead for the heretic. Notwithstanding, the new king is wonderfully mild towards the Catholics in Italy; and we can wait for more favorable times, until —"

"No, priest!" interrupted Theodora; "the outraged honor of this empire can wait no longer! O Justinian!" — he still remained obstinately silent — "O Justinian, let us not be deceived in you! You dare not let that be wrung from you by defiance which you refused to humble petitions! Must I remind you that once before your wife's advice, and will, and courage, saved your honor?

Have you forgotten the terrible rebellion of the Nika? Have you forgotten how the united parties of the circus, of the frantic mob of Byzantium, attacked this house? The flames arose, and the cry of 'Down with the tyrants!' rang in our ears. All your counselors advised flight or compliance; all these reverend bishops and wise senators, and even your generals; for Narses was away in distant Asia, and Belisarius was shut up by the rebels in the palace on the shore. All were in despair. Your wife Theodora was the only hero by your side. If you had yielded or fled, your throne, your life, and most certainly your honor, would have been lost. You hesitated. You were inclined to fly. 'Remain, and die if need be,' I then said; 'but die in the purple!' And you remained, and your courage saved you. You awaited death upon your throne, with me at your side — and God sent Belisarius to our relief! I speak the same now. Do not yield, Emperor of the Romani — do not yield to the barbarians. Stand firm. Let the ruins of the Golden Gate overwhelm you if the axe of the terrible Goth can force it; but die an emperor! This purple is stained by the immeasurable insolence of these Germans. I throw it from me, and I swear by the wisdom of God, never will I again resume it until the empire is rid of the Goths!"

And she tore off her mantle and threw it down upon the steps of the throne. But then, greatly exhausted, she was on the point of sinking back into her seat, when Justinian caught her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom.

"Theodora," he cried, "my glorious wife! You need no purple on your shoulders — your spirit is clothed in

purple! You alone understand Justinian. War, and destruction to the Goths!"

At this spectacle the trembling senators were overwhelmed with terror and astonishment.

"Yes, wise fathers," cried the emperor, turning to the assembly, "this time you were too clever to be men. It is, indeed, an honor to be called Constantine's successor, but it is no honor to be *your* master! Our enemies, I fear, are right; Constantine only planted here the dead mummy of Rome, but the soul of Rome had already fled. Alas for the empire! Were it free or a republic, it would now have sunk in shame forever. It must have a master, who, when, like a lazy horse, it threatens to sink into the quagmire, pulls it up by the rein; a strong master with bridle, whip, and spurs!"

At this moment a little crooked man, leaning on a crutch, forced his way into the hall, and limped up to the steps of the throne.

"Emperor of the Romans," he began, when he rose from his obeisance, "a report reached me on my bed of pain of all that the barbarians had dared, and of what was going on here. I gathered all my strength and dragged myself here with difficulty, for, by one word from you, I must learn whether I have been a fool from the beginning in holding you to be a great ruler in spite of many weaknesses; whether I shall throw your marshal's staff into the deepest well, or still carry it with pride. Speak only one word: war or peace?"

"War! war!" cried Justinian.

BELISARIUS

[505–565 A.D.]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[JUSTINIAN was a thorough statesman, but he was not without weaknesses. As the fame of Belisarius increased, the jealous fears of the emperor increased, and at length he recalled his great general from Italy. The command of the forces in the West was given to Narses, who succeeded in regaining Italy and expelling the Goths in 553.

There is probably no real ground for the truth of the legend on which Longfellow's poem is founded, that the deposed general was blind and a beggar; but the jealousy and ingratitude of his emperor is undoubted.

The Editor.]

I AM poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
    Blows through the city gate,
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
    Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
    As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
    Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at masthead,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan
Like snowdrifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,

As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced, —
"All, all is vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear; — I still
Am Belisarius!

END OF VOLUME IV

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A